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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[CLAUDIA.]

THE STRANGER'S SECRET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"The Seventh Marriage," "The Warning Voice," "Man and his Idol," &c.

CHAPTER XXV

THE CARRIER-PIGEON.

Ha! Here at least's a friend—too much a friend.

Edgar Poe.

HEAT, intense and enervating, rendered the July afternoon delicious, but overpowering.

The blue sky dazzled the eyes. Flowers were intolerable, from their brightness. Even the cool green of the smooth, shaven lawn failed to bring that relief, which, by a wonderful provision of nature, the sight finds in the prevailing hue of the earth's garmenture.

Repose was in and about the Manor House.

The ladies read, or languidly threaded the meshes of intricate designs in anything available for nothing, even if these "pieces of work" ever had the good fortune to get finished, a circumstance of rare occurrence. The gentlemen lounged, yawned, and protested that it was too hot to do anything.

Cheney Tofts alone mustered vigour enough to amuse himself.

Having called Podwink, the old butler, to his aid, he had succeeded in brewing himself a silver tankard of "Badminton"—the name of the latest luxury in "cups." This was compounded of a bottle of claret, two bottles of soda-water, ice, sugar, a dash of lemon, and was crowned with the floating, downy leaves, and purple flowers of the herb borage, used for the purpose of imparting a peculiar flavour to the concoction. With a pure white napkin twisted about the tankard to guard it from the heat of the hand, this was a sufficiently tempting draught for the hot weather.

Preceded by Podwink bearing the tankard, Tofts had betaken himself to a lounging-chair, placed in the shelter of a drooping ash, and there gave himself up to a task which he had greatly at heart—namely, the revision of his betting-book, which had got into

confusion—and also to a drowsy reflection on the general question of his affairs and prospects.

His first idea had been to send for Ruth, on the pretext that he had a dream of wonderful complexity and difficulty, which he wished to have her judgment upon; but somehow, since that morning when they had talked so pleasantly together, the little black-eyed girl had seemed to avoid him.

He had noticed, too, that whenever he invaded the gardener's territory in the hope of meeting her, he had encountered a man of singularly ferocious aspect, though not a bad-looking fellow, dressed as a keeper, who had scowled upon him without any apparent reason, and had handled his gun in a manner calculated to fill a nervous man with alarm.

His impression was that he had heard this man called Gidley.

In the absence of anyone to distract his thoughts, Cheney Tofts made great progress with the betting-book, and when that was finished to his satisfaction, he dropped it into the side-pocket of his lounging jacket, and gave it an encouraging slap with his right hand.

"All square, my boy," he ejaculated, apostrophising himself, "and now for another pull at the Bad. Here's 'Success to you!'"

He took so long a pull at the deliciously iced beverage, that nothing but the silver disc forming the bottom of the tankard was seen for some seconds. Then with a sigh he relinquished the enticing draught, and placed the vessel containing it carefully on the grass by his side.

"Things are looking up with me to-day," he said.

"Jove, I never could have hoped that Flora Edgcombe would have been half so easy to win. She's gracious, positively gracious! Accepts my attentions in a marked way that's decidedly encouraging and pleasant to a fellow! Smiled at breakfast, and blushed and smiled again till I didn't know whether I was on my head or my heels. There's something about these tip-toppers that takes all the breath out of a man's body. I don't know what it is; don't suppose anybody does, but it's real. No sham. Nothing like it that I've ever found in our

middle-class women, and it's quite different to the sort of pleasure such a girl as that black-eyed little teaser gives a man. Hang me, if I see only a chance of success in this quarter, and we only get over the awful scene there's safe to be at starting, I'll go in training for making myself better with her money. I've done wonders as it is in the way of polishing up; but I'll do more. I can do it, and I will!"

Diffidence was not among the weaknesses of Mr. Cheney Tofts. He had unlimited faith in himself, in his power of doing anything and everything. He would have accepted a field-marshal's baton, or have undertaken to edit a morning paper, with the utmost complacency, and with the firm belief that he could be "coached-up" in the duties in a day or two.

So now he proposed to make himself a gentleman out of the most unpromising materials that ever man set to work on, with no misgivings as to the result.

Lying back in his lounging chair, gazing upward at the intense sky, tempered by the leaves that half shut it out, he was thinking this over, when suddenly and abruptly, he sprang from the seat with a cry of surprise.

What had so moved him?

Only a passing bird. Only a silver shining pigeon, cutting its way through the sunlight, with the swiftness of an arrow.

"One of Dorian's birds!" he exclaimed. "Then he is not home yet. He can't be coming to-day, either. 'Jove, I'll spend the evening in advancing that little affair of the doctor's wife a stage further.'"

In pursuance of this laudable design, Cheney Tofts eventually emptied the tankard, put a finishing touch to his costume, over which he was always proud and careful, and leaving word that he should be back at eight to dinner, strolled off under the trees, as they began to throw long shadows across the park.

In due time the doctor's imported house, with its quaint pinnacles and gables, and the rows of balustraded gallery, appeared in view, the casement windows twinkling in the red sunlight. And there was the kennel beside the door—the kennel that was a model of the house itself—and the great mastiff, open-mouthed and straining at his chain as usual.

The instinct of the dog told him that his master was from home, and that, in consequence, extra vigilance was due from him. If he had been blessed with reason instead of instinct he would probably have come to an opposite conclusion, and understood that the master's absence is the servant's opportunity, principle on which too many placed in positions of trust are apt to act. As it was, he resented Cheney Tofts' intrusion with extra ferocity.

His bark was so deep and threatening, and he was so indifferent to all appeals to his confidence and good-nature, such as "Good dog!" "Quiet!" "Quiet old fellow!" and the like, that Tofts felt inclined to deal with him in the summary manner Doriani had adopted on his first visit, when a kick administered with vigour had sent the poor beast yelling into his house.

"Curse you!" he muttered, meeting the dog's eyes with a pair rapidly growing as fierce. "You'll rouse the place, and spoil my game altogether. Steady, good dog, steady."

A fiercer yell was the mastiff's response to this mixture of spleen and flattery; but this had one happy effect.

It startled Juanita herself in the desolation of her drawing-room, and Tofts, chancing to cast his eyes up, beheld her, as she came out into the gallery above, and looked over.

"Grip! Grip! What is it, Grip?" she exclaimed. But in the midst of uttering her words, she caught sight of Cheney Tofts, standing with lifted hat and upraised eyes, and a crimson flush of confusion suffused her cheek.

And the flush and confusion became her charmingly. Tofts had never seen anything more lovely than the picture of the beautiful Spanish woman, as, clad in light flowing drapery, she leaned over the oaken balustrade, with her eyes sparkling, and her face warming in the rosy sunset glow.

"Juanita!" he sighed. "Hush! You should not come here. It is imprudent," she whispered. "Silence, Grip!"

And Grip, reassured by her voice, consented to a truce, but lay with his nose on his outstretched paws, and eyes and ears restlessly on the alert, as if prepared to resent anything which did not meet with his approval.

"There's no danger," said Tofts, confidentially. "You cannot tell. The doctor—" "Will not return for a long while." "How? Who told you this?"

"A little bird whispered it to me—a bird of his own training."

"You saw the pigeon arrive?" asked Juanita, her face brightening up at the thought of the interest she had inspired in this man's breast. "It was wrong of you to watch; but it is true. He may be delayed some hours."

"And those we will devote to love," cried the impetuous youth.

With this—disregarding Grip, who recommenced his warning bark—Tofts rushed up the stairs leading to the outer galleries that formed the peculiarity of the house, and speedily found himself by Juanita's side.

Blushing, tremulous, but delighted, she protested against the liberty, remonstrated with him on his boldness, admitted that she was dying of want, called him a wicked, graceless fellow, and finally consented to his accompanying her to the drawing-room.

In her heart the jealous resentment, the sense of confidence refused, of wrong and injury inflicted by Doriani still raged. And though she knew that Tofts came there for no good, though she was conscious that there was a degree of wrong in the warm welcome she accorded to him, she found a secret satisfaction in the thought that she was being revenged to some extent on the man who had treated her so badly.

This feeling would have been wholly satisfactory and comforting but for one little fact. Doriani, like his wife, had a fierce, ungovernable temper, not unminged with a certain delight in cruelty, which was the worst feature of his character. But he loved his little wife. Capricious, wilful, even cruel, he might at times be in his conduct towards her; but he loved her, really and truly, and it somehow pained him to give her pain. So, when the storm which had preceded his departure had passed over, and he came to indulge in sober reflection, he could but admit that he had been wrong, and had acted unfairly and inconsiderately.

"She is my wife," he reflected. "She has a right to know who it is I go to visit."

Impressed with this idea, he had hardly reached his destination before he despatched one of his pigeons under the pretext of having some special chemical conveyed to him, post-haste; but in reality that he might take the opportunity of conveying to Juanita a description of his new patient. This description she had just read before Tofts presented himself below the window, and its effect was mollifying in the extreme.

But it is easier to raise a storm than to still one. Long after the chafing winds have sunk to rest, the tortured ocean will roll and foam as if still smarting under the lash, and will stoutly refuse to be lulled into the repose from which it has been so rudely startled.

So it is with human passions. So it was with Juanita. She forgave her husband; but the wrong still rankled in her bosom, and now that Tofts presented himself she contrived to make the wrong of the morning the pretext for the sin of the evening.

"If he has no regard for my feelings why should I have any for his?" was her argument, and though it was false and specious, it jumped with her wishes, and so satisfied her.

Tofts was in capital spirits. The repose of the afternoon had invigorated him, and he was full of fun and humour, and mingled the most elaborate compliments with occasional bursts of tenderness that wholly won Juanita's heart.

"The old time; the old, old time," she mused, "has it come back upon me? From the ice with which Doriani has bound them, my feelings gush forth as a spring flowing in the sunshine. The dear, dear fellow!"

Tofts could not hear the thoughts of her heart; but the language of her eyes was unmistakable.

His presence was agreeable to her. The pleasant excitement of his conversation had driven away the cloud that had rested on her brow up to the time of his arrival.

He saw this and chuckled over it.

"I am halting my trap," was his satisfactory reflection.

Juanita interpreted his looks into a far different language. She read in them, infatuation, impassioned devotion, the homage of a slave, whom the spell of her beauty had brought to her feet.

"You are often and much alone?" Tofts remarked in a pause of the conversation. "Is it not so? Like all enthusiasts, the doctor, I suppose, pursues his studies at the sacrifice of his wife."

It was a discordant string, as Tofts knew when he touched it, and it only gave forth jarring reverberations.

"Science is very dear to him," said Juanita, guardedly.

"And one knows what that means," was the reply.

"Oh, I will not wrong him. I believe that he loves me—"

"Next to his skeletons. A little more than his crucibles, and a little less than his pet patients."

The wife looked up inquiringly.

"His pet patients?" she repeated as a question.

"Why of course," replied Tofts. "Don't you suppose that he has them? Do you think his heart is a stone, or that his feelings are crystallized, and his passions neutralized by moral alkalis? It is natural in such a man to value a patient for the sake of the affliction whatever it may be, and then for this liking to grow into a feeling of personal regard. But why do we waste the precious moments in this idle gossip. He is away, and we are together, and surely that is enough."

He bent toward Juanita, fire in his eyes, passionate devotion in his every look; but she drew back.

"What you have said troubles me," she said.

"Why?"

"Why? Is it necessary to ask me the reason?"

"Surely yes. You are not jealous? You cannot love this ungainly Quixote of a doctor sufficiently to be jealous of him? That would be droll!"

"Sir," said the wife, with the nearest approach to right feeling she made throughout this interview, "you do not understand my sex or you would not speak thus. Jealousy is a selfish passion. It is not necessary that our love should be very deep for us to be intensely jealous. Whoever professes a strong and absolute devotion, and then falls off in the expression of it, or transfers his homage to a new idol, does us a wrong which is sure to arouse a jealous resentment. I am not the only wife who has set little store upon her husband's heart till she saw it about to be given to another."

Cheney Tofts heard and reflected with his head very much on one side. He did not quite understand this sort of woman, at once frivolous and impassioned, indifferent and jealous.

"And is Quixote's heart about to be given to another?" he asked, when he next spoke.

"Not if I can rely on his word."

"Ah, that's a great 'if,' sneered the false friend.

"You shall judge for yourself. You shall counsel and advise me. Before quitting this house, he absolutely refused to give me any particulars of the woman he was about to visit."

"It is a woman then?"

"Yes."

"Since then he has, as you know, sent me a note by his favourite carrier, the white pigeon, and in that he apologises and explains."

"Has had time to dodge up some tale or other to satisfy you, I suppose?"

"You shall see. Here is his note. Read it." Tofts took the missive and glanced his eyes eagerly over it. As he did so, his face changed colour, the paper trembled in his hands. Surprise, dismay, or some more powerful feeling clearly agitated him.

The note ran in these words:

"When quitting you, Juanita, I declined, for reasons which I held to be sufficient, to gratify your curiosity in the matter of my patient. But as I am reluctant that you should pain and agitate yourself unnecessarily, I may now tell you that it is a country woman of yours of advanced age, not altogether unknown to your family, who has passed a life of strange and singular adventure. Her name—let me breathe into your ear in confidence—is Claudia; she comes to this country from Rio Janeiro, for a purpose which I cannot explain, and having fallen sick, has very luckily applied to me for assistance. She will die."

"A strange story," exclaimed Tofts.

"You doubt its truth?" acquiesced Juanita, noting his agitation.

"No. That is, I have no reason to believe or disbelieve it. Only if these facts were known to the doctor before he left home there appears to be no reason why he should not have put you in possession of them."

"True."

"Do you know any reason?"

"I can surmise none. Except that as it is, he makes it a matter of secrecy, and he might have desired to satisfy himself of the truth of what was communicated to him before even taking me into his confidence."

"He might!" cried Tofts, with a sneer. "Though what the worth of it all is now that you know what he has to say is more than I can tell."

So saying he folded the note once across.

"I am glad to hear you say that," said Juanita.

"Why?"

"Because it seemed like a breach of faith to show you the note at all."

Cheney Tofts laughed, and folded the paper across once more.

"It cannot concern me," he remarked lightly.

"Of course not! Only—"

"Only what? My dear soul, what can I have in common with an old woman from Rio Janeiro? A withered old mummy, no doubt, with bleary eyes, parchment cheeks, and a pervading atmosphere of garlic? You know the sort of griffin."

"You seemed impressed by the note—that's all," the lady ventured to remonstrate, "and as there is evidently a mystery in the whole affair to which the doctor alludes, I thought it possible—that is, I thought I might have done wrong in taking you into his confidence against his will."

"Oh," cried Tofts, treating the matter in his light way, "Doriani is as secret as the grave, and it's his nature to be so. He would make a secret of the beating of his heart if he could, at least so far as I can form an opinion of his character. But enough of this."

And he folded the note again, apparently in pure abstraction.

"Enough of this," he repeated. "Doriani is evidently absorbed in his Spanish mummy, and so much the better for us. These are golden hours snatched from the dull round of existence. It is in these that we live, in the rest we merely exist. Only when love turns the grains of sand in Time's hour-glass to gold, do we experience the delights of being. Ah, Juanita, from the moment that my eyes rested on your sweet face, your dear form, I felt that we were made for each other. I was convinced that at last I had met the ideal woman for whom my heart had always pined. There was but one drawback. You were married—married to a man as indifferent to you as the ground beneath your feet. Well, it was my misfortune; it was it is, mine. But to an extent we can defy fate. It is our privilege to love, and no law, human or divine, can rob us of it."

Juanita listened, drinking in the words with a fearful joy.

They were wrong, they were such as she ought to have closed her ears to with both hands; but they were so delightful. A music of the past mingled with them, and there was intoxication impossible to be resisted.

"If we had but met earlier," she murmured.

"Nay, we might not then have prized the knowing of which Fate has done its worst to deprive us. But in vain—in vain!"

As he spoke, he gave the note from Doriani another fold, thereby reducing it to such a size that he could palm it as a conjuror would a sixpence, and so carry it off in his hand unperceived.

Then, in order to drive all thought of it from the woman's mind, he seized her hand and pressed it to his lips, with the devotion and fervour of an impassioned lover.

lover. To this Juanita offered no resistance, and as it was a white, plump hand, firm as marble yet soft as velvet, and glittered with a constellation of precious rings, he did not do his feelings any violence in covering it with kisses.

In this way some time was spent, and the sun had gone down so far that its slanting rays peeped in at the venetian blinds that had hitherto shaded the room, dazzling the eyes of the lovers.

Tofts was the first to notice the flight of time.

"I shall barely reach the Manor House in time for dinner," he hurriedly exclaimed, "and my absence will attract attention. 'Jove, that won't do.'"

"Oh, no! That must be avoided," cried Juanita, earnestly, as if moved by some presentiment of evil to come, a sharp awakening from this dream of forbidden bliss. "Good-bye, oh, good-bye," she added, tenderly, and Tofts, having practised all the arts of a lover—having twenty times essayed to go, and then yielded to the temptation of one other moment—at length tore himself away.

Juanita watched him from the gallery as he descended to the river, crossed it, and then disappeared among the untragic shadows of the park.

"He loves me," she thought, with a delicious sense of the passion she had inspired.

And Cheney Tofts, what were his reflections?

"It's a case," he thought, "a decided case. I wonder now, how one is to get at the amount of the property she has in her own right. That's the point, Cheney my boy, that's the point. 'Jove, though, the most important thing is this message from Dorian. How can I manage to let Onslow know its contents, and get conceal from him how I got it? To let him into the secret of my game with the doctor's wife would ruin all. He would forbid it—expose me, p'raps—and I should be left with only one string to my bow, and that the worst one. I have it. Pigeons are clever carriers, but they've lost their messages before now. 'Jove, I'll swear I picked this up in the park.'"

He took Dorian's message, which he had folded and refolded till it was a mere pellet, and having spread it out carefully on the palm of his left hand, went on toward the Manor House, carefully spelling it over.

CHAPTER XXVI. BY THE RIVER SIDE.

So must it be! I have examined this
With scarce a palpitating heart—so calm,
Keeping her image almost wholly off,
Setting upon myself determined watch.

Colombe's Birthday.

TEMPTED by the beauty of the evening, Neville Onslow, hardly yet convalescent, had taken his rod and line and strolled down the river's side for an hour's fishing.

That, at least, was his pretext.

His real reason for this step was that he longed to challenge his own thoughts in the solitude and seclusion of nature, to think over the position in which he stood, and his future prospects.

As we know, he had begun to feel uncomfortable at the Manor House, and yet he dared not quit it. His personal safety was compromised, yet two considerations compelled him to remain where he was. One of them was the disturbing influence of his lover Elanche Selwyn. The other, the feeling that his object and purpose in accepting Gabriel's invitation was as far from realization as ever, perhaps farther.

The winding Avon rippled and shimmered in vain before the eyes of a man distracted by these thoughts. It was by a merely unconscious act that he grasped the rod and permitted the float to rest upon the waters, and in the same way—with the instinct of the fisherman—that he filled the basket at his side.

In the midst of this dreamy occupation he was startled by a distant cry.

Looking up, he saw Cheney Tofts approaching rapidly along a path which threaded the sedges on the river's bank. As he advanced, Tofts occasionally put both hands to his mouth and, shouted in his playful way, and his voice rang again through the stillness of the evening hour.

To a man bent on the accomplishment of a great purpose, and beset with vague dangers, everything creates alarm.

Neville Onslow rose with a white face, and so standing, awaited his friend.

"Something has happened?" he asked with nervous agitation, as Tofts came up.

"Well—yes; not much, though. What have you been—trout?"

He took a step or two toward the basket; but Onslow's hand was on his shoulder, and smartly arrested him.

"You didn't come here, man, to talk of fish. You know that. You wouldn't have dared to intrude on me uninvited without good reason. Now, what is it?"

"Jove, Onslow, you're sharp on a fellow to-night,"

grumbled Tofts. The river side's as free to me as to you, come to that. And I might have dared to ask what success you'd had, without coming under the criminal law, with all deference to you. However, we won't quarrel about trifles. You're right, I am here on a matter of importance. As usual, I've had your interests at heart more than my own—"

"Faugh!" ejaculated Onslow, with an expression of intense disgust. "You care for my interests indeed! You care that I keep to my part of our bargain. You care to live a gentleman's life at my expense. That's what you care for; and as to me, I might be lying dead at the bottom of this stream for all you'd care."

"What a wonderful insight into character you have, my dear boy," returned Tofts, not at all disconcerted at this outburst of spleen and exaggeration, but rather enjoying it in his easy, devil-may-care way. "But let's to business. You will believe that I am as much interested in the success of your enterprise as you can possibly be."

"And for a good reason."

"True. For the same reason."

"How?"

"Why, man, you came here to serve yourself, and I—who do I come to serve? Myself also."

Onslow interrupted with an impatient movement of his hand.

"Does what you have to say bear upon this matter," he asked.

"I believe so," was the reply. "In what you have told me of the past, you spoke of a woman who bore an important part in it."

"A woman?" cried Onslow, musing.

"Yes."

"And her name, what is it?"

Tofts hesitated a moment, and fixed his cunning eyes on the other's face to watch the effect of what he was going to say.

"You called her—Claudia," he at length replied.

Overwhelmed at the simple name, Onslow looked at his friend incredulously. Then recovering the astonishment of the moment, he put a hurried question.

"And what do you know of her?" he asked.

"Well, not much," Tofts admitted. Then drawing from his breast-pocket the note he had stolen from Juanita, he added, "This paper has fallen into my hands, and I've lost no time in placing it in yours. Read it."

Neville Onslow snatched at the paper eagerly, and his eyes raced over its contents with avidity. At the words "Claudia" and "Rio Janiero" he could not suppress his astonishment and surprise, and when he came to the concluding words, "She will die," he could not restrain his impetuosity.

"Dio!" he ejaculated. "No! She must live. She must live, I say. There is not a moment to be lost. I must go to her, and at once."

He stooped to pick up his fishing implements, eager to be gone.

Tofts detained him.

"Do you know who this is written by?" he asked.

"No."

"'Tis Dorian's writing. The woman is his patient."

Onslow looked aghast.

"And it is he who predicts her death? The more reason why I should fly to save her."

"Is it?" asked Tofts. "Is your appearance on the scene likely to do much good in that way? And what about its general effect? Will it not create surprise and arouse suspicion? What should Edgcombe's guest have in common with this woman? That's a question likely to be asked, I fancy. And how far provoking the question is likely to serve your ends you best know."

"Right, quite right, Tofts," returned the other; "but what is to be done? It is necessary not only that I should save this woman, but that I should see her, converse with her, and gain what is of the utmost moment for us to possess. Strange! I believed her dead, and she comes upon the scene at the very moment when her co-operation is of the utmost moment. And it is in Dorian's hands that I find her? There is some inexplicable mystery in all this; but it must be unravelled. Above all things it is imperative that we should meet."

"So I should think," returned Tofts, "but how?"

Neville Onslow reflected. Excited to an unnatural degree, he bit the nails of his right hand, and his face twitched and quivered.

"I cannot believe it," he muttered. "It is too strange! Too fortunate!"

Then addressing Tofts, he asked impatiently:

"Have you no plan? Can you suggest no means of getting this wretched doctor out of the way, if only for an hour?"

"All depends," was the reply, "on how much the doctor knows—how far his interests are identified with those of the Edgcombes—whether he has communicated with them, and so forth. The chances are

that he has, and if so, and they have not yet replied, I see a way, I think."

"Only on that chance?"

"Conditional on that, I think; but it will not be difficult to ascertain whether a message has been sent from Nestleborough, where the patient lies, to the Manor House."

"Good heavens! how everything depends on this woman!" Onslow exclaimed, unable to restrain his impatience. "One word from her may do all that I might take years to accomplish. I must see her—I will see her—at any cost."

"At any cost?" asked his companion, significantly.

"Yes. I care not what I risk."

"Short of your life, eh? Dorian does not look a man who would hesitate even at that if put to the test."

Onslow shuddered.

Since that sight which had been presented to his returning consciousness, when Lady Edgcombe was interrupted in the act of administering a dangerous narcotic, and which he believed to have been a poison, the fear of destruction by subtle and imperceptible means had rapidly grown upon him. Such ideas soon take the mind captive—and it was so in his case. Terror at death by secret means was rapidly driving him to the verge of desperation. The importance of the stake he was playing for alone supported him in the course he was taking.

"We must go," he decided.

"Go! All right. 'Go's' the word, and we'll trust to the chapter of accidents."

With this he carefully folded up Dorian's message to his wife, and placed it in his pocket-book. The loss of that was not a contingency in the chapter of accidents on which he was prepared to rely. As it crisped and crackled under his fingers, he seemed already to handle the bank-notes into which he purposed to convert it one of these fine days.

CHAPTER XXVII. CLAUDIA.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what you mean,
Tears from the depths of some divine despair.
Tennyson.

It was the dead of the night.

Nestleborough had sunk into a state of repose only one degree removed from its ordinary condition, for it was such a quiet, lazy, slow-going place, that when most wide awake, say at high noon, a sense of drowsiness clung to it, and to everybody in and about it.

So, though at this hour it might have been a city of the dead, its aspect was not greatly changed, except in respect of the darkness, which well-nigh swallowed it up. For though a system of lighting prevailed here as in other towns, the lamps partook of the drowsy nature of the place, and winked and blinked themselves out at the earliest moment.

But as the streets were wholly deserted, this troubled no one, except it might be the driver of the mail-cart, who clattered through the place about one o'clock at a rattling pace, cracking his whip, and shouting "Hi! hi!" but without producing the slightest effect even on the turnpike man, who considerably left the gate open, so that her Majesty's mails might not suffer let or hindrance so far as he was concerned.

On this particular night the driver of the little red cart, that bounded so merrily along, was quieter than usual, and on reaching the inn, to which allusion has before been made, he suddenly pulled up, to the great disgust of his horse, who knew his work, and where he ought to stop, and where he ought to go on, quite as well as the driver, and resented this stoppage as something unusual, and not in his night's work. Perhaps he was a horse of an official turn of mind, who believed in running in grooves, and doing everything as it always has been done, and not going an inch out of your way to save the nation.

Be that as it may, this unwilling quadruped found himself pulled up immediately under the great bay-window that projected over the door of the inn. And while he champed and pawed, the mail man sprang on to the seat of his little cart, and seizing his whip by the thong end, he gave three distinct raps with the brass knob against the latticed panes of the window, in which a faint light was burning.

Three raps, and then, after a wait, three more, with increased vigour.

Then the curtain was drawn aside, and a casement swung open, and a face looked down.

"What is it?" asked a voice in a whisper.

It was Dorian's face and voice; the face, that of a man startled out of sleep, the voice hoarse, and choked.

"Doctor Dory Annie?" said the man, in an enquiring tone.

"And if so—what then?"

"Can you read this letter?"

He held up one as he spoke—one that he had taken from his bosom, not from the sealed bags in the mail-cart, and the doctor, catching sight of it, eagerly thrust out his long, bony arm.

"Who from?" he enquired.

"The Manor House. For Doctor—"

"Right. Give it to me—and thanks! Good night!"

He was so eager to get the letter and gloat over its contents that he did not wait to hear the man's answering "Good night!" but left the window, almost before the official-minded horse, responding to a shake of the loose reins, darted off at a smart pace, as if determined to make up at once for this irregular waste of the Government time.

The window at which Dorian had appeared was that of the room in which the strange patient lay. Its appearance was little changed since the preceding night. There was still a fire in the grate, that flickering cast fantastic shadows of the various objects in the room, and faintly disclosed the face of the woman lying on the bed—aged, yellow, and wrinkled. The only difference was that now the restless eyes were closed, and the rolling head had ceased to move.

A glance from the doctor's quick eyes assured him of this state of things, then he returned to a chair by the fireside, from which the tapping at the window had caused him to rise. He had been watching over his patient, and then, overcome by fatigue, he had dropped asleep. But he was wide awake now. The eyes that gleamed under those white eye-brows of his were full of fire as, seating himself, he stooped down to read by the firelight the missive he had received.

These were the terms in which it was couched:

"Your letter has both surprised and alarmed me. I cannot rest till I have ascertained important particulars from you. At the same time you will understand that I, of all others, dare not be seen in this matter. Without knowing by whom this person is surrounded, or what her immediate purpose in coming here may be, I dare not even trust my handwriting or my signature to reach you. This, therefore, is disguised and unsigned. But you will know by whom it is written. And knowing this, I know that you will not refuse what I now ask. The mail-cart, driven by the bearer of this, has brought me over to Nestleborough. The man does not know me, for I have taken care to disguise myself. He believes that I am one of the domestics of the Manor House. While you read this I am waiting under the lime avenue at the end of the town. Come to me, if only for a few minutes. I must know more than you have been able to write—I must know whether there is danger, and if it is possible to avert it. You will come? You cannot refuse. I await you with impatience."

"Tis Sir Noel's hand, in spite of the disguise," observed the doctor, running his eyes afresh over the letter, "and he is in this place! What an absurdity! How rash, how imprudent, and yet natural perhaps, when there is so much at stake. But how am I to leave this house unobserved? How return? And what excuse can I offer should my absence be detected? No matter, I must go. The risk is great, but it must be run. Sir Noel cannot be left kicking his heels under the limes till daylight."

Having arrived at this conclusion, Dorian took a cloak with which he had covered his knees while sleeping, and threw it round him. Then taking one final glance at his sleeping patient, he quitted the room, passed with noiseless step through an ante-chamber, in which the patient's female attendant slept, and so reached the stairs of the house and descended.

There was a door at the stairs-foot leading into the garden.

A couple of bolts secured this, and having shot them back with a noiseless touch, he opened the door, shuddered for a second as the cool night air blew on him, and passed out. The way from the garden was not difficult to find, and then he emerged into a street, quiet as a tomb.

Quiet and dark. A muffled sky over-head, a gusty wind blowing about him: silence and desolation everywhere.

"A nice night for a man to be out in," the doctor growled. "More like December than July. Everybody else snug in their beds, and I stealing like a thief through the darkness. And for what? To serve another man's purposes. My own too, perhaps, a little. Just a little."

He chuckled, and drew the cloak tighter round his throat.

"I should frighten Juanita out of her wits if she could only see me in this brigand's guise," he resumed. "Poor child! Fast asleep. I darsay, fresh and rosy, with her eyelids a little pink from shedding those absurd tears, and my short note pressed to her lips. Dear child!"

It might have disturbed the picture which the doctor thus conjured up, had he known that his little

note, instead of resting on Juanita's lips, was at that moment forming part of the contents of the mail-cart which had stopped before the inn window, having been enclosed in an envelope by Cheney Tofts, and posted to the worthy individual who already held Dorian's wife's glove under lock and key in his iron safe! Yes, it would assuredly have disturbed the imaginary picture which gave him so much pleasure, and it was therefore well that it was hidden from his mental gaze.

As it was, the picture of Juanita lasted him till he reached the lime-walk, at the end of the town.

It was not a cheerful place at that hour.

In the broad light of day it charmed all eyes with its canopy of green and gold, and the odoriferous breath that pervaded it from end to end. But now it was black and forbidding. So black and so forbidding that Dorian hesitated a moment before entering it. Could there be any treachery in all this? The thought crossed his mind once, and once only. It was impossible, he argued, since the name of his patient was known only to Edgecombe and himself—with the exception of his wife, but that was nothing.

Nothing!

He thought so, and boldly entered the avenue.

The cunning are always ready dupes. They have such perfect confidence in themselves and contempt for others that they readily walk into traps laid for them, but which they will not believe in, because their sagacity has not discovered them.

Thus, unsuspecting, the doctor had arrived at the avenue, and unsuspecting still, he entered it.

"Who is here?" he asked, in a low tone.

"Hist!" cried a voice.

It seemed to proceed from some one a few paces further under the trees, and he moved on.

"No one is stirring," said Dorian.

And they were the last words he uttered in the lime avenue.

At the same instant a shawl or railway-wrapper was thrown over his head, and drawn tightly behind it, thus effectually gagging him, with the chance of taking his life. Before he had time to cry out or use his fists, he was dragged back, and fell heavily upon the ground, like a man in a swoon.

In the moment of treachery, Dorian's thoughts doubtless reverted to the room at the inn which he had just quitted. If they did so, they could scarcely have conjured up the scene there enacting.

At the moment of his quitting the house, the door of a bed-room near that occupied by the Spanish woman, his patient, had slowly opened, and a man had emerged on to the staircase. This man had arrived at the inn late over night, just as it was about to close, and having engaged a bed, had retired at once, with the remark that he had been attending a neighbouring market all day, and being dead tired, should sleep like a top. The landlord, on giving him his light, had remarked that he need not snore louder than he could help. "Why not?" was his natural inquiry. Because there was an invalid lady in the next room but one. "Next room but one—on the right?" he had asked. "On the right." With this he had disappeared.

And now, emerging stealthily from his room, it was toward that room on the right that he bent his steps. He reached the ante-room and listened. No sound. The door opening easily, admitted him, and he passed through. The ante-room was dark. The door of the inner room was ajar—he could tell that by the light of the fire, which flickered redly through the aperture.

He darted through it, entered the bed-room, closed the door and turned the key in the lock.

Then all his attention was concentrated upon the bed.

The occupant could be dimly discerned by the fire-light, still sleeping.

Her brown, withered, wasted face was in repose, almost the repose of the grave as it seemed. The breathing of the very aged is gentle as that of a child. This woman's years exceeded those allotted to her kind, and it was hard to tell if she lived.

A quick, spasmodic movement of the sleeper decided that point. Restless—though calmer than when waking—she flung one of her long wasted arms on the coverlet.

With a suppressed cry the intruder rushed forward, and kneeling down, took the wasted hand, and gently drew it to his lips. It was an act of reverence and affection; but in performing it, his eyes were fixed with a species of fascination upon the wasted arm.

That which attracted his attention chiefly was a short Arabic word tattooed in faint gray on the inner side above the elbow.

The sight of this appeared to give him strength and confidence.

"Claudia!" he exclaimed, putting his lips close to the ear of the sleeping woman.

She heard, and woke up, confused and agitated.

"Who calls me?" she asked.

"It is I. Your lost one."

"Not— Oh, no, no! He is in his grave. But Dorian shall answer it. I forgot. Forgive me, Dorian; I rave sometimes. You have explained all, and I am satisfied. Let me live then, dear, sweet, good doctor, let me live. It is not much that I ask, since I am so old, so very old. What are a few days? Ah, life is so sweet, so sweet, even to me; and in a day, ay, even in an hour, he may come to me, and I may die in his arms."

It was as Dorian had said on a previous occasion, "mere raving;" but these words, so suggestive, and so plaintive, were inexpressibly distressing.

They must have been so, for they forced tears into the eyes of the kneeling listener.

Tears! Yes, they glistened on his long eyelashes as he exclaimed:

"For God's sake, listen to me, to me—the lost one!"

In spite of the tears which choked it—and which were so foreign to his nature—the voice was that of Neville Onslow.

(To be continued.)

FLAX.

Pulling and Rippling.—The time to pull flax is before it is absolutely and completely ripe. Some, however, act foolishly in taking it up whilst it is yet green—thinking that the sample of dressed flax is more silky and oily. By this they lose much more in quantity than they gain in quality. It is well to allow the under leaves of the stalk to be withered, two-thirds of the stalk to be yellowed and bare, and the capsules to be changed to a light brown before pulling. Then the crop will be most remunerative, both in fibre and seed. Eight active hands will be sufficient to pull a Cunningham acre (equal to one and one-third imperial acre) in a day. They should place the handfuls slightly across each other, and separate in the sheaves, to make it the more easy to handle them at the rippling.

In several counties of the north of Ireland farmers ripple none of their flax. They affirm that the process injures the ends of the "strick," and renders the dressed flax dry and brittle. In other counties, however, they ripple all, save vast quantities of precious seed for crushing and feeding—and look upon their flax after all as but little impaired. The climate of Ulster being very damp and changeable, the farmers of that flax-growing province have never upon a large scale attempted to rear flax-seed for sowing purposes. For crushing and feeding only have they taken off the bolls. By rippling the flax at the time of pulling, the bolls can be conveniently had for these objects, and thus the crop, without being stacked, is ready for the dam or retort at once.

Where seed for sowing is not the object, the following details as to the speediest and cheapest method of taking off the bolls or capsules may not be uninteresting:—The best rippling-comb is made of round iron three-quarters of an inch in diameter. The teeth should be at least sixteen inches long, blunt in the point, one quarter of an inch asunder, and set in a row eighteen inches long. The following directions for placing or fixing the comb for use may be serviceable:—Take a cart to the field when the flax is being pulled; take off the wheels, and lay the body flat upon the ground; let the comb be fixed to a strong piece of wood like a short plank, bind this plank hard and fast across the box, tying down each end to the arm of the axle that is lying on the ground; then one man can take up his place between the shafts, and another facing him behind, and they can pull their handfuls alternately through the same comb. Twice through is enough for any handful. The seed drops into the box, which can be emptied when full into sacks, and the bolls carted into the open "shed," or "winning" loft. After being rippled, the flax should be carted at once to the steeping-dam. If it be allowed to stand for any length of time, the wounded pulp will blacken in the stock, and the fibre will be more or less injured. Whether rippled or not, it is a mistake to allow the pulled flax to remain for days in the stock. If it were possible, it would be all the better to have the whole crop taken up on the same day, and in a few hours rippled and committed to the water. The bolls should be deposited in a dry, airy place, and frequently turned. When dry they can be broken and the seed separated from the husks, which, with the refuse seed, make capital food for almost all the animals of the farmyard. If there be no convenient way of drying the bolls, they can be taken at once to a common kiln, dried and ground in a mill, husks and seed together; and in that way, though the seed is lost either for sowing or crushing, yet the very best kind of provender is secured.

In some parts of England the farmers dry or "win" their pulled flax for some days in the field, in the same manner almost as a white crop, and then put it for a time into narrow stacks, that the seed before being taken off may ripen and mature upon the stalks.

or straw. Where the quality of the seed is a matter of great importance (as it always is in seed for sowing), this mode of managing the flax when pulled is to be highly commended. It is the only method in which first-class seed can be secured; and although it is the opinion of some that the quality of the fibre is much impaired by allowing the seed to ripen thus upon the straw, yet it will be found, after sufficient experience, that this is a mistake.

Many again consider that the farmer should go no farther than the pulling of the flax; that at that stage his skill generally ends, and that then the factor, spinner, or manufacturer, should step in, purchase the flax when pulled, if not on the foot, and carry through the remainder of its management by his skilled labour. This is an admirable theory, and if it could be got to work satisfactorily, would no doubt be advantageous to all parties. But in Ireland it has been tried and has utterly failed, the merchants who made the attempt having been obliged to give it up. Two crops, as similar as possible on the foot, may be very dissimilar in their yield. Say one is grown upon a very old pasture, or upon ground that never produced flax previously; the other upon strong well-tilled land, that carried a similar crop some four or five years before. To the eye both seem much alike. The rare judge perhaps could not tell which is the better crop, and the proprietor of the one might expect as high a price from the manufacturer as the owner of the other. Yet in reality the crop grown on the ground that till a year ago had been an old pasture, is likely to turn out to be twice as valuable as the other. This one stumbling-block was fatal to the whole scheme.

Moreover the expense of carting flax-straw to dams or retorties at a great distance, and the difficulty of getting sufficient spreading ground or drying apparatus for great quantities of steeped flax in any one spot, are additional impediments that stand in the way of the application of the theory.

MAUD.

CHAPTER XII.

I must entreat it of your condescension, You would be pleased to sink your eye, and favour With one short glance or two this poor troubled state, Where even now, much, and of much moment, Is on the eve of its completion. Schiller.

"Perse out the duties you assign to me, and I will, to the best of my poor capacity, perform them," he said, leading the queen to a seat, and kneeling before her. She fixed her large, dark eyes on his face, with a look of such earnest gratitude, that he felt his own glance growing dim with tears.

"First," said Margaret, in that deep thrilling voice, which went straight to the listener's heart: "thou must win me an interview with my imprisoned husband, the king."

Halstead started almost from his knees. The coolness, nay, audacity of the idea took his breath away.

"My son is young," continued Queen Margaret, "and but little known to the people. Without direct or written authority from King Henry to raise troops, we shall obtain but laggard help. We must get that authority under Henry's own hand; but he is reluctant to shed blood, and more intent on a heavenly crown than that glorious diadem which the Plantagenet has wrested from him. I know him well; no voice but mine could win from him an authorization for raising troops in his name. Me, Henry will not refuse; even that which goes against his own wishes will be granted, if I entreat."

Halstead rested one elbow on his knee, and fell into thought even while the queen was speaking. Though one hand shaded his face, the look of doubt and trouble which settled about his mouth could not be concealed.

"Besides," said Margaret, with tears in her voice, "I will confess it to thee, my faithful servant, my woman's heart yearns to see him."

"Dear mistress, gracious lady, you shall see him; though it cost John Halstead his life. How it is to be done I cannot decide as yet; but with God's good help, this meeting shall be brought about."

Halstead arose, as he spoke, excited and thrilled with intense feeling, such as Margaret of Anjou alone had the power to inspire. He peered the room with a step so impetuous that it made all the timbers of the floor vibrate. Margaret was pleased with this impetuous devotion. Her eyes softened, and a smile came to her firm mouth, softening it into sweet, womanly beauty.

"Mentime," she said, "do not be idle in the city. Surely our house has many friends there yet."

"Hundreds," was Halstead's answer. "One victory would give us half the train-bands; they never have taken heartily to the usurper."

"It must be thy duty to deal with them; but cautiously, cautiously, remember."

"Have no fear, your highness; I know the way to

reach our city men. As for the apprentices—no unimportant class—there is a youth now under my control whom they have already elected as a leader. It is to his sharp wit I must look for the means of accomplishing the most perilous visit you propose to the captive king."

"Is the lad honest, and to be trusted?" asked Margaret, anxiously.

"I will trust my head upon his good faith. Besides, he is quick of wit, and wonderful in expedients. He knows every winding of the Tower, and has made the sentinels his fast friends already."

"But canst thou trust him entirely?"

"Surely it must be so, or not at all. If we had concealments he would discover them, and give back half service."

"Still it is perilous."

"I know it; but not so full of danger as concealment. Let the lad know that it is the queen who trusts him, and he will perish rather than betray her; nay, every faculty will be sharpened in her behalf. Believe me, your highness, I am right in this."

"Do it as you advise," answered Margaret, with the prompt decision which marked her character. "It is not among the people of this lad's class that we have ever found most treachery. Forgive your queen, John Halstead, if she seems over cautious."

"Nay," said Halstead, smiling. "It is the over boldness which constantly leads that august lady into peril, which her servants have most need to fear."

Margaret smiled.

"But we will escape the peril here, some good angel assures me of that. Surely heaven itself will smile on the efforts of a wife to gain access to the husband whose presence she pines for. Ah, good friend, when mine enemies tell you that Margaret is made up of ambition and lacks womanliness, they know little of the yearning tenderness which makes the hours days, and the days years, till I see him again. Now that an interview seems possible, my very soul trembles with dread of a disappointment."

Margaret covered her beautiful, proud features with her hands as she ceased speaking, and Halstead saw that she was weeping such passionate tears as only proud women can shed when the heart is broken up with tenderness.

"Lady, you shall not be disappointed. Give me a little time for thought."

"Let it be soon. Oh, John Halstead! let it be soon. You alone, of all men living, have witnessed my weakness."

"The weakness which springs from a woman's love is its glory," answered Halstead. "If all England could witness this grief as I do, the usurper would not keep his throne a single day."

Margaret reached forth her hand, smiling on him through her tears.

"I trust thee, and hope everything," she said. "But I have been very selfish; thou hast ridden far, and must be travel-worn and famished. I hear the good dame preparing dinner—after thy hard ride it will be welcome. Go down and refresh thyself. Tell the dame to bring a glass of wine and a piece of bread up hither—I want nothing more."

Halstead, who was, indeed, sorely tired and half famished, descended to the tap-room, where he found a table set out with extraordinary care. A roast capon, a fine rasher of bacon, boiled eggs, flanked by a foaming tankard of beer, soon occupied his attention so completely, that he did not observe the dame when she crept up the stairs and knocked at the chamber door, carrying not only wine and bread, but a dainty little repast in her hands. There was no table in the room, but the woman knelt down before the supposed priest, who had hastily drawn the cowl over her face, and, resting the tray of food on one knee, besought the stranger to eat. There was something in the woman's manner that startled the queen. It was so deferential that scarcely a doubt remained that her own identity was discovered.

"Nay, daughter, I will but take a crust and this glass of wine," she said, in a low voice.

"Do not fear to put back that cowl and taste of the capon also. In this room, and under this roof, the Queen of England has nothing to fear," said the woman, trembling at her own boldness.

"Thou knowest me then?" answered Margaret, throwing back the cowl from her face. "Put down the tray and tell me where you have met me before."

"Many times and oft, your highness; for I lived in London when King Henry brought home the bonniest bride that my poor eyes ever saw. Once I stood close by the horse that bore you through the city, and you flung me a silver sixpence. Hundreds fell among the crowd that day and were spent. I kept mine—it is in my bosom now."

Margaret smiled, and this brought an amusing glow to the dame's comely face. She set down the tray as Margaret had commanded, and, going to a cupboard, took down an old pewter cup, which she bore to the queen, and again fell upon her knees.

"Take it," she said, "it is full of silver, with now and then a broad piece of gold. They tell me that the bad King Edward has robbed you of everything. Take this. I and the good man are strong, and can work for more."

Tears swelled into Margaret's eyes.

"Not now," she answered, gently, "not while we can help it. But if greater need comes, this kind offer shall not be forgotten."

CHAPTER XIII.

There is a cloudy secret on thy brow:
Now, by thy loyalty and tried allegiance,
I charge thee, give it words. MS. Tragedy.

"THEN I have your consent, sire!"

"Ay, and my prayers for thy safe deliverance of the place afterward," answered the king, with a laugh that rang loud and clear through the apartment in which he stood. "I do not think the old lodge has been inhabited since our father's time. I once had a fancy to make it useful for a double purpose, and spent some gold on the embellishment of certain rooms that never found an occupant; for just then I happened to chance on that encounter in the woods with my Lady Bess; and, on my honour as a king, she drove all the rest of womankind out of my head for a whole year; so all my trouble went for naught. But what has aroused this sudden fancy, Dickon? Is not Braynard Castle large enough for thee and our lady mother?"

"Ay, truly it is," answered the young prince, in his calm, grave way. "But of late I have taken to studies which might not altogether please her highness, and which otherwise make seclusion necessary."

"What, has her Grace of Bedford infected thee with her mania for the occult sciences? If so, there must be more in them than I trow of."

Duke Richard smiled and shook his head.

"Nay," he said, "I cannot pretend to a taste for the noble science which contents itself with thrusting pins into waxen images, while praying that each stab may inflict pain on some unhappy wretch hundreds of miles away. All the glory of such studies I leave to the queen's mother, without envy of the results. The law I pursue is that which teaches men how to rule their fellow men."

"There is little need of study to teach thee how to govern and yet seem to obey," answered the king.

"If this be true, it is only that the glory of our house may shine the brighter," said the young man.

"In all that pertains to statecraft," said the king, cheerfully, "the honour of fifty royal houses might safely be trusted to thy discretion. While Edward Plantagenet is king he needs no wiser counsel than may be gathered from thy young lips."

Richard smiled one of those clear, cold smiles, that charm a heart without warming it.

"Then I have leave to possess myself of the old hunting lodge?" he said, so conscious of his own ability that even the king's praise did not flatter him.

"Ay, it is a royal and most brotherly promise. Moreover, Richard, thou shalt invite us to be a guest when the hawks are in their prime, and we weary of the state our Lady Bessie will have about her."

The young duke seemed little pleased by this genial self-invitation. The blood rushed to his brow in a crimson cloud, and he lifted one shoulder restively. But these signs of discontent passed away, and the cold smile came back to his lips.

"It is a double favour you offer, sire," he said; and bending low, the strange young man passed out of the chamber, leaving Edward alone.

"It is a strange youth, so brave, so secret, and yet gentle withal," thought the reckless monarch, falling into a reverie. "In the council-chamber he shames our wisest grey-beards; but there is no warmth in him. No youth—no enthusiasm! Neither beauty, wine, no wassal has charms for him! I sometimes wonder if he ever felt such temptations as make my life a tangled web of joy and discontent. Has he no conscience, or too much? Now I wonder what he wants of that little hunting lodge. It is a lovely spot, and I lavished costly things upon it with little return, so far as my pleasure was concerned. What if some mystery lies buried under this request. He was less at ease than usual, and once absolutely blushed red—a thing I never witnessed before. But no, no! the lad is far removed from human frailty. His keen wit serves as an armour to the young heart. Still we may chance to visit him in this sylvan retreat, if it is only to see how restively he will give up those huge Italian tomes he loves so well."

A knock at the door, and the entrance of a man in a hunting garb, disturbed this reverie.

"My liege, the hounds are unkenneled, and a finer day never blessed the earth."

Edward sprang up eagerly, drew on his gauntlet-gloves with a quickness that made the seed-pears which embroidered them rattle again, and tossing the

silver cap to his brow, shook its white feather till it fluttered over his shoulder like a dash of sea-foam.

"What, ah! and we have been dreaming a bright half-hour away! Go forward and hold my stirrup, man; I will be in the saddle before the hounds can clear their throats."

With a light, joyous tread, and a gesture which bespoke the zest with which this man enjoyed every species of pleasure, Edward descended to the court, mounted the milk-white horse that had been pawing the stones for half-an-hour, impatient for a rider, and dashed away, followed by a cavalcade of noblemen, which made the very sunshine glisten brighter as it passed.

Many a beautiful court lady hastened to her casement as the lordly train swept toward the great entrance to the Tower; and many a noble gentleman bent to his saddle-bow in homage to the loveliness that looked down upon him.

The queen came out upon her balcony—trined with massive wreaths of sculptured stone—and stood with the sunshine glistening through her long, golden hair, to see her lord pass to the hunt; a tiny rainbow fired up from the jewels on her hand, as she waved him a graceful adieu, receiving back a dozen kisses, wafted from the royal hand. These were followed by a radiant smile, and a doffing of the plumed cap, prompted by that easy homage which Edward was always willing to bestow on beautiful womanhood wherever he found it.

Just before the cavalcade reached the gate John Halstead came through, and stood respectfully aside, cap in hand, watching keenly to catch the king's eye, but making no other effort to attract attention.

Edward's quick observation soon fell upon him, and, obeying a motion of the royal hand, the horse swerved out of line.

"Ride on—ride on, but slowly! We have a word for this good citizen," cried the king, waving his hand. "Well, now, my prince of merchants, what success? Will the city churls disburse as their king wishes; by that black brow we should judge not."

"My liege," answered Halstead, in a voice that quivered either with passion or fear, "when your highness first came back to London, the city merchants were ready to pour all they possessed into the royal treasury, without much question of the security offered for their gold; but now—"

"Well, what now? What has the king done that seems ungracious, that they hesitate, as thy face implies? Why, has not the queen, in giving England a male heir, doubled the security of our throne? Have not I, their liege lord, drank of their atrocious beer, and danced with their wives and daughters till no swine-herd was ever half so weary? What is the meaning of this hesitation? If there is a secret, let it out, or this glorious day will be wasted!"

(To be continued.)

SCENES FROM THE KALEIDOSCOPE OF LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

The full-blazoned trees
Filled all the air with fragrance and with joy.
Spanish Student.

WERE you ever an invalid, dear reader, prisoner in a darkened room, your mortal part in such bondage to pain and disease; that the spirit, active and vigorous in health, was overpowered in the unequal contest, and yielded the field to the invisible foe? The thinking head and feeling heart then became paralyzed in their functions, and the whole animate existence merged in the verb to suffer.

Weeks and months fulfilled their promise to others, but brought to you wearisome days, or more wearisome nights, until, after looking into the dreariness of the grave, and almost seeing "the shadowy falls beyond," you find yourself convalescing.

How gently and insinuatingly the spirit resumes the sway of her disputed empire!

The weakened body yields passively to her dictation, and you begin to amuse yourself with shaping imaginary figures on the window-panes, or tracing the patterns of the hangings on the wall.

The stealthy labours of a stray spider afford you infinite pleasure, and you wonder at the perseverance with which she repairs her losses when the merciless broom of the housemaid has demolished her finely-wrought curia.

Day by day you make new accessions of strength, but so slowly that you feel the force of the poet's assertion, that "it is easy to descend to Avernus, but difficult to return."

But you are emancipated at last, and your prison doors are opened on a warm spring day, before whose genial influence the chilling breath of winter has melted away.

What joy to set your foot again upon the brown earth!

The heart beats with new life, and the spirit's gushing joy rivals that of the birds soaring over your head. The soft south wind kisses your cheek, and you wonder that poets have not written more fully of its sweetness; all descriptions seem commonplace beside the serene beauty that pervades everything, and takes possession of your whole being. Mother Earth looks so lovingly in her robe of varied hues of green, that a prayer of thanksgiving trembles on your lip, and you rejoice that though "clouds and darkness are about the throne" of our common Father, His footstool is so rich in blessings for the children of His care.

Filled with the convalescent's ecstatic delight, with every sense and avenue of physical enjoyment quickened into active exercise, I wandered, many years ago, through the streets and by-paths of my native village, ready to take every one by the hand, and wondering how any one in health could be unhappy.

Everything wore a look of strangeness, as though I had been long absent. How astonishingly the village children had grown, and how bright the little philosophers looked, exulting in full possession of the glorious sunshine.

The devout Parson never gave the god of day a more sincere welcome than did his young admirers, and the rays of the great luminary nestled among the shining locks of those bare heads, as if he would fain wrap them in his warm embrace, and shield them from the cold storms which years and experience would all too surely bring to them.

As I strolled along, remarking the changes and improvements which had been made, I paused, with a sigh, before the house of Doctor Ward. The old and almost obliterated index of his profession had been removed, and in its stead, staring in newness, was a stranger's name.

It was, then, no dream of my fevered brain; the kind friend, the obliging neighbour, the faithful physician, was dead!

There was not a man in Harding who had fairer prospects of a long life, or stronger ties to bind him to it; not one but could have been better spared from society.

"Death loves a shining mark," thought I, as I turned into a path leading to grounds which had belonged to the doctor, and which bore traces of the good taste of their former owner.

As I slowly entered, treading lightly on the young grass, I was surprised to see little Elsie Ward sitting on a small hillock, and leaning against the gnarled root of an old tree.

Twenty years have passed since then, but memory recalls, with perfect distinctness, the minutest events of that morning. Elsie, lively, volatile, buoyant, now here a moment, and then gone; it was a strange thing, her sitting there so listlessly, patting the meadow grass with restless foot.

Flocks of white clouds played fantastic gambols in the blue sky, but she heeded them not.

The crows flew into the neighbouring wood with loud caw, caw, and the speckled hawk settled on the old elm-tree unobserved; the playful fishes sported in the rippling brook, and the water-wheel, placed there by a brother's hand, rattled and clattered in vain. The sweet spring beauty and early violets peeped out to catch the smile of the sun, but all missed the clapping of the little hands that used to greet their coming.

The dark wing of the angel of death has swept over the home of Elsie!

Is it for this that the beautiful day glides by unheeded? Can it be that the tide of thought is welling up from the depths of that young child's spirit, imprinting the shadow of sorrow on the head, and its seal on the heart of the orphan?

Aroused by my approach, she sprang to her feet, and with some of her natural animation, responded to my salutation.

Taking the seat she had occupied, I drew her to my side, and sought by kind sympathy to win her confidence.

She was only too glad to unburthen her sorrows; but many tears and sobs interrupted her account of the day which had proved so disastrous to her father, and brought desolation into the once happy household.

On a frosty morning, in the early winter time, her father had mounted his horse in the fulness of manly strength, and playfully kissing his hand to her as she watched his departure, rode away for the last time.

A few hours later, a riderless horse stood at his master's gate, while strangers' feet, with measured tread, bore that master's insensible form over his own threshold.

With touching pathos, she told how the noble wife and tender mother, crushing back the swelling of

her own bursting heart, led her children to the bedside of the sufferer, and with words of endearment sought to win from the departing one a look of recognition.

As her quivering fingers removed the damp hair from his contracted brow, the trembling spirit, faltering in its flight, again partially re-animated the already rigid tabernacle; the dim eyes unclosed, and as their glance of love rested on those sorrowing ones, nature for a moment triumphed over death, and words of hope and encouragement, that might never be forgotten, fell upon the ears of the listeners.

When the evening sun sank into his bed of golden clouds, his departing rays played gently over the cold, white winding-sheet which shrouded a senseless form, all that was left of the strong man whose vigour had not been touched by time or disease. "Death, who, with equal foot, knocks alike at palace gate and cottage of the poor," had that day unrolled a fearful page in human destiny to those bereaved ones. The fortune which had so nobly sustained the wife under the first shock, and during the closing scene, failed the widow under the pressure of a dread certainty, and she gradually sank into a state of despondency which threatened to destroy reason itself.

Secluding herself in a darkened room of the now dreary mansion, she shrank from all domestic cares, and barely tolerated, without returning, the endearments of her children, who were becoming a prey to nameless and shapeless forms of terror. She had a mind of no ordinary stamp, and for many years her life had been adorned by consistent piety, but mental strength and grace seemed to withhold their support. When she sought comfort in prayer, there was ever stretched before her a ghastly form that seemed to arraign the mercy of Him whose "mercy endureth for ever; the heavens over her head were brass, and the earth beneath, powder.

But this apathy was destined to be dissipated by new misfortunes. Dr. Ward had become surety for a friend, whose failure in business swept away the possessions of both. When the afflicted woman was informed that her children were penniless, and that the home they had so long inhabited belonged to others, the necessity for immediate action dispelled the lethargy which had bound her, and when she again knelt before the mercy-seat she found relief in tears, and her whole being went forth in communion with Him whose "Peace be still!" is ever oil to the surging billows of the spirit's storm.

Elsie had just learned from her mother that they must soon leave the home where her happy childhood had been spent, and was making a farewell visit to one of her old cherished spots when I fell in with her.

My own tears fell fast as she ceased speaking, and as I smoothed her disordered curls, which had danced in the sunlight of ten happy summers, I sighed to think that one so young had tasted the bitterness which sin had mingled in the cup of human life. But the changing shadows warned me to break off an interview which had been protracted beyond the bounds of prudence, and I took leave of her with a weight on my heart that contrasted strikingly with the exciting feelings of the morning.

CHAPTER II.

False, fleeting youth: ah, whither fled
Thy golden promise? Bayard Taylor.

EMILY PAXTON—so Mrs. Ward's name was registered in a little parish church.

Her father, the younger son of a nobleman, had depressed his already doubtful fortunes by uniting his destiny and sharing his name with one who, though his equal in other respects, was his inferior in rank.

From the time of his marriage, which took place soon after he attained his majority, his father's family declined all intercourse with him.

A small property which had been settled on him by his mother enabled him to live in a comfortable but humble manner, and he would not have bartered his fireside joys for any title of nobility.

But his domestic happiness was cut short by the death of his wife, five years after their marriage. His infant daughter was taken into the family of her godmother, and received from her the care and affection which her tender years required, while he sought to divert his melancholy by change of scene. A year spent amid places of classic and martial renown failed to give him peace of mind, or quiet the spirit of unrest that had taken possession of him.

About this time he received intelligence from Mrs. Ward, Emily's godmother, that they were soon to remove to France, and would like to take the child with them.

His mind was soon made up; he determined to accompany them himself.

Carrying out this plan, he returned in season to embark with them, but he was pained at discovering that his long absence had lost him the love of his

child; her heart had been given to those who had filled the place of parents, and from whom she was daily receiving manifestations of affection.

But he was too sincerely desirous of the well-being of his child to think of sundering the ties which were now the bonds of her happiness, and it was a great relief to her foster-parents when he assured them that he would never remove her from their family.

She had already become as a beloved daughter to them, and as a sister to their only child, who was a son.

Mr. Paxton spent two years in France, and had derived from time the balm which nothing else can give, when he was summoned to England by the death of his brother, who had left no heirs.

The father, from whom he had been so long alienated, received him with open arms.

Still young, with latent fires slumbering in his bosom, and brilliant prospects opening before him, it is little to be wondered at that, when next he stood before the hymeneal altar, his companion had been chosen from motives of policy and not from the dictates of his heart.

Under the influence of a worldly-minded woman, who studiously avoided any reference to his former marriage and absent child, his parental tenderness quite died out.

The subsequent birth of a son, heir to his title and fortune, turned his thoughts wholly away from his first-born, and he finally dropped all correspondence with her.

This was a matter of perfect indifference to the little Emily, whose happiness, in her pleasant home, was never marred by a feeling of envy toward him who to others might seem to have usurped her birth-right.

In the process of time the parents Ward paid the debt of nature, but not until they had seen the child of their adoption made the wife of him who was their child by birth.

The announcement of her marriage was responded to by the formal congratulations of her father, and a check for a hundred pounds for a dowry.

The birth of her children, Robert and Elsie, had been duly announced, since which time no intelligence had come from England.

Ten years of unbroken silence had made a gulf more impassable than the sea which separated them.

As the cherished wife of Dr. Ward, Emily had been too happy to be disturbed by the indifference of friends who could be satisfied with the cold splendours of nobility, and now, with every fibre of her mental and physical nature lacerated by her sudden bereavement, she could not subject herself to the pain of their pity, and notice of her husband's death was forwarded to her father without any intimation of her dependent situation.

And now she stood on that dividing line, so dark, but so decided, which severed the beautiful past, with its rich blessings of affection and ease, from the threatening future and its thick-coming cares.

Painful, but salutary, was the necessity which brought to light her dormant mental vigour. With unwearied patience, she entered into the dull details of business, and finally had the satisfaction of seeing every claim discharged which could be brought against him whose honour was so dear to her.

Cheerfully she parted with the dearest possessions, though it cost some heart pangs to resign to others many things which, from association, were above all price.

The sacrifice was at length complete, and she was in safe possession of the money which had been paid as her dowry, and which her husband had carefully secured to her own demand when depositing it.

This was now sufficient to secure a humble home, and furnish a small income which, with great economy in living and industry in earning, would enable them to get along without appealing to friends. The idea was soon carried out, and in a few days they had turned away from their happier life, and were domiciled in a very unpretending cottage.

The education of her children was the mother's greatest anxiety, and that which forecast the future with its heaviest gloom.

She could walk in loneliness her own solitary way to the grave, but how could she see the children of her husband grow up deficient in that cultivation which would fit them for usefulness?

She knew it had been their father's plan to have them both liberally educated, for he was one who thought no pains or expense should be spared in training and developing the minds of those who might one day answer to the name of mother, any more than those who were to move in man's more active sphere.

Up to the time of her father's death Elsie had received the same instruction which had been imparted to her brother at her age, and Mrs. Ward's highest ambition now was to pursue the course which had

been commenced, and to do it by their united exertions.

It was finally arranged that Robert should continue his studies under the direction of a competent teacher, and in turn import the same to his sister.

A tasked life now devolved upon each of them, and they soon found there was little leisure to indulge in the grief which still lingered in their hearts; but habit, the great leveller, soon reconciled them to their altered circumstances, and their unremitting labours were pursued with cheerfulness.

The virtue and affection of her children were an unfailing source of comfort to Mrs. Ward, and in two years she had the satisfaction of seeing Robert fitted for college.

True, none but themselves knew at what cost this was gained, or thought of the self-imposed toil which that feeble mother had endured to accomplish her desires.

Her son had already given promise of being worthy of his father, and she counted as nothing the self-denial which enabled her to give him an opportunity for cultivating his fine talents, while he, on his part, improved every occasion to show his filial love and profound esteem for his mother.

Young as he was he laboured diligently with his hands, often doing things beyond his strength, that he might lessen the burden which his mother was bearing.

Elsie, too, with ready hand and cheerful zeal had taken her share of the new lot which had been cast into their lap, and the sunlight of her childish hopefulness often banished gloom from the little circle; but as the time approached when her brother must leave them her heart almost failed her.

CHAPTER III.

Trust no future, however pleasant.

Palm of Life.

ONE year of the dreared separation had passed, and the second of the collegiate course had been entered upon. Time, in its relentless march, pressed day upon day and week upon week in quick succession. Spring, with its opening beauties, had grown into summer's richer glories.

But while the absent son and brother was making every effort to win academic renown, and fit himself to enter upon the battle of active life, corroding care was eating into the very vitals of the mother's existence.

She was too true a Spartan to give way to useless repinings, but she could not shut her eyes to the fact of their diminished resources and her own failing strength. It was in vain that she applied herself with unremitting diligence to the use of the needle; her trembling hands quivered above the work which was tardily completed, and brought but slight addition to their scanty store.

It is a fearful thing to see a weak woman engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with poverty! Nothing but mother-love and faith in God can sustain her then! Deficient in the physical strength necessary for such an encounter, her tenderness for her offspring stimulates her to unnatural exertions, and for a time sustains her in the false position in which she is placed. Her large hopefulness will persist in depicting a brighter future which will yet dawn for her and her loved ones; but the delusive mirage is still in the distance, when she, worn out in body, and despairing in mind, sinks into a martyr's grave. "Oh, my soul, come not thou into their secret!"

Mrs. Ward had reached that point where the open grave was beginning to outline itself before her as the goal which must soon terminate her labours.

The last resting-place had no terrors for her, but her heart yearned over her children, and she would fain share their earth-journey a little longer. If she, with her mature years and judgment, could hardly shield them from suffering, what could they do without her? What would become of her son, with his high spirit and fiery nature unsubdued by grace, when the restraint of a mother's love should be removed? And Elsie, her darling, what loving arms would enfold her? What gentle bosom pillow her head when her sensitive nature was bleeding from wounds which the thoughtless and unkind so heedlessly inflict?

As she thought of her young daughter, of the traits in her character which might be moulded into that which was lovely and good by a skilful hand, or be warped into an unseemly development by harsh culture, the work with which she had been occupied fell from her hands, and her eyes involuntarily sought the object of her thoughts.

Through the open window, which admitted the sweet June air, she could see Elsie, bending over the shrubbery which adorned their little yard, seeming to inhale gladness from the delicacy and perfume of the just opening roses. Selecting some of the choicest

buds, and arranging them with care, she brought them, with a smile and a kiss, to her mother, but the smile faded as she observed her deep sadness.

"Mother, dear, this naughty work is killing you; come with me out into the bright beautiful day."

But the world held nothing more bright for the weary mother than that young face clouded with its look of tender concern. Making an effort to rise, she took a few tottering steps by the side of her child, but was soon compelled to resume her seat from utter exhaustion. The gentle breeze had no balm for her; the silver cord had been too severely tried.

Day after day she was doomed to see herself the victim of a feebleness to which she could offer no resistance, and which threatened to make her a burden instead of a help to others.

For six weeks Elsie had been a faithful nurse and diligent housekeeper, but the last shilling had been sent on its mission of exchange, and what could be done now?

There was but one resource.

Robert must be taken from his studies and go into a situation.

It seemed cruel thus to blight his brightest hopes, and it was with a heavy heart that his mother dictated the message which recalled him to her side.

Wild was the tumult that swelled his heart when he learned to what straits poverty had brought them. He had never realized how much his mother's needle had done for their maintenance, and when he saw how worn and wasted she had become, his heart burned with defiant rage toward their hard destiny.

Alarm for his mother's safety made him carefully suppress his bitter feelings, though he could not feel wholly satisfied with the dealings of Him who doth all things well. He did not hesitate as to his course; he would give up his ambitious hopes; he would turn aside from the attractive paths of literary pursuit, and would chain himself to Mammon's gilded car. Yes, he would have gold! Every drop of blood which had been dried out of his mother's body by the consuming fires through which she had passed should be minted to her in the choicest treasures of earth, and his sister's cheek should never pale over the incessant stitch, stitch, of the seamstress.

These were not the rash determinations of an enthusiastic boy! He knew his power; he knew he could attain a golden goal sooner than he could scale the towering heights where his ideal was to be found. In twenty-four hours his plans were matured, and he only waited for his mother's approval to engage himself to a mercantile firm who had known and respected his father.

CHAPTER IV.

The darkest day, live but to-morrow,
Will have passed away.

It was the last day of summer, and the coming on of evening increased that indescribable tinge of something saddening with which nature prefaces her important changes, when Robert, leaving his sister to keep watch over their sleeping parent, went out by himself and strove to gain fortitude for immolation on the altar of filial love and duty. His own thoughts soon became too painful to be endured, and he turned from them to the contemplation of objects around him.

As he walked, "Night had spread her sable curtains o'er the world, and plumed it with a star." That solitary light, pressing forward in its tireless revolutions through the expanse above, fixed his gaze, and seemed to look into his very soul. He thought of the Power that hung it on its "airy nothing," and he remembered that the same Being was the Author of his spirit with its deep mysteries, thrilling feelings, and wondrous capabilities.

As he gazed and meditated, another light seemed to penetrate his being, while a voiceless cry went up to the throne and entered the ear of the Eternal. Then followed a season of deep heart-searching, and when he returned to his home, some hours later, he went clothed and in his right mind, and could say, "My Father, thou art the guide of my youth." Profound peace had succeeded to the storm of passion which not long before raged in his soul.

He was met at the door by Elsie, who informed him, with no little eagerness and excitement of manner, that the postman had left a mourning letter during his absence, which bore a foreign mark. At his mother's request, Robert soon ascertained its contents.

It was from Lord Paxton, informing them of the death of his son, and desiring his daughter to come to him and bring her children, as her son was now the prospective heir to the title and estate of his grandfather.

Mrs. Ward was deeply moved, and Elsie could hardly find words to express her astonishment, but Robert received the news with cold indifference.

Unknown to himself, he had cherished great indignation, amounting almost to dislike, toward a

relative who had shown such hardness when they stood in need of a helping hand. A few hours previous he would have rejected with pride all advances from his grandfather, but the change which had come over him had taken away his bitterness of spirit, and he could be patient in view of being set aside in providing for his mother and sister, while the prospect of being at liberty to pursue his literary career gave him unmingled pleasure.

Though Mrs. Ward continued feeble, she mended a little, and in a few weeks was able to undertake the journey, which, it was hoped, would quite restore her. Robert's heart clung to his native land, and he said good-by to it with a firm determination to return at some future time.

They reached their destination without accident, and were warmly welcomed to the home of their ancestors.

Mrs. Ward found her father much broken by sorrow and infirmity. His wife had been some time deceased, and the loss of his son pressed heavily upon him.

He was not slow to see and appreciate the talents of his grandson, and afforded him every facility for mental culture.

Everything which his daughter and her children could do to soothe the last days of their aged relative was cheerfully done.

Four years glided swiftly by, when the ancestral vault was again opened, and the last of the name of Faxton was gathered to his fathers.

Little more remains to be told.

On coming of age, Robert firmly declined succeeding to the title, and it passed to a distant branch of the family, with such estates as could not be alienated from it.

Sufficient property had been settled on Mrs. Ward and her children to render them independent, and they quickly availed themselves of their liberty to return to their early home, where subsequent prosperity never obliterated the "sweet uses of adversity."

Elsie became an admirable woman, and some of her most winning traits were the precious fruits of the sad memories which had been pressed into her young nature.

Mrs. Ward's life was prolonged to a "green old age," and she did not fall asleep until her son had gained a name, which was a greater honour than to have worn a coronet. Truly, "A mother's crown of glory is the blessing of a child."

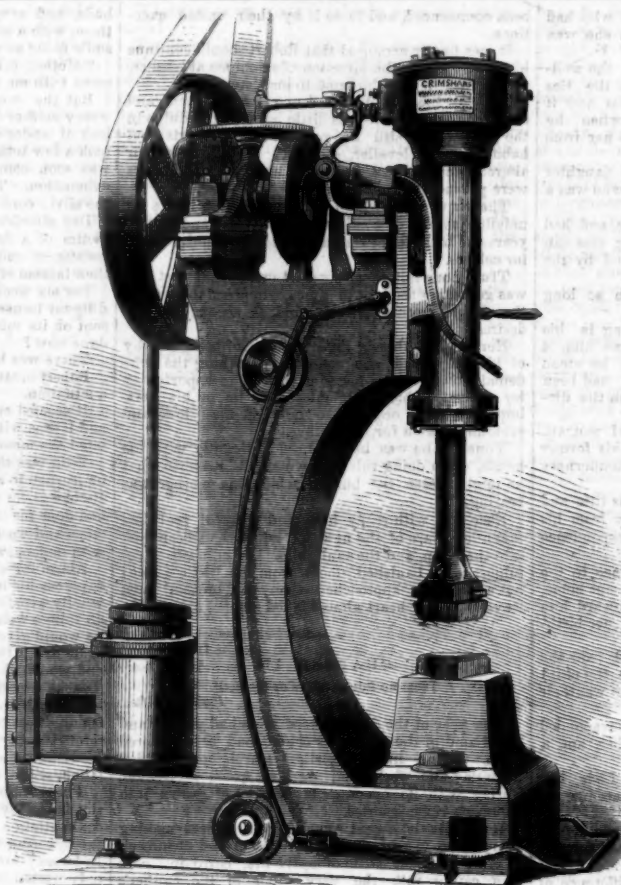
F. SARGENT

THE DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

[Twelfth Notice.]

THE ATMOSPHERIC HAMMER.—We this week give an illustration of the atmospheric hammer, the invention of Mr. William Dakin Grimshaw, of Mitcham. It consists of a hollow and air-tight framework acting as a reservoir of compressed air. At the back of the bed-plate of this chamber a double-action air-pump is fixed, which is driven by a belt or by gearing. The piston of the air-pump may be worked by a crank or other suitable contrivance. By the action of the air-pump, the hollow chambers in the framework of the machine are recharged with compressed air (which may be rarified or not at pleasure). The hammer-head is fitted on to a piston-rod connected to a piston working in an inverted cylinder, with similar arrangements to an ordinary steam-cylinder, except in the construction of the cut-off. The slide-valve has two port-holes, and on the upper part of the valves there are two flaps or sliding-blocks, which give the workman complete control over the hammer, and enable him to regulate the blow at pleasure. The hammer is either stationary or constructed upon a compound bed-plate, so that it may be moved backward or forward, and be capable of striking any required blow upon any particular part of the anvil, or on a series of anvils, or of plating or bending heavy work, and performing such work as it has not been hitherto practicable for previously-constructed mechanical hammers to execute.

When the hammer is at rest, the pump and air-chambers are readily available for other purposes, such as a blast or blower for the furnace, with much ad-



[GRIMSHAW'S IMPROVED ATMOSPHERIC HAMMER.]

vantage and economy. This blast may be used hot or cold at will.

Some notion of the rapidity of the beats of this machine may be gathered from the assurance given us that its utmost speed will give five hundred blows in one minute. Those hammers which are most powerful beat more slowly. The ordinary weight of the blow from one of the largest size is a thousand pounds. But this requires about five-horse moving power—the smaller ones from one-fifth of horse power.

The hammer will do its work, however, with much less exercise of power than is usually employed by steam hammers. It will be a great boon to the steel works and in workshops where bright metal work might be tarnished by steam, as neither steam nor water are necessary for its working.

The other hammer exhibited, moved by steam, is the invention of the superintendent of the machinery department, Mr. John Sturgeon, to whom visitors will do well to apply for information concerning the various inventions. They may rely upon his affording them every assistance and attention.

Mr. Sturgeon's hammer is what is ordinarily termed, in engineering parlance, "self-contained"—that is to say, it is its own engine, unprovided with the "tappets" of the ordinary steam hammers; it is entirely under the control of the workman, and can be made to strike with greater or less force at the will of the guiding hand, as in the case of the atmospheric hammer. Its greatest beauty is in the perfection of this adaptability. It will crack a nut, or flatten a fourpenny piece into a coin of sixpenny dimensions, at the pleasure of its operator.

THE JOINER UNIVERSAL.

Our second illustration represents another very remarkable mechanical contrivance, designed to economise manual labour and time. Its object is sufficiently indicated in its name, and its value cannot fail to be highly appreciated by practical men engaged in the branch of industry for which its services are adapted. It is exhibited by Messrs. Powis and Co., of Millwall.

This machine has been specially constructed to supply a want long felt in those establishments where circumstances prevent the introduction of separate

and distinct machines for performing special descriptions of work. It is adapted for plain sawing, cross-cutting, tonguing, grooving, boring, rabbeting, working single mouldings, cutting double tenons—in short, as we have said, it is intended to supersede manual labour in the preparation of joinery. The table is made to rise and fall, so that it can be adjusted to the given depth required to be cut by the saw. A slide, made to fit on the table, to cut the shoulders of tenons, and a clamp to fit on the fence for single and double tenons, are supplied with the machine. A square block fitted to the end of the saw spindle is employed to do mouldings. The boring apparatus is fixed to the side of the machine opposite the table; and from the completeness of the parts it answers all the purposes of an ordinary boring machine. The fence runs the whole length of the table; it can readily be set at any angle between forty-five and ninety degrees, and is easily removed for the purposes of cross-cutting. The size of the table, we may add, is 3 ft. 3 in. by 2 ft. 7 in.; the machine will take a saw 18 in. in diameter, and cut 7 in. deep; the driving pulleys are 8 in. in diameter, and the whole weight is about 7 cwt.

The publication of the second edition of the Catalogue has done the Exhibition some service, for it has certainly rendered the place more interesting, and shown the arrangement of the several departments in a much more intelligible light. It must be stated, in justice to the Executive Committee, that the interior of the building now presents an appearance of completeness, and that the Catalogue affords a very satisfactory guide to its contents.

At the time when the Exhibition was first projected, it was scarcely expected that amongst its most prominent and creditable features would be the productions of Irish manufacturers. Although the Kildare Street display led to a very favourable estimate of the progress of native industry, it was only natural to assume that its best cases would sink into insignificance in an international or even an imperial competition. Such has not been the case. It appears that there is one department of manufacture in which Ireland has an admitted pre-eminence, and several others in which she stands at least upon an equal footing with foreign producers.

Of the section devoted to linen fabrics much has already been said; yet we may refer back to our very beautiful case as illustrative of the truth of our statement. Messrs. Samuel Oldham and Sons, of Westmoreland Street, are supplied by Messrs. Chasley, of Belfast, whose firm holds a leading position in the trade, with various specimens of linen and cambric of singular beauty, strength, and finish. The most perfect applications of which flax is capable are shown to the very best advantage. Take for instance the new Irish cambric dresses, which not only equal, but surpass in many qualities our prettiest printed muslins. They are stronger and more durable, and can be rendered just as fine in texture as any fabrics made from cotton.

Furthermore, there are handkerchiefs of exquisite workmanship, and there is one piece of linen worth at least 15s. per yard, and stated to be the finest ever manufactured. Several pieces of linen at 3s. a yard are of the same quality supplied by the makers for the use of the Royal family. Facts such as these afford sufficient evidence of the capacities of flax, and the rapid development of trade which may be expected from its careful culture. Not only is the manufacturer benefited, but employment exceedingly lucrative is provided for the farmer, the spinner, the weaver, the bleacher, and the printer. And it must be borne in mind that Irish linens and cambrics are not only esteemed in the United Kingdom and in Europe, but find their way to the remotest parts of the Eastern or the Western Indies, and the most distant states of South America.

But the progress of native industry is not confined to this department, but extends to the important branches of hardware and cutlery. In the latter may be mentioned, in addition to names referred to in previous notices, that of Mr. J. Thompson, of Nassau Street, who has a very creditable collection of pen and pocket-knives, scissors, and surgical in-

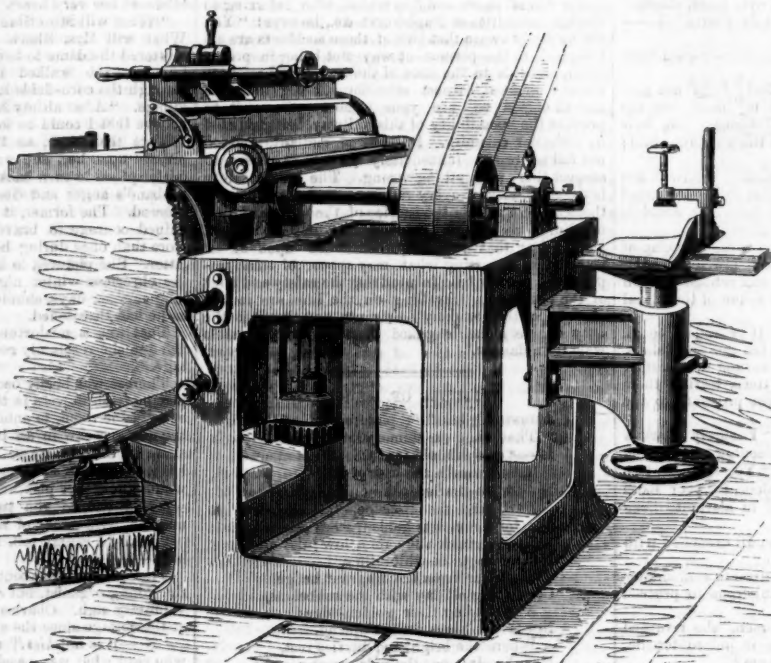
struments. In each different article exhibited is displayed admirable workmanship, great taste in design, and appropriateness to the purpose intended. The instruments for surgery are remarkable for quality and finish.

The firm of Higginbotham and Callanan, of Grafton Street, show several of the choicest specimens of porcelain; a dessert-service in particular, which is embellished with very graceful and classical designs, is conspicuous for the purity of the ware and the delicacy of the colouring. Several china ornaments of great value at once attract the notice of the casual passer-by, and one very large and beautiful vase, occupying a central position on the stand, is a perfect trophy of art in outline, decoration, and colouring. The table glass exhibited is of a very superior quality.

From porcelain to oil-cloths is a somewhat violent transition, which, however, is best excused by the fact that on former occasions, possibly from the obscure position in which his products are found, the oil-cloths of Mr. Franklin, of Great Strand Street, who is the only Irish manufacturer in this department, have escaped notice. Those made in imitation of encaustic tiles are uncommonly durable, and the choice of colours and patterns has been very judicious. Mr. Franklin's productions are quite as good, and as moderate in price as any that are imported.

In the French Department, the case of Mons. J. B. Rouillet, of Paris (represented by Mons. C. Meyer, Dawson Street) is one of the most attractive, and the admiring crowds who surround it are unanimous in acknowledging the fine workmanship, which bears the stamp of the most refined Parisian taste. Passing from the aspect to the handsome terrace which surrounds it, the eye of the visitor is at once attracted by beehives of very novel and ingenious construction, exhibited by Messrs. Edmundson, of Dame Street. The sides are constructed of glass, so as to show the interesting spectacle of the bees at work, and an hour might be well spent in watching their regular and careful labours. Many of the little workers come from abroad. Every one who understands anything of the management of bees will perceive that the improvements made by the Messrs. Edmundson tend to increase the value and the quantity of the honey.

A TRUE PATRIOT.—True patriotism, like genuine piety, is so seldom possessed by those who make the greatest show, and wish to be thought its friends, that it behoves us with the strictest scrutiny to inspect the characters of such as call themselves the advocates of freedom. Many there are who assume the mask of liberty, that under the disguise of patriots, they may, with greater facility, execute those projects of ambition and self-interest which are the mainspring of all their actions. History affords abundant examples of this nature. It is not he who mouths the most for the public weal that is always its truest friend. The real patriot says little, thinks much. He views with contempt the petty opposition of factional men, whose only aim is self, nor speaks till he hears his country's call; then, no one can be more ready to assist in its service. Forgetting every consideration of ease and health, he feels an irresistible fire invigorate his soul and nerve him against the arm of oppression. His wife and children, though dearer than his own life, are nothing when his country demands the sacrifice. His existence he holds for its service, and yields it in her defence. Nor is the true patriot's love confined to his own country; he even desires the freedom and happiness of universal man. His heart pants to see the glorious time when the nations shall forget those animosities which have deluged the world with blood, and stained the annals of humanity; when convinced that virtue is not bounded by soil, or friendship by colour, but that magnanimous character exists in every climate, men



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shall live, not as savages to prey on each other, but as children of the same all-beneficent Being, who created them to live in harmony and love. How different from this is he who, with liberty on his tongue, and malice in his heart, uses it only to allure the multitude; while his aim is place and pension. Experience evinces that the character of a true patriot is not always found in the man who professes to be one.—J. A.

THE SURPRISE. AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE sun was sinking behind the purplish flush on the hill; the clouds of azure and carmine flecked with gold, and edged with a fleecy train of violet, sank down lower towards the zenith, while dark, sulphurous thunder clouds came drifting along slowly; not a breath of air disturbed the placid serenity of the broad expanse of water, which was spread out before the village like a vast sheet, though it grew blacker and darker, as if its utmost depths were dreading the impending storm.

But a short distance from the shore stood a cottage, laced and interlaced with vines, and from amidst the luxuriant, deep green foliage gleamed forth many a cluster of half-ripened fruit. Flowers of all hues, varying from the pure white of the lily to the deep crimson of the geranium or the royal purple of the dahlia, grew in profusion before the door, while, as if in regal protection, the stately trees waved their long arms over all. In the background arose a mountain, a chain of mountains, which extended along as far as the eye could trace; their sides were covered with sweet-scented wild flowers, and wild fruit.

It seemed almost impossible that in such a beautiful spot, so secluded from the world, the serpent should ever have entered. But, alas! nowhere is there safety from his intrusion.

In the interior of the cottage sat a lady dressed in habiliments of the deepest mourning; beside her was a child of apparently some twelve years of age. There was a strange earnestness in the deep blue eyes, and a more intellectual look in the whole face than we usually find in one of her years.

"It is a long, long, time since you told me anything about my father," said the child, drawing closer up towards the lady. "Will you not tell me something to-night?"

"What shall I tell you, Lucille?" placing her hand lovingly upon the thick mass of black hair that rippled from off the child's brow and fell in long curls upon her polished shoulders.

"Anything, *ma mere*; anything, please."

"You are very, very much like him, my little Lucille," murmured the mother, while a tear glistened

in her eye, "but God forbid that your fate should be like his. I do not think, love, that I ought to recall his memory to-night, for there is much that you would not understand connected with it, and also much that your young mind should not be burdened with."

"But, mamma, I wish so much to hear it, besides, you call me your companion and *confidante*, and I do not feel very young. I can just remember him, remember how sad he looked when he left you, and how you wept. Oh, do tell me! I long so much to know what it meant?"

"And is it true you remember so much, love? You were very young then, for it is ten long years since he left us. Perhaps if I speak of it now I may feel better, for all through this day the scenes that I have passed through have been haunting me."

"You know, my dear, that our beloved, sunny France has been the scene of many a revolt, that much blood has been shed here caused by the outbreaks between the citizens and the aristocrats."

"Your father was of gentle birth, and a strong adherent of Louis XIV.; he was quite a popular man then, and steadily resisted the Jacobin party with a small force of the peasantry."

"But I need not tell you that he was unsuccessful, that the bloodthirsty Robespierre band were, though at first defeated by the peasants of La Vendee, the conquerors."

"I cannot if I would, my Lucille, paint all the horrors that followed that Reign of Terror; should I tell you of the fearful deaths many found by the guillotine, how that at last gave way to the still more dreadful 'perambulating machine,' or how, when the very earth was putrid with the decaying human flesh, and that mode of putting them to death became tiresome, they enclosed their victims in vessels with false bottoms and sent them out to sea, where soon the cruel waters closed over them—it would strike horror to your young heart!"

"Nay, I must not draw such a fearful picture, for I see that your lips are quivering and your eyes filling with tears now."

"Many, many, my dear child, not as old as you, perished then; and many little children were left friendless to live or die as a merciful Providence might decree."

"As I told you before, he was one that resisted the Jacobins."

"When he saw that all hope was swept away, that he was being hunted like a fox to the ground, he came and bade me good-by, thinking I was safer without than with him."

"That is the parting you remember, love. I took you in my arms and began a long journey, hiding in whatever secluded spot I could find during the day, and only venturing abroad at night. On the way I fell in with other poor creatures, objects of most abject misery, who were famishing for want of food, and dying by inches with terror."

"During my first and second day's concealment I witnessed the most fearful slaughter, and I know not how I was preserved from the executioner's axe; but after a long weary tramp I found a secure hiding-place in those mountains. I—"

But her voice faltered, and a shower of tears came to her relief.

"What then? Oh, what then?" asked the child, shivering with fear, and casting quick, uncertain glances toward the door, as if fearful that the scene was about to be repeated.

"My blood is curdling with horror at the memory of those times, darling; but I will continue. I remained in the mountains for a long while, watching and waiting, hoping to hear something of poor Henri."

"Time passed, the revolt was suppressed, and I ventured abroad. All I could hear of his fate was that he had been thrown with thousands of others

into the sea. Then I had this cottage built, and here, aloof from the world, I have dwelt ever since, cherishing secretly the memory of Henri St. Pierre. I—
"Hark!"

The long, continuous roll of thunder attracted their attention to the impending storm.

"How dark it has become, Lucille! I did not perceive that a storm was brewing; my mind was too much occupied to notice outward things. Oh, how vivid that flash! Do not stand at the window, child; I cannot bear to look at it."

"But I love to watch the clouds," returned the child. "There! did you see how that livid dart parted the very heavens? It seems that the whole world is a mass of fire. It is sublime—glorious!"

"My God!" exclaimed the lady, as another clap of thunder more deafening than those previous shook the very foundations of the earth, and echoed abroad upon the water like the last dying sound of the signal gun.

The storm indeed was terrific. It proved to be all that it had threatened. The rain fell in a solid sheet, and the mighty wind which had sprung up groaned and shrieked, twisting the forest trees, tearing them up by the roots and flinging them prostrate to the earth.

"Mother," exclaimed Lucille, "I surely heard a carriage! Let me go and see!" loosening herself from the grasp of the terrified woman. "Yes, there are two men coming in. I will open the door, for poor Barri will be too busily crossing himself in alarm to hear them."

Two gentlemen entered the room all drenched with the rain.

"Madame," said one, "we are forced to seek shelter here for a short time, as it is dangerous to proceed farther."

"And you are welcome, gentlemen," she returned in lady-like tones, "for this storm is indeed terrific. But your poor beasts—what of them?"

"Your servant has taken charge of them—There!" and another loud, explosive roar of heaven's artillery took place. "Truly we are fortunate that we reached here."

Then a silence fell upon the company, unbroken save by the continuous peals of thunder, and the loud roaring of the swollen river. But at last the thunder grew more indistinct, the lightning less vivid, and then the storm ceased.

One of the gentlemen had been earnestly regarding the lady, apparently almost unconscious of the steadiness of his gaze, or of the terror of the storm, but there was something more than mere curiosity in his scrutiny.

"Pardon me, madame, but do I infer aright from your sable robes that you are a widow?" he observed.

"You do, monsieur."

"May I inquire how long a time it is since you were bereaved?" he queried.

"Since the unfortunate Reign of Terror!"

Her voice quivered, she scarcely knew why.

"And your name?" he asked, an ashy paleness settling over his face.

"Madame St. Pierre, widow of Henri St. Pierre."

"Lucia, do you recognize me? Oh, is it true! do I behold you and my little Lucille once more?" he exclaimed.

"Henri!" fell from her lips as she sank senseless in her seat; the excess of joy was too much.

A while after, when calmness was restored after the first excitement of their meeting, he related his past history of the ten eventful years since the Reign of Terror.

"I was among the first unfortunate ones that were thrown into the bay," he said, gravely, "and it was my good luck to escape the death which they had prepared for me. I was picked up and taken to Spain; but the awful train of horrors which I had witnessed had shaken my mind, and for seven years I wandered around insane. When I became myself again I was in the lowest depths of destitution, verging into starvation and nakedness. I made my case known, proved my sanity, came over to my home in search of you, but found you not. I found that my uncle, the Count of—, had died during the time, and I was the only living heir. But I have never ceased searching for you, Lucia, day nor night. God be praised that you are found!"

Suffice it to say that in a short time the cottage was deserted, and Madame St. Pierre, now the Countess of—, accompanied her husband to Paris, where the Count soon became one of the most distinguished men in those stirring times. Lucille, the almost idolized child, and who had so long been the companion of her mother in her days of sorrow, became one of the most renowned ladies of the age, though that look of seriousness never left her. R. F.

For the prevention of railway accidents, Mr. G. Hawkins, traffic manager of the London, Brighton,

and South Coast Railway, has addressed a special notice "to all concerned," in which, after referring to the late calamities at Staplehurst, &c., he says: "You are no doubt aware that two of these accidents are attributable to the permanent way not being in proper order, and it is to the state of the line that I wish to direct your most earnest attention. I beg that one and all of you will use your utmost endeavours to prevent the possibility of this railway being visited by a similar calamity. Be always vigilant, and do not fail to report immediately you have reason to suspect there is anything wrong. The public safety is the first duty of every railway servant, and I trust there is not a man in the service of the company unmindful of his solemn responsibility in that respect. Do not fear that you may be looked upon as an alarmist in reporting what may appear of small importance; always bear in mind that the safety and lives of the passengers travelling on the line are in the custody of the company's servants, and that it is the duty of every one to guard them in every possible way from danger."

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth the best of all.
Not for its garled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe,
Not for the violets golden,
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies,
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland,
Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pink, nor the pale sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.
I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep;
In the lap of that old dim forest
He loth in peace asleep;
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers—
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
A bed of yellow leaves.
Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face;
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light;
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

A. C.

TEMPTATION.

By J. F. SMITH, Esq.

Author of "The Will and the Way," "Woman and her Master," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this month should tear this hand
For lifting food to it? Shakespeare.

No motive less powerful than the strong affection which Mrs. Franklin bore her son, and the alarm she felt at his despair could have induced that gossiping, scandal-loving personage to subdue the struggles of pride, and humble herself, as she considered it, by a visit to the cottage of the blind old adjutant, where she doubted not her presence and condescension would speedily set everything to rights between Stephen and Theresa. The idea of the girl's refusal of him arising from any other cause than the one assigned never for an instant entered her imagination.

When a reluctant consent to the marriage was first wrung from the weak-minded woman, she consoled herself by anticipating the freezing reception she would give her future daughter-in-law—the petty tyranny, the numerous mortifications she would inflict. Her rage at having to make the first advances to the penniless girl—as she contemptuously styled her—and at being reduced to solicit her to forget the past and become the wife of her son—for whom she considered the richest match in Farnsfield scarcely good enough—may be more easily imagined than described: gall

and wormwood were nothing in comparison to the blistered her very heart.

"What will Miss Standish, the rector's sister, say? What will Mrs. Shark and her daughters think?" muttered the dame to herself, as, in no very amiable humour, she walked briskly along the footpath, through the corn-fields leading from the farm to the village. "After all my boasting, too! they will never believe that I could be so weak!"

More than once, as these and similar reflections pressed upon her, she wavered in her resolution, and felt disposed to turn back; but the recollection of her husband's anger and Stephen's despair urged her to proceed. The former, it is possible, she might have gained courage to brave—in fact, she had done so more than once during her wedded life; but not the latter. She pictured to herself the desolate hearth—the cheerless winter nights—the tediousness of the long summer days, should her son abandon his home, as he had threatened.

That was a misfortune to be averted at any sacrifice—so she resolutely continued her way to the cottage.

Theresa was busily occupied in her little chamber, placing fresh flowers in the window, when Mary Page entered the room, to announce the arrival of a visitor: her mistress saw in an instant, from the triumphant smile of the old nurse and knowing shake of her head, that it was some one whose presence she thought would afford her pleasure.

"And who do you suppose it is, miss?" she demanded, with an air of intense satisfaction.

"Really I cannot tell, Page!" was the reply; "perhaps—"

The speaker was about to pronounce the name of the young organist, but checked herself with an involuntary sigh. Charles Graham had not called once at the cottage since the evening she had rejected him.

"No—it is not him!" replied the faithful creature, who read what was passing in the heart of Theresa; "it is Mrs. Franklin!"

"Mrs. Franklin!" repeated her young mistress, with surprise.

"Yes, miss. The fine lady who fancies herself too good for any company except the rector's sister, and Lawyer Shark's family! I thought her pride would get a tumble! I told her you were dressing, but I dare say would receive her in a few minutes. Let me get your black silk frock, with the crape trimming, and—"

"I must not keep Mrs. Franklin waiting!" interrupted the daughter of the adjutant, with a faint smile at the anxiety of her nurse that her appearance should be suitable to what she doubtless considered a very important occasion; "this dress will do very well!"

"She is dressed out in her silks," observed Page, in a tone of mortification.

"She is rich, and I am poor. Besides, you forget I am at home!"

"True, miss!" said the nurse, trying to look satisfied—for she never contradicted her young mistress. "After all, it don't much signify; though I should have liked— But you of course know best—anything is good enough to receive the likes of her in!"

Theresa descended at once to the little parlour, where she found her visitor seated in her father's easy chair by the window which opened into the garden in front of the cottage. As the old servant had observed, Mrs. Franklin was in her best. Over her dove-coloured silk, which had been her wedding-dress, she wore one of those cloaks known to the grandmothers of the present generation by the name of cardinals: it was edged with a row of very deep black lace, and had a small hood at the back—intended more for show than use, since it never could have been drawn over the large round bonnet, trimmed with flaming cherry-coloured ribbons, which two gold pins fastened on her head: not but the aforesaid bonnet had strings, only it was not the fashion to tie them—they were intended to stream behind.

A pair of black silk mittens, drawn half way up her plump, ruddy arms, completed the dress of the farmer's wife.

Theresa, on the contrary, wore only her usual morning dress of black camelot, which fitted tightly to her figure, and displayed its graceful proportions to advantage.

Prejudiced as she was against her, Mrs. Franklin could not help mentally acknowledging, as she entered the room, that she had never seen a more beautiful creature; and regretted, probably for the first time in her life, that she had indulged in her innate propensity for scandal, and sided with her detractors.

"Well, child!" she exclaimed, in that artificial tone of voice which indicates a mind ill at ease, at the same time accompanying her words with an important toss of the head; "you did not expect to see me, I suppose?"

"Your visit, madam, certainly was unexpected!" quietly answered Theresa.

"I thought so!" continued her visitor, annoyed, without knowing exactly why, at the well-bred ease of Therese, which rendered her own embarrassment the more painful; "but I have always been a good-natured creature, and could never find the heart to refuse Steve anything he desired. So I just called to say that I don't believe a word of the ill-natured things people report about you; that I never have believed them, and never will; and—and—that's all!"

"And yet you repeated them?" observed the poor girl, calmly.

Mrs. Franklin coloured to the very temples, partly from anger and partly from shame. She had expected to find Therese overwhelmed at her condescension: her self-possession mortified her. She was vexed that she could not imitate it.

"Repeated them," continued the speaker, "to the injury of a poor, motherless girl, who had never offended you; whose only inheritance was her good name! Repeated them, although you know they were false—for Dr. Bennet on more than one occasion vindicated my innocence in your presence! Had they reached my blind old father's ears," she added, "I tremble to think of the misery and desolation they might have caused—for, though poor, he has the pride of a gentleman and a soldier!"

"Well—well!" muttered the dame—for her patience at being thus schooled, as she considered it, was nearly at an end—"perhaps it was a little thoughtless!"

"Thoughtless!" exclaimed Therese, indignantly. "Had you taken my life, the world would have considered it murder, and the laws have punished you! You rob me of that which is the ornament of life—my good name—and call it thoughtless!"

"And if I did," said Mrs. Franklin, angrily, "I came to make it up with you—to tell you that I had given my consent to Stephen's marriage—that I was not only willing, but anxious to receive you as my daughter-in-law!"

The word "anxious" nearly choked the frangible old woman, as the recollection of her son's threat of abandoning the farm extorted it from her.

"I thank you for your good opinion!" replied Therese, calmly; "it is perhaps the only reparation you could make me; but I never can be the wife of Stephen Franklin!"

Never in the course of her life had the purse-proud woman been so overwhelmed with surprise and mortification. The idea of her son being refused by a penniless girl—after her condescension, too—was incomprehensible to her.

"Not have him!" she exclaimed. "Is the girl mad? Why there is not such another match in Farnsfield! The Misses Shark have been pulling caps for him these three years! They have two thousand pounds apiece—and yet he prefers you, who have not as many pence! Not have him! Why the lease of the home farm has thirty years to run! Farmer and I have no other child! Everything will be his when we die!"

"I respect Stephen much!" answered the adjutant's daughter; "for, despite his levity of manner, I believe his heart is uncorrupted; but I can never be his wife!"

"And why not?" demanded her visitor, pale with rage and mortified vanity.

"Simply because I do not love him! But that is no reason," she added, alarmed at the malignant expression of Mrs. Franklin's countenance, "why we should not continue friends!"

"Stephen is not fine gentleman enough for you, I suppose!" exclaimed the disappointed messenger.

"Nothing less than the young squire or his officer friend would suit you! As if either of them ever meant honestly by you—a likely story!"

Therese sighed. Her thoughts were with her sister. "Ay, you may well sigh!" continued the malicious woman. "I was a fool for my condescension, and Stephen a yet greater fool for ever demeaning himself to think of you!"

"I never sought his attentions!" observed the poor girl, alarmed lest her father should return from his walk and overhear the conversation.

"Sought!" repeated the dame. "Marry come up! I should think not!"

"As this interview can only be painful to us both, Mrs. Franklin," said Therese, "permit me to put an end to it! That you regret the injustice you have done me is a source of satisfaction to me—for I would not wish to stand ill in the opinion of the meanest of my fellow-creatures! I forgive you—forgive you freely!"

"Vastly condescending!" interrupted the farmer's wife, in a sarcastic tone.

"As for Stephen," she continued, "much as I respect him for his kindness of heart, my resolution is irrevocable! I can never be his wife!"

"That I'll take care you never shall!" exclaimed Mrs. Franklin, now thoroughly exasperated at what she considered the pride and insolence of the speaker.

"If Steve has a particle of his mother's spirit, he will

never think of you after this! As to the reports," she added, "I believe them all—every one of them—and shall take care to repeat them wherever I go! And what is more, miss, I'll prove them—prove them!" she repeated, striking the floor with her walking-stick; "if money and perseverance can ferret the truth out!"

So saying, she flounced out of the parlour without a word of adieu, and hurried through the little garden with an air of determination which boded ill for the future peace of her victim, who observed with terror that, instead of taking the footpath over the corn-fields which led to the farm, the angry woman directed her steps towards the common, at the extremity of which stood the cottage of Nell Bryce, the nurse, from whose care the orphan Fanny had so lately been removed.

"The storm is gathering around me!" murmured Therese, as she sank despairingly back upon her seat; "I have roused the persevering enmity of one who henceforth will show no mercy! Should the rumour reach my father's ears, he will curse me! Sister—sister!" she added, mentally, "little did you dream how fatally the promise you extorted would recoil on my own helpless, unprotected head!"

It was in vain that the poor girl endeavoured, by plying her needle or attending to the household duties, to dissipate the forebodings which oppressed her: they clung to her like her shadow, and for the first time she regretted the imprudent promise she had given the dying Fanny. The more she reflected on its probable consequences, the greater was her agitation, till she gradually fell into such a nervous, excitable state, that she trembled at the sound of every footstep.

"Would Dr. Bennet were here!" she said, clasping her hands in terror; "he at least might advise or console me!"

Unfortunately, the sudden death of a very near relative had called the benevolent physician to London, and his return was not expected for several days.

The first person who made his appearance at the cottage was Stephen Franklin: the young farmer came full of hope, not doubting that the reconciliation between his mother and Therese had removed the only bar to his happiness. Little did he suspect that the interview had rendered the barrier between them more complete.

His smile of confidence speedily vanished when his eyes fell upon the pale, agitated countenance of Therese.

"In heaven's name, what has happened?" he demanded, taking her unresisting hand.

"Nothing!" replied the adjutant's daughter, repressing her tears.

"My mother has been with you?"

"Yes."

"And yet you weep, Therese?" observed the young man, mournfully; "these are not tears of joy! Can it be possible that—but no! My mother never could have added insult to injury, and broken her promise to me!"

"I believe she came with far different intentions!" replied the agitated girl; "but I spoke to her truthfully, Stephen—not reproachfully! I told her that I felt grateful for the preference you had shown me, but that I never could become your wife!"

"So resentful still, Therese?"

"Not resentful, Stephen—for how can I feel resentfully towards you, who have ever been kind—almost like a brother to me! I do not think that I shall ever marry!" she added; "but if I do, my heart must accompany my hand!"

"And that is another's?"

"I never said so!"

"I know it is!" exclaimed the young farmer, passionately; "it is that beggarly organism who has robbed me of your affections—you cannot deny it! I have seen you blush when his name has been pronounced—start when you heard his footstep approaching the cottage, or the sound of his voice in the garden! Love has sharp eyes, Therese—and mine are not easily blinded! Why you blush and tremble, even now!" he added.

"It is at your injustice, then!" observed Therese.

"Still you cannot deny that you love him?"

"You have no right to ask me such a question!" observed the maiden; "and yet it could be easily answered! Had I wished it, long ere this I might have been his wife!"

"And you refused him?" eagerly demanded the young man, at the same time endeavouring to take her hand. "Bless you, Therese—bless you for those words! They have relieved my heart of its worst pang—jealousy! Did you know the torment I endured every time I met him here—how my heart beat as I watched you both—he gazing upon you with eyes full of passionate tenderness—you all consciousness, timidity, and blushes! The very sound of his voice betrayed the nature of his feelings towards you—for it trembled whenever he addressed you!"

Had Stephen Franklin possessed a more profound

knowledge of the human heart, he would have felt how unwisely he was acting in recalling to the mind of Therese the devoted tenderness of his rival; but jealousy, with all its cunning, is sometimes blind: the only point, perhaps, in which it resembles justice.

"Consider your cruel rejection of me!" he continued: "or tell me, at least, how I have offended—why you reject me?"

"Because she is unworthy of you!" replied a sharp voice near them.

He turned at the unexpected sound, and beheld Mrs. Franklin, who had entered the parlour unperceived, and overheard the last part of her son's speech. The countenance of the scandal-loving dame expressed the most triumphant satisfaction, as she eyed the object of her hate with a half-mocking, ironical smile.

"Mother!" exclaimed the young man, in a deprecating tone, "is this your promise?"

"It was given," said the old woman, "when I was weak enough to believe that, despite appearances, she might still be worthy of you; but now I have the proofs!"

"Proofs!" repeated Stephen; "no—no! I will not believe it! You have been deceived by some well-forged tale—for you are both simple and credulous, mother! From her own lips only can I credit that Therese is no longer worthy of me! Speak!" he continued, addressing the terrified girl, who, pale as death, sat immovable on her chair; "refute this slander!"

"Slander!" repeated Mrs. Franklin; "was not the child, which every one says is the very image of her, born in this house? Let her deny it if she can!"

Therese made no reply.

"Look at her!" continued the angry woman; "she is conscience-stricken! I tell you it was born here! Nell Bryce told me that every day, almost as soon as it was light, my fine madam found the way to her cottage, and would pass hours in weeping and praying over it! I tell you, Stephen," added his mother, "that she is a guilty thing, and with my consent shall never darken my doors!"

A deep groan was heard in the passage, and the next instant the blind old soldier—who had been in the adjoining room, and heard the cruel denunciations of the speaker—made his appearance in the midst of them. His countenance was not merely agitated—it was convulsed by passion—by the sense of wounded pride and outraged honour. His sightless eyeballs rolled fearfully, as he turned them towards the spot where half-suppressed sobs and sighs denoted his daughter was sitting.

"Answer me!" he said, sternly; "am I a childless man? Therese, is the accusation of this babbling woman true? Was the infant whose presence has given rise to these reports really born beneath this roof?"

"Father!"

"Yes or no?" demanded the old man, in a voice of thunder. "She does not answer me!" he repeated wildly; "thank heaven her angel sister has at least been spared this shame! Who is the villain," he added, "who has abused the confidence of a sightless man—polluted his roof, stained his name? Let me know, that I may curse him!"

Every trace of colour fled from the cheeks of Therese—her lips were white as marble; she crouched rather than walked to the spot where her father was standing, and, falling on her knees, endeavoured to take his hand: he snatched it from her as if a serpent had stung it.

Convinced by the humiliating position of the poor girl that his mother for once had spoken the truth, Stephen Franklin rushed from the house—he could not bear to witness the degradation of the being whom he still passionately loved.

"Cruel woman!" murmured Therese, turning her eyes reproachfully upon the farmer's wife; "you know not what you have done!"

"My duty!" exclaimed the malicious woman, in a tone of satisfaction. "I am really very sorry for you, Mr. Graham—but—"

"Begone!" exclaimed the adjutant, in a tone of contempt; "the abode of a sorrow like mine is not fitting for the prying eyes of vulgar curiosity, the sneers of affected pity! Respect my grey hairs, my misery and shame! Leave us together!"

There was something so commanding in the gesture of the incensed father, as he pointed to the door, that for once even Mrs. Franklin felt awed. She left the cottage, casting a look of intense satisfaction upon the victim of her passion as she disappeared.

"My child!" murmured the adjutant, "whom I was so proud of—whose hand I thought would close my eyes when death summoned me to rejoin her mother and sister in a better world—whose love was my last stay on earth—and now—"

"Who loves you still!" whispered Therese. "Oh, father! indeed, indeed, I have not merited this shame!"

"Not merited it!" repeated her parent; "was the

story of that woman false? Was the infant born beneath this roof? Were your morning visits really paid to the cottage of the hag she named, to weep and pray?"

What could the unhappy creature reply? Every word was truth. She answered him only with her tears.

"Speak!" he added, wildly, as a terrible suspicion flashed athwart his brain; "*which am I to curse for this dishonour—the living or the dead?*"

The trial was indeed a fearful one. Therese, who dearly loved her father, could, as our readers are well aware, have cleared herself by a single word; but her lips were unfortunately sealed by her promise to her sister—a promise upon which death had set its seal, rendering it doubly sacred.

"Answer me! am I to rejoice that I have still a daughter? Am I to curse the memory of—"

"Bless her, father!" shrieked the distracted girl, clinging to his feet; "profane not the grave of the child who loved you! Never shall my lips pronounce one word to cast a shame upon the memory of my sister!"

"Wretch!" replied her father, after a pause; "it is to you, then, I owe this infamy? Begone! Leave the roof you have dishonoured—the father you have betrayed—who loved and trusted you—whose grave you have dug! Hence from my presence, and bear with you my malediction!"

It was in vain that his daughter clung to him, and, in the most heart-rending accents, implored him not to curse her.

The wrath of the old man was not to be appeased—in his despair he tore the thin locks of silvery hair from his brow and scattered them over her, breathing the most terrible maledictions.

"Be cursed, here and hereafter!" he exclaimed; "may the child you have borne sting you like the serpent's brood; may she smile over your untimely grave! Leave me," he added, "to my sightless misery—to my shame and solitude—to die alone. Quit my roof, and for ever!"

With these fearful words he rushed from the room, leaving his daughter crushed and overwhelmed by the weight of his bitter maledictions.

When she recovered from the temporary state of insensibility into which the terrible scene she had passed through had thrown her, Therese found herself supported in the arms of the faithful old domestic, Mary Page. The affectionate creature had been her nurse from her infancy, and loved her with the tenderness of a second mother.

"Do not weep!" she sobbed, her own tears falling fast the while; "I will see my poor, deceived, cruel master! I am not bound by any promise—he shall hear the truth from me!"

"No—no!" faltered her foster-child; "the truth would kill him: he lives but in the memory of my sister! Promise me," she added, faintly, "whether I live or die, you will not betray the fatal secret?"

It was some time before her intreaties could prevail upon her nurse—who felt indignant at the cruelty she had been treated with—to forego her determination of revealing everything to her deceived, unhappy parent.

"Well," said the old woman, reluctantly yielding a point; "on one condition I will hold my tongue! It will be a difficult task—but I promise!"

"Name it?" replied Therese, eagerly.

"That, go where you will, I go with you! I cannot consent that you should quit your father's roof alone! I will not be a burthen to you!" she added, anticipating the objections of her young mistress; "I am strong, and able to work for us both, and am not without money: it was gained in the service of your dear mother and her children—so I only give you back your own!"

It was in vain that Therese entreated of her not to quit her father. "Who else would attend to his wants?" she asked, "if you desert him?" Mary Page was inflexible.

"He should have thought of that," she said, "before he drove you from this roof! Little does he know the heart he has destroyed! He never loved you as he ought!" she added, her indignation increasing every moment; "your sister was always his favourite!"

The poor girl kissed her affectionately.

"She deserved his love!" she whispered.

"And have not you deserved it?" replied the aged domestic; "have you not worked for him day and night, like a good, dutiful child, as you are—toiled till my heart has ached to see you? He will live to repent his injustice and cruelty; his remorse will exceed his anger when he learns—"

"He must never learn it!" interrupted Therese; "the discovery would kill him—he loved Fanny so dearly. It is hard—very hard," she added, "to be driven in disgrace from the home of my childhood—my name given to the sport of malicious tongues—sent forth, like Cain, with a curse upon my brow!"

The convulsive shudder which shook her frame proved how deeply the unmerited malediction had affected her.

"But I will keep my promise," continued Therese, "although it break my heart! Poor Fanny! it was a bitter legacy you left me!"

It was arranged that during the rest of the day her young mistress should remain in the room of the nurse, who, meanwhile, was to seek a lodging in the village to which they might remove that very night, with the innocent cause of so much sorrow. As for the adjutant, directly on quitting the parlour where the distressing scene we have described had taken place, he had locked himself in his chamber, which he continued to pace, a prey to the most violent emotions of anger and outraged honour.

Mary Page was one of those energetic characters who only require to know their duty, resolutely to perform it.

She arranged with the widow at whose cottage Charles Graham had lodged previous to his quitting Farnsfield for a couple of rooms, paid her a month's rent in advance, and returned to Therese to prepare for their departure.

"We will not go until dusk," said the faithful creature; "day would blush to see you driven like a criminal from your father's house! The news has been spread all over the village by that malicious woman! Heaven perhaps will one day requite her for her wickedness to you!"

There was both calculation and wisdom in thus making known to Therese the full measure of her misfortune.

The malediction of her father had so completely overwhelmed her that she scarcely felt anything else: had she had time to recover from the shock of the first blow, the second must have crushed her.

It was late before the adjutant quitted his chamber and entered the parlour, where his evening meal had been prepared for him. There was a wearying sense of loneliness in the old man's heart as he sat listlessly by the table, leaving the food untouched; even Mary Page began to pity him.

"You had better eat something, sir?" she said, in her usual quiet tone.

He uttered a deep sigh, and a tear trickled down his withered cheek.

"This is a sad change!" continued the domestic; "the place will be very lonely when poor Miss Therese—"

"Do not name her!" interrupted her master, with a shudder; "the ingrate has broken my heart!"

"Her own is broken, poor, innocent lamb!"

"Innocent!" repeated the adjutant, contemptuously.

"Ay, innocent, sir!" replied the old woman. "I know the meaning of the word, and the truth of what I am saying; but of course you will not listen to me! You never would when I used to tell you how unjust you were in preferring one child to another! You can listen only to your anger now!"

"Leave me!" exclaimed her master, impatiently.

"It is what I intend to do, sir!" replied Mary Page.

Of course the adjutant intended merely that she should quit the room; he had not the least idea of parting with a person whose services were so necessary to him.

His first impulse was to ask the cause of such an unexpected resolution; but the suspicion that Therese had urged her to take it, in the hope of changing his resolution, restrained him.

"Very well!" he said; "when you please! She will not move me!"

"I never expected she would!" answered the woman, drily; "for your heart, master, is darker than your sight! She failed to move me when she cried and prayed to me—her nurse, her servant—not to abandon you in your solitude and sorrow; but I had made up my mind to it; and I don't forget my promise!"

"Promise?"

"Yes! Promise, sir! I told my poor dear mistress, when she was dying, that I would be a mother to her child—that I would watch over her! I have done so; and will, please God!" she added, fervently. "She shall have some one to comfort her in her misery! But I'll look in now and then, just to see how you are getting on, and lend a hand—for I pity quite as much as I blame you!"

"You are right!" said the adjutant, after a pause. "It is only just that you should not abandon the wretched girl your weakness has screened!"

At the words "wretched girl" and "weakness," Mary Page bit her lips in silence. Oh, how she longed to tell the deceived and obstinate man the bitter, mortifying truth that it was his idol Fanny, and not Therese, who had disgraced him; but her promise to the latter restrained her.

"I shall leave everything tidy before I quit you," she observed, "and will drop in in the morning, to see how you are getting on! I have sent for Nancy

Shalders, the charwoman; she knows the house and your ways better than a stranger, and—"

"I shall not need her!" interrupted the old man, hastily; then suddenly recollecting himself, he added: "Yes, yes—that will do for the present!"

He rose from his seat and returned once more to his chamber, leaving the repast upon the table untasted.

It was almost midnight when poor Therese left the cottage where she had spent the happy hours of her childhood. Her heart was almost broken. Long and fervently did she pray at the door of her stern parent's room; she heard his restless step as he paced the floor—for he had not retired to rest—his sighs and groans of anguish. Poor girl! she would have given worlds to have said, "Father, God bless you!" but the terror of his curse was on her. She trembled lest the sound of her voice should renew his fury and draw repeated maledictions on her devoted head.

"Bless him, Father of all!" she gently murmured; "bless him, and sustain the poor blind man under the load of his afflictions—for they are heavy! Pour the balm of thy consolation into his wounded heart—soften it towards his child! Should she be taken from him, be Thou the prop of his age, his stay, and hope!"

Leaning on the arm of her nurse, she tottered rather than walked from the house, and that same hour took up her abode in the cottage so long inhabited by the young organist.

Faithful to her promise, Mary Page visited the cottage of her late master, to see everything arranged as usual. To her surprise, he was absent. When she returned the following day, it was locked up. The adjutant had disposed of the furniture to the landlord, in payment of his arrears of rent, and left Farnsfield by the coach for London.

It was a sad blow for Therese when she heard the news.

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE.

A NEW LIGHT.—Professor Prospero Carlevaris, of Mondovi, has just discovered a new luminous substance, which is applicable both to photography and to the requirements of social life. The substance costs little or nothing. When brought into contact with a gas-light, it increases its intensity to an amazing degree without dazzling the eye, like the electric light, or being intermittent, like that produced by magnesium. A few days ago Professor Carlevaris produced some photographs by his light at the Istituto Tecnico, of Genoa, and they were equal to any yet produced, both in accuracy and well-defined details. The process by which this substance is obtained has not yet been made public.

DEFECT IN STEAM ENGINES.

ZEALOUS professors of science occasionally call attention to the fact that steam, as a motor, costs much more than it should, and that little over one-tenth of the actual heating value of the fuel is realized in practice. Experiments and experience prove the statement to be virtually correct, and it is a reproach to the mechanical skill of the period that it should be.

The loss is not in the theory of the engine, for that is perfect, but in the practice of that theory; or, in plain terms, in the construction of steam engines. It is an undeniable fact, however, that but few of the steam engines now constructed work with the economy that they should, or even approximate in performance to the theoretical value of the fuel.

Portable engines are turned out by scores which, although well enough externally, are far from being in a healthy condition in those parts which affect economy. The slide valves are only such in name; they exercise few of the proper functions of this most important detail, and the boilers are heavy, enormously large in fire and heating surface, and every way disproportioned to the size of the cylinders. The feed pumps are poorly got up; the valves lift too much; the water passages are cramped and crooked, and the absence of any proper method for heating the feed water without creating more loss from back pressure on the piston than is gained by injecting hot water to the boiler, is often noticeable. We make these statements for the interest of any it may concern—not to find fault. Many stationary engines are in precisely the same condition.

It is not the only thing required in a slide valve that it shall open and close the ports at a certain time, but that it shall be properly set for the work it has to do, that it shall exhaust the contents of the cylinder at the proper time, that it shall close properly, and that the lead shall be proportioned to the duty. That this is important everyone is aware who has ever inspected, or is familiar with, indicator diagrams.

It is a common thing, on railways, to hear a locomotive exhausting "one-sided," as it is termed, or

giving palpable public evidence that it is out of order, and that the master-mechanic on the line is either indifferent or careless of his duties. We know of one road where our ears are daily saluted by the sound of a locomotive drawing a long train of coaches and regularly exhausting 1-2-3-4, 1-2-3-4, or with a very positive interval between the successive exhausts. It would be quite as sensible to draw two or three empty coaches, day after day, as it is to permit an engine to run in this way; for at every uneven or irregular interval, the steam is compressed or choked in the cylinder, and delayed in getting out until it acquires a high tension, so that the actual pressure is much greater on the exhaust side than on the steam side. This subtracts from the efficiency of the machine, adds to the cost of repair, of fuel and everything used in running the engine. A locomotive engine, exhausting unequally, carries dead weight, which costs a great deal to keep.

We know that engines are often regarded as in chronic or incurable difficulties, because some mysterious cause conflicts with setting the valves properly, but we have frequently found that individuals were more fond of declaring that the defect was very mysterious, than they were zealous to remedy it.

It is very plain, from the simple facts here cited, many of which are so well known among professional engineers as to be truisms—that one of the greatest obstacles in the way of economy in the steam-engine is a want of mechanical accuracy in construction, erection and oversight; and that the cost of a horsepower could be very much reduced by attention to obvious and well-known defects existing in steam-engines.

PURIFYING GAS.—Mr. A. A. Croll, civil engineer, has patented some improvements in the manufacture of material for purifying gas. These improvements relate to the employment of sulphuric acid in a highly concentrated state with sawdust or other vegetable matter, the degree of concentration of the acid being such as to effect the desired carbonisation of the fibre without subsequent heating for that purpose. Sulphuric acid has heretofore been combined in various strengths of solution with vegetable matters, and the carbonisation of the fibre has subsequently been obtained by raising the temperature of the combination by subsequent heating. In carrying out these improvements the inventor prefers to employ sulphuric acid of a specific gravity of about 1.700 deg. or higher, at a temperature of about 270 degs. Fahr., or at such a temperature as can be obtained having reference to the degree of concentration of the acid employed, and to combine it in the proportion of about two parts by weight thereof to one part by weight of dry sawdust, but varying the proportion with the absorbing power of the sawdust. He however, uses by preference sawdust obtained from soft wood, or such as possesses the largest absorbing power. The matters thus obtained are to be used in what are known as dry lime purifiers.

ANOTHER STEP TOWARDS FLYING.

Mr. BARBOUR states that by his carbonic acid engine he has obtained one and a half horse-power from an engine which weighed, with all its auxiliary apparatus, 450 lbs. This was the power obtained by following the piston with the full pressure only three-fourths of an inch in a stroke of twelve inches.

There was also surplus weight in the engine, no effort having been made to reduce the weight to a minimum; the main reservoir was sufficiently thick to bear 5,000 lbs. to the inch, while the maximum pressure used was only 1,100 lbs.; and the reservoir was large enough to run the engine an hour and twenty minutes.

Now if an engine of the same form was made of aluminum, the weight would be reduced to about one-third, say 150 lbs., and then by following full pressure three inches instead of three-quarters of an inch, the power would be materially increased, though, of course, the same supply of carbonic acid would not last as long. But if an engine could be driven for half an hour, this would be sufficient to travel thirty miles, going at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

It would seem, therefore, that it is in the present power of the art to construct an engine of two and a half or three horse-power that will not weigh more than 150 lbs. Will these conditions enable us to fly?

If we allow 180 lbs. for the weight of a man, the whole weight of a machine and its burden will be 330 lbs. If with this weight we have a machine of two horse-power, and if one-half the power be expended in moving the air and the other half in raising the machine, it will rise vertically 100 feet per minute. When sufficient altitude is attained, the machine may be inclined, and a portion of the power previously expended in raising may be employed in horizontal propulsion.

Notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary by our correspondents, a revolving spiral fan would probably be the proper form for the wings,

especially as this would be the easiest way in which to obtain the high velocity requisite. It is generally stated that the resistance of the air to a body passing through it increases with the square of the velocity, but Morin says that for very high velocities the formula must contain an element increasing with the cube of the velocity.

Calculating, however, an increase only in proportion to the square of the velocity, from the data furnished by Rouse's experiments, a surface 1 foot square moving with a velocity of 146 feet per second, will experience a pressure of 49 lbs. With 6 revolutions per second—360 per minute—to obtain a velocity of 146 feet per second, the fans must be 8 feet in diameter—each arm 4 feet long. As but half the pressure would be available for raising the machine, we should require a total pressure on the air of, say 700 lbs., and this, at 50 lbs. to the foot, would require an area of 14 feet. As there would be two fans with two arms each, this would give an area of 34 feet to each arm—less than 23 feet long and 18 inches wide. It will be seen that all the dimensions and velocities are within practicable limits.

The only plan for navigating the air that has any hopes of success is that of flying—beating the air with wings driven by mechanical force; and certainly no machine heretofore proposed comes so near possessing the requisite power in proportion to its weight as a carbonic acid engine constructed of aluminum.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PICTURES ON PORCELAIN.

THE production of photographic pictures capable of being burnt in upon articles of porcelain or glass has latterly been occupying a good deal of attention, and Mr. C. A. Martins has elaborated a process for the accomplishment of this object which seems to be pretty successful.

The first step in the process is to mix with a hundred parts of water five parts of gum, fifteen parts of sugar, five parts of glycerine, and six parts of bichromate of ammonium. This mixture is then poured over the surface of a glass or other plate, in the manner practised with collodion in ordinary photography, and the plate is then dried in the dark, at a temperature not under 90 and not exceeding 180 degrees.

A print from a picture which is positive by transmitted light is then taken upon this prepared plate by the ordinary method of exposure, and the plate is next treated with a very intimate mixture of a hundred parts of porcelain colour and its flux with one part of dry powdered soap.

This mixture, in a state of very fine powder, is applied with a brush, "upon which," says Mr. Martins, "a decomposition takes place, resulting in the deposit of the porcelain colour and its flux on those parts of the plate on which the light has not acted. On such parts of the plate the free chromic acid decomposes the soap mixed with the porcelain colour, in such manner that the fat is liberated while the alkali combines with the chromic acid. The fat thus liberated enables the colour and flux to adhere to the parts of the plate which have not been acted upon by light, thus constituting the picture."

The picture in porcelain colour which has thus been obtained has next to be removed from the plate on whose surface it has been formed, in order that it may be transferred to that of the vessel or other article intended to be ornamented by it.

To this end, the plate is coated, on the surface on which is the picture, with a film of collodion, after which it is immersed in water made slightly alkaline, which enables the collodion film, with the picture adhering to it, to be readily separated from the plate. The separated film is then placed on a glass plate and washed, after which it is allowed to dry spontaneously.

When dry (it is then tenacious enough to admit of being handled with safety), the film is attached, picture undermost, by means of a solution of gelatine in water, to the article upon whose surface it is to be "burnt in," and the collodion film is then dissolved away from the picture by means of ether, or a mixture of ether and alcohol, or any other suitable solvent.

The article is then burnt, in an ordinary muffle furnace, the burning being conducted just as in the usual process of enamelling.

A NEW combustible is said to have been recently invented in France, by M. Stoker. It is composed of very pure charcoal, finely ground and made into a paste with starch. This paste is moulded into cakes or balls of different sizes, and then dried. When perfectly dry these may be lighted with a lucifer match, and will continue to burn steadily, like German tinder, without giving flame or smoke. The combustible is intended for heating urns, chafinets, &c.

AIR-PUMP ON A NEW PRINCIPLE.—The machine is intended for industrial purposes, as it is only purposed to try to obtain, in a relatively short time, a vacuum of 18 millims. of mercury for the size of vessels commonly worked with, and of 8 millims. for the usual sizes of the laboratory. The principle on which I have gone has much analogy with that which guided M.

Isaor, ten or twelve years ago, in his superheated steam-engine, which consisted in using steam at high pressures, acting on pistons of small section working with great velocity, and not rubbing against the sides of the cylinder. I imagined that if, in making a vacuum, I caused a metallic piston to move in a cylinder perfectly, and only leaving between it and the cylinder the thickness of a sheet of letter paper, the fluid could not pass from one side to the other of the piston, provided that its length was equal to at least twice its diameter, and it was provided with grooves 8 or 10 millims. apart. Experiment has shown that with such a piston, without any great velocity, a vacuum of from 8 to 18 millims. may be attained, according to the capacities. The fluid itself serves as packing for the piston. I thus, at the same time, destroy the resistance due to the friction of the piston in the barrel and the stopping up of the valves (by suppressing the oil used to lubricate the pump), as well as the wear and tear of the cylinder. This machine is double-acting, and can be used as a compression-pump up to the limit of two atmospheres, as it can pump gas from a reservoir, and compress it in another without appreciable loss of gas.—By M. Deleuil.

M. DUFOUR, of Lausanne, has made some experiments to ascertain whether other gases behave like atmospheric air in the phenomenon of ebullition under different pressures. He employed hydrogen, carbonic acid, and coal gas, and found that when water saturated with either of these gases was heated to boiling in an atmosphere of the same gas, the phenomenon proceeded exactly as if the liquid were in the presence of air. The ebullition showed nothing unusual, and the temperature at which it took place was only raised one or two degrees. He concludes that the difficulty gases have in quitting liquids holding them in solution comes of a purely physical adhesion, and not of a chemical affinity.

GUM COPAL.—The purest and best gum copal in the world is found on the mainland of Africa, near Zanzibar. It is, without doubt, a fossil gum. It is dug from the earth by negroes, and by them carried to the Banian traders in small quantities for sale. When it reaches Zanzibar, it is in a very dirty state and requires much shifting and garbling before it is merchantable; it is then cleansed with solution of soda-ash and lime, put up carefully in boxes, when it is ready for the home market. That it is a gum may be proved from the fact of its rough or "goose-skin" surface, which no doubt is an impression of the sand or earth when it ran down from the tree in a soft state. Pieces, too, are found with sticks, leaves, and insects preserved in them in the most perfect state. Large and uncouth looking pieces will often have many impurities, such as dirt, sand, and hundreds of little black ants in them, giving the copal a dirty, dingy appearance. At the diggings no copal trees are found, or even any signs of them; and to this time it is mere conjecture in what ages these deposits of copal were made, probably many thousand of years ago. I have tried to get specimens of anything the negroes might dig up with the copal; but they in every case say that they get nothing whatever. There are copal trees on the coast and on the island, but the gum from them is not a merchantable article at all, and when mixed with the fossil gum is always rejected. Without doubt the quality of that dug is made as pure as it is by the chemical action of the peculiar kind of earth in which it is buried. Some copal is found on the island, but it is so poor that it is not much sought.

A SPECIAL jury have awarded £12,000 compensation to the proprietor of a crinoline manufactory in London, whose premises were taken by the Metropolitan Railway Company.

A ROMANTIC SUICIDE.—A suicide from disappointment in love has just been committed by a young woman employed as saleswoman in a shop in the Rue de Rivoli, Paris. Before lighting a pan of charcoal, with which she put an end to her existence, she had decorated her room with flowers, and then dressed herself in white. When found she was lying on her bed, her hands folded on her breast, and her countenance bearing a look so placid, that she might have been supposed to be sleeping. She had written a letter to her mother asking for forgiveness, and stating the motive which had prompted her suicide.

A DOG STORY.—My eldest son was crossing the fields in the country, some distance from any dwelling, when he was pursued by a large, fierce dog belonging to the gentleman whose land he was crossing. He struck into a piece of woods and the dog gained upon him; when he looked around to see how near the creature was, and stumbling over a stone, pitched off a precipice and broke his leg. Unable to move, and at the mercy of the beast, the poor fellow saw the dog coming down upon him and expected to be seized and torn; when, to his surprise, the dog came near, and, perceiving that the boy was hurt, instantly

wheel d about, and went off for that aid which he could not render himself. There was no one within reach of the child's voice, and he must have perished there, or have dragged his broken limb along, and destroyed it, so as to render amputation necessary, if the dog had not brought him help. He held up his leg and it hung at a right angle, showing him plainly the nature of his misfortune and the necessity of lying still. The dog went off to the nearest house and barked for help. Unable to attract attention he made another visit of sympathy to the boy, and then ran off to the house, making there such demonstrations of anxiety that the family finally followed him to the place where the child lay. Now observe that this dog was pursuing the child as an enemy; but the moment he saw his enemy prostrate and in distress, his rage was turned to pity, and he flew to his relief. Here was true feeling, and the course he pursued showed good judgment. He was a dog of heart and head. Very few men, not all Christians, help their enemies when they are down. Some do not help their friends when they fall. This dog was better than many men who claim to be good men. I do not say that he reasoned in this matter; but there is something in his conduct on this occasion that looks so much like the right kind of feeling and action, that I think it deserves to be recorded to his credit. I commend the example to all mankind for imitation.

THE CAVALIER OF ARDEN.

CHAPTER XI.

FATHER ANSELMO.

This angel will be wearied down, I know.
What pang is permanent with man? From the highest
As from the lowest thing of every day
He learns to know himself: for the strong hours
Conquer him. Yet I feel what I have lost
In him. The bloom is vanished from my life!

Schiller.

STUNNED, stupefied, bewildered, stood Louis Moran by that death-bed. Like one just broken from the grasp of some overpowering incubus, he gazed vacantly upon the face of the dead, while those last strange words which the hermit had spoken sounded still in his ears, stirring his soul with wondrous emotions.

By and by his thoughts became more collected; the wild emotions in a measure subsided, and his reason began to find some links of connection between the present and the past. He called to mind all that he had known of Vanderthorpe; all the fond words the old man had ever spoken; the deep interest Vanderthorpe had ever manifested in his welfare, and the veil of mystery which had been thrown over their social and friendly relations.

And then he thought of those dying words—words, he believed, that tore away the veil, and unlinked the secret—and when he had repeated them once more to himself he sank down upon his knees and prayed—prayed as the old man had bade him pray—prayed as he would have prayed for the soul of his dead father.

After this Louis gently folded the hands of the dead man across the bosom, and having closed the eyes, he sat down to think what he should do. He could not alone perform the last offices for the body of the departed, and he could call to mind but one person whom he could seek to help him.

There was one man who had been equally a friend to himself and to the hermit—the old woodman, Mark Waldron—and him the youth determined to call.

He looked to see that the windows were fast, and then went out and secured the door after him; and having mounted his horse he rode away at a swift pace for the woodman's cot, where he was fortunate enough to find Mark at home. In a very few words he made known his business, and Waldron made all possible haste to accompany him to the hermit's hut.

"I've been expecting this for some time," said Mark, as the two stood together by the side of the dead man, "though I did not expect that he would go quite so soon. I was here yesterday, and found him very weak; and I promised him that I would come again to-day, and, if he wished it, go in search of you; for he assured me that he should not die without seeing you."

"I am glad I was here, Mark—very glad."

"And I suppose he had strength enough to tell you all he wished?"

"I am not sure of that, though he told me much. Mark, I have a question to ask of you."

"You mustn't ask me too much, Louis."

"I will not. You had known Vanderthorpe a long time?"

"Yes—ever since he came here and built this hut."

"And you have conversed with him a great deal?"

"Yes."

"You have heard him speak much of me?"

"Somewhat."

"Did it ever occur to you that I might have been nearly related to him by blood?"

"I have had my own thoughts about that, Louis."

"Then answer me plainly, for I assure you it can do no harm. Did it ever occur to you that Vanderthorpe might be my own father?"

"Why, really," replied the woodman, with a slight start, "I did not suppose you had suspected that."

"I never did suspect it until to-day. In dying, when the emotions of the soul were no longer under the perfect guidance of reason, the old man threw his arms about my neck, and called me his son—his own, dear, blessed boy."

"Did he do that?"

"He did," answered Louis, wiping the tears from his eyes.

"Then," said Mark, in a tone of relief, "I needn't conceal my own thoughts. I have suspected the same thing for a long while."

"And now, Mark," pursued the young man, with trembling eagerness, "have you not suspected more? What is the mystery about this old man's life?"

"Ah, Louis, you are leading me into pitch-black darkness now. Vanderthorpe's life was a sealed book to me. I know nothing of it more than you do; and I have never gained a clue upon which to hinge a suspicion. But didn't he give you anything—any thread by which you could make your way through the labyrinth?"

"Yes. I am to seek Simon de Rohan, the old Abbot of Evesham."

"Then seek him as soon as you can. That's my advice."

And, so far as the life-secret of the hermit was concerned, that advice the youth was forced to accept. Vanderthorpe had spoken with Waldron about his burial, and he had furthermore prepared the coffin in which he would have his remains enclosed. It was a stout oaken box, secured at the corners by bands of copper, and so arranged that the cover could be screwed down perfectly tight.

Mark brought the casket down from the little porch over the far end of the hut, and when the body had been laid carefully therein, and the cover properly fastened, they went out to dig the grave.

They selected a quiet nook, where the flood from the river could not reach, and there they made the resting-place; and when it was done, they brought forth the coffin and gave it a sepulture.

Louis was careful to mark the spot after the grave had been filled up, so that if future occasion should require it, he should know exactly where to find the body.

He then kneeled down and offered up another prayer for the soul of the departed, after which he and Mark returned to the hut.

"Now, my boy," said the woodman, who seemed somewhat relieved in view of the completion of their solemn work, "I suppose you will want to be off as soon as possible?"

"I can do nothing more here," returned Louis. "We have performed the last office for the earthly remains of our friend, and it only remains for us to pray for the rest of his soul, which we can do elsewhere, as well as here."

"Certainly, certainly, Louis. We will pray for him; and I think we can pray in faith, too; for if I ever knew a really good and pure-hearted man he was certainly one."

"Amen!" responded the cavalier, devoutly.

In a little while Mark recovered from the solemn mood into which he had there been thrown, and returned to his business.

"Did Vanderthorpe say anything to you about his property?" he asked.

"No," replied Louis.

"Well," pursued the woodman, "he told me all about it yesterday. He made no will in writing, but trusted me to execute the will he gave me by simple word of mouth. I am to take, if I please, what household effects he has left; and I think I shall do it. I do not covet them—I cannot say that I even need them—but if they are left here they will be stolen or destroyed; so I will take them away to my own cot."

"Of course," said Louis, "you owe it to the memory of the deceased to do so. It would be cruel to allow these articles to go to rack and ruin here."

"I will take them, my boy; and you, too, have a share to take. And mind you, this is an express wish of Vanderthorpe."

Mark arose and went to the bed, and having lifted the straw mattress from its place, he disclosed a small oaken box which rested upon a light framework, beneath the cross-bar of the pallet. This box he took out and handed to the young man, saying as he did so:

"There, Louis, is something which Vanderthorpe left for you; and I am sure he was very happy in being able thus to afford you an assistance which you are likely to need."

Louis opened the box, and found it half full of gold. The pieces were most of them bright and unworn, though many of them bore date twenty years back.

"I cannot take all this," he said.

"Why not? Can you not carry it?"

"Certainly, I can carry it; but Mark, you must take a part. Will you not take half of it?"

"Not one piece of it," answered Mark, decisively.

"It is yours, rightfully yours, and before you get through with the business you have in hand, you may need the greater part of it. And, moreover, I do not need it. It would be of no use to me whatever."

When Louis found that he could not prevail upon the woodman to take any of the money, he put it carefully in his own pockets, after which he asked if Vanderthorpe had left any papers that might be of interest or importance.

"No," said Mark, "I know he did not. He had some papers in his possession, but he made away with them when he was first taken sick."

"Then," pursued the cavalier, "I have but one more matter to attend to before I set forth, and to this I would ask your earnest attention. You will at some time visit Clifton?"

"Yes. I think I shall have frequent occasion to go there."

"And you may see the Lady Gertrude?"

"I see her sometimes, and I know not why I should not see her again."

"Mark, I will confide to you the truth, and then you will know the better how to act. Not only do Gertrude and I love each other, but we have confessed our love, freely and fully. I know that Donald Lindsay will seek to make her marry with his son. When you see her, tell her that I have gone away on business, and that I may be gone some time; but tell her that I will come back if I live. And, Mark, if you ever find her in trouble, and it lays in your power to help her, I call upon you to do so."

"By the heavens above me!" cried the woodman, "the fair lady shall not want for a friend while it is in my power to render her assistance. I think I understand your wishes, my boy, and you may depend upon me. Of course I cannot promise that I will be of any assistance, but I do promise you most solemnly that I will do all I can."

Louis could ask no more, and shortly afterwards both he and Waldron arose and went out from the hut. They stood a few moments by the door, and then, without speaking, they went to the grave which they had so lately made, where the youth once more kneeled down and prayed.

It was past the middle of the afternoon when the cavalier led his horse into the path, and took his seat in the saddle, and having spoken a few simple words of farewell to his kind friend, he rode away. Before he took the turn that was to hide the hermit's hut from his view, he drew in his reins and looked back. He saw the old woodman still standing where he had left him. He saw the thatched hut, and he saw the great trees beneath which he had laid the body of—

A tremor shook his frame, and tears started to his eyes. Was it really his own father for whom he had performed the solemn office? He could not doubt it.

"Oh, heaven," he cried, raising his eyes upward, "grant that ere long this fearful mystery may be solved. Give me to know that which is now hidden from me!"

He waved his hand to Mark, and then rode on.

Louis did not go by the way of Stratford. A few miles north of that town he took a cross road to Alcester, at which latter place he stopped long enough to feed his horse and obtain some refreshment for himself; after which he resumed his journey, reaching Evesham early in the evening, where he found a comfortable inn, and engaged lodgings for the night.

The landlord, whose name was Siddon, was a pleasant, accommodating fellow, and as soon as he found opportunity, Louis asked him concerning the old abbey.

"Ah, Master Moran," said the publican, with a mournful shake of the head, "the abbey is a sad place. Just think what it was in the time of the last Henry, and then look at it now. Then the old abbot, with his mitre on his head like a bishop, sat in Parliament. But it is different now. The abbey is going to ruin, and the good old abbot—heaven bless him!—is far away from us."

"You speak of Simon de Rohan?"

"Yes."

"Then he is not at the abbey?"

"No. He hasn't been there since the battle of Worcester was fought, when Charles was forced to flee for his life."

"Why did De Rohan leave, then?" asked Louis, who was interested in the narrative.

"Because he wished not to remain. Some have said he dared not remain, but I have never credited that. There is no doubt, however, that King Charles

was hidden in the abbey for several days while the Roundheads were searching for him everywhere else, and I think the abbot went with him to help him away."

"Then De Rohan was a warm friend of Charles Stuart?"

"Ay, that he was. It wasn't in his heart to be false to England's king. These might be dangerous words for me to speak to other ears, even now?"

"You are right, good Siddon, as I have reason to know; but tell me—do you know where the old abbot is now?"

"No, I do not. Do you wish to find him?"

"Yes—very much."

"Well, you may find out at the abbey. There are a few monks still left inside the tumble-down walls, and they may know where their old chief is. At all events, you can go up in the morning and ask them."

"It would be of no use, I suppose, to go up to-night?"

"No. Those old fellows shut themselves in at sun-down, but you'll find them out early enough in the morning."

So, on the following morning, when Louis had eaten his breakfast, he made his way to the abbey, and while he was contemplating the mass of ruins, he was joined by a fat old monk, who had just come through a small wicket by the side of the great gate.

"Good morning, my son," said the monk, kindly.

Louis returned the salutation.

"Have you come to witness the unholy decay of what was once a grand old house?"

"No, good father. I have come on more important business. I have come to inquire concerning Simon de Rohan. Can you tell me where I may find him?"

"How? Do you seek our good old abbot?"

"Yes."

"And have you business with him?"

"I have—important business."

As the monk betrayed a disposition to be curious, Louis quickly added:

"You will pardon me, good father, if I inform you that the business with the abbot is strictly of a private nature."

"Oh, don't fear, my son, that I would attempt to pry into your business. We all have our secrets—secrets hidden away in the depths of our hearts which we would not have the world discover, and with which the world has no business. But I may know your name?"

"My name is Louis Moran."

"From Clifton?"

"Yes."

"And you seek the abbot?"

"Yes."

A look of intelligence flashed upon the ruddy face of the monk—for, despite his three-score years, his face was as fair and plump as health and good nature could make it.

"Did you come from Clifton last?"

Louis shook his head.

The monk smiled and nodded, and then asked:

"Have you seen an old hermit, named Vanderthorpe, lately?"

The youth hesitated a moment, and then answered:

"He is dead."

"Dead!" echoed the holy father, crossing himself.

"Is he dead?"

"Yes. He died in my arms yesterday."

"Heaven rest his soul!"

The monk bowed his head, and pressed his hand upon his brow, at the same time murmuring some words which Louis could not understand. Finally he looked up and said:

"Vanderthorpe sent you in quest of the abbot?"

The youth reluctantly answered in the affirmative.

Without seeming to notice the cavalier's hesitation, the monk continued:

"Simon de Rohan may be in London, and he may be in France. At all events, you will seek him in London first, and if he is not there some of his friends will direct you further. You had better first seek out Stephen Atherton, Abbot of St. James. He will be sure to know where De Rohan is. Can you remember that?"

"Yes, father."

"But," pursued the monk, "Simon de Rohan is an old man, and it is not impossible that you may never find him alive. If it should so happen that he is dead before you reach him, you have only to return hither and inquire for Father Anselmo."

"Father Anselmo?" repeated Louis. And then as the other smiled, he added, "you are the man?"

"I am, my son."

"And do you know—"

"Hush, my son. We all have our secrets. While Simon de Rohan lives I can tell you nothing that would interest you; but should the good old abbot die before you find him, I may tell you much. If he holds any interest of yours in his hands, be sure he will not allow you to suffer in the event of his death."

You will remember the Abbot of St. James. He will tell you where to look for De Rohan."

With these words, the monk turned back towards the wicket; and wondering at the strange fate which had thrown him so directly in the way of the man who certainly held something of the life-secret of the hermit, Louis returned to the inn.

CHAPTER XII AN AVENGER!

What purpose you?
You come to tear me from this place? Beware
You drive me not to desperation. Do it not!
You may repent it! *Geraint Tristram.*

Louis had no desire to remain longer in Evesham. He believed he had learned all that was to be learned in that place touching the business he had in hand, and he was anxious to reach London, where he hoped to find Simon de Rohan; or, at all events, gain some intelligence of his whereabouts.

As he entered the little parlour of the inn he found a stranger there—a man somewhere near thirty years of age, thick-set and muscular; with a short, bull-like neck; a small, round head, covered with close-cut, coarse black hair; and features far from pleasant or engaging.

Yet there was a certain look of intelligence about the fellow, and he bore the air of one who had been in the habit of being governed alone by his own will.

His dress was a quaint compound of Cavalier and Roundhead. The colour of the cloth was dark and solemn, but the fashion of the garment was not exactly after that generally worn by the followers of the Protector.

Still our hero took him for a Roundhead, being chiefly governed in this opinion by the cut of the hair.

The stranger looked up and nodded as Louis entered, but did not arise; though he tendered the salutation of the morning with considerable politeness. When the man spoke it struck the youth that he had seen him before, though where or when he could not remember.

"Master Louis Moran, I think?"

The cavalier had thought of retiring, but as the other thus spoke, he took a seat, at the same time replying that his name had been called correctly.

"You have been lately at Clifton?" continued the Roundhead for a Roundhead he surely was.

"I have been there," said Louis, with some reserve.

"And, if I mistake not, you have been journeying to and fro through the forest of Arden?"

"I have been where business called me."

"Very good. And I think you found some business to do."

"I found enough."

"May it not be that you found too much?"

What was the fellow aiming at? Louis did not like his manner at all. There was a sort of haughty superiority in it—a provoking chafing purpose that was too apparent, and then there was a half-sullen, half-sarcastic tinge in the tones of his voice which was far from agreeable.

"Sir," said the cavalier, with his handsome face slightly flushed, "I do not understand you."

"I think I can make myself understood," returned the Roundhead. "In one of your excursions through the forest you met two of my companions. Do you remember the circumstance?"

"Go on, sir."

"You met two of my friends, whom you shot."

"No, sir, I do not remember it."

"Ah! would you add falsehood to treachery? You shot and robbed them!"

Louis was now sure that the man was seeking to pick a quarrel with him, and he could not help wishing that he had not met him; not that he had any fears for himself, but he did not wish that anything should occur to detain him from his visit to London.

Still, he could not crawl away now, while so false an imputation was hanging upon a stranger's lips.

"Look ye, sir," he said, with forced calmness, "before I converse further with you, I would know with whom I have the honour to speak. You seem to know me, but I know nothing of you."

"Oh," replied the Roundhead, with a cold smile, "I can easily accommodate you in that. My name is Goodspeed Arnault, and as for my standing in society, I fancy that I am not far beneath the Foundling of Clifton."

The hot blood rushed to Moran's face; instinctively his hand dropped upon his hip, but his sword was not there. He had not seen fit to wear it to the abbey. Arnault noticed the movement, and another cold smile passed over his dark features.

"Master Arnault, allow me to reply to the accusation which you made a few moments since."

"Master Moran, it would please me to hear you do so."

"I can do it, sir, in a very few words. You spoke falsely."

"Ha!"

"You spoke falsely."

"How?"

"I did not shoot those two men. I did not rob them."

"How was it then?"

"One of them I shot and the other I ran through with my sword, and all I took from them was that which concerned me more than it did them. I took papers which I had a right to take."

"Papers concerning the attack upon Clifton you mean?"

"Yes."

"And you were Clifton's champion."

"I was Clifton's friend."

"Say, rather, Master Moran, that you would have been a friend to the beautiful young lady of Clifton. Ah, I have you there! But, by the holy rood, your friendship amounted to but little. You got kicked out from Clifton for your pains, and the lady turns her loving eyes upon another!"

"By St. Paul!" cried Louis, starting to his feet, "if it is your purpose to insult me, say so at once."

"Upon my soul, Master Moran, your blood is getting hot. Good luck! If your courage was equal to your temper you might be a dangerous man."

"Cowardly dog! what do you mean by this?"

"I mean, my cavalier, that I would like to chastise you for the scurvy trick you played upon my friends in the forest."

"Then, by the heavens above me, you can have opportunity."

"Easy, Master Moran. Don't waste your strength in useless passion. I had come for the purpose of punishing you; but if you have the courage to stand before me, sword to sword, I will not deny you."

"If I have the courage! Why, thou canting, hypocritical knave, do you imagine that a true cavalier could bend before such as thou art?"

"By the holy rood, fair sir, you'll get me angry if you put—much more. You'd better look to yourself or I may do you harm!"

"Enough, sir," cried Louis, now fairly aroused to revengeful purpose. "You have insulted me enough, and you have betrayed your plan to harm me. Where shall we meet, and when?"

"Let it be as quickly as possible, my master; and as for the place, I know of none better than the little piece of wood just outside the town on the Alcester road. Do you know where it is?"

"Yes."

"Then come to that place as soon as you please. You will find me there. I trust you will not disappoint me, for, though I truly believe you to be a coward, yet I would not carry the story of your cowardice to your old friends among the peasantry of Clifton."

"Go—go," said Louis, in a hoarse whisper. "I will be with you; and I shall bring a friend with me."

"Eight. I shall have a friend also. We will have witnesses to our sport."

And with this Goodspeed Arnault put on his hat and left the room.

For a little time the cavalier stood like one bewildered. He had been grossly insulted and abused, and yet he could hardly tell how the thing had come about. There was an air of mystery about it which he could not fathom. That the Roundhead's mission was solely to avenge the death of his two companions in the forest our hero could not believe, though that event might have had something to do with it. He was sorry that the thing had happened, for he might be delayed in his business, and—he might be shut off for ever from the secret he sought to unravel. But he saw not how he could escape the result thus forced upon him. He would gladly have avoided the meeting could he have done so with honour; but those were times when a soldier carried his honour at the point of his sword.

As soon as Arnault had gone, and Louis had recovered his composure, the latter called the host into the parlour, and gave to him an account of all that had transpired.

"And now," he added, "I want a friend."

"Do you want me, Master Moran?"

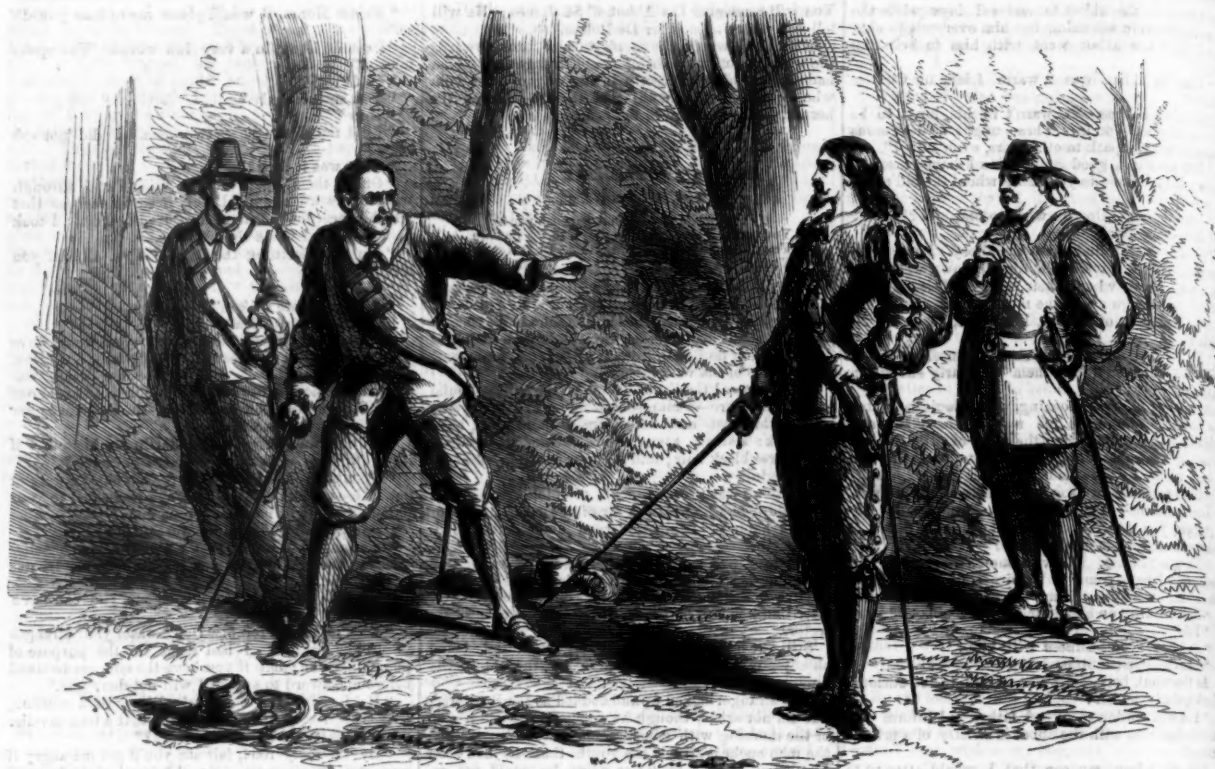
"It would please me if you would accompany me."

"Well, I can't say that I like this sort of business; but it shall not be said that Tom Siddon ever turned his back upon a true cavalier. I will go with you, though I must say that I fear the result. Arnault is a powerful man, and he has a sharp, keen eye in his head."

"Do you know him, Tom?"

"I never saw him, that I know of, till this morning. But what in the world can be his design?"

"I can think of but one thing," replied Louis. "I



["LOUIS MORAN, LOOK TO YOURSELF!"]

not only slew two Roundheads in the Forest of Arden, but I conducted the defence of the castle and succeeded in entirely thwarting their designs in that quarter. When I left Sir Donald, or when he left me, he gave me a passport that would give me safe conduct through the Parliamentary lines anywhere. This effectually prevented the Roundheads from arresting me, and I suppose that some of them, chagrined at seeing me thus pass safely beyond their power, have resorted to this method of stopping me."

"Very likely," said the host.

"But," added Louis, "they may find themselves mistaken, though that remains to be proved. The wood is not far away."

"No; it is but a short walk."

"Then we will go on foot. And we will make haste, for Arnault must not wait for me."

While Siddon went out to make ready, Louis ascended to his chamber, where he buckled on his sword, and arranged his clothing so that he might enjoy the utmost freedom of limb. He tried the blade of his weapon on the floor, bending it in every way, and also tested the edge upon the iron latch of the door. The weapon with which he fought in other days was now in the hands of Ralph Barton, and this was one which the earl had given him when he assumed command at the castle.

"By my life," he said to himself, after he had applied every test, "I think this is better than the other. This hilt is of Antwerp make, but the blade is certainly a pure Damascus. I think the good earl knew what he was giving me when he placed it in my hands, and may fortune grant that it fall me not, for I do truly believe that my cause is just."

When the cavalier descended, he found the host waiting for him.

"Ah, Siddon, you are also armed."

"Yes, Master Moran, I can use a sword if necessary; and besides, there may be such a thing as your sword breaking, in which case it might not be amiss to find a fresh one at hand. Won't you taste a cup of wine before you start?"

"No," replied Louis, shaking his head. "My nerves need no extraneous excitement."

For some time after they left the inn, they walked on in silence. Siddon was inclined to hurry, but not so Moran. The youth knew too well the value of composed lungs in such an encounter as he was going to meet, to waste his breath in rapid walking, so he moved leisurely on, with his breast thrown full forward, breathing deeply and regularly.

As they emerged from the town Louis stopped and took his friend by the hand.

"You—Siddon," he said, "it may be that I shall fall in this conflict. If I do, you must still act as my friend. I think I may trust you."

"My dear Moran, I'd rather you wouldn't talk of dying; but if such an event should happen, you may depend upon me to carry out your every desire. Now, what shall I do?"

"In the first place," returned Louis, "I have left some gold in my chamber, locked up in my portmanteau. The key you will find in my pocket. Do you know an old woodman named Mark Waldron, whose cot is near the Avon, in the Forest of Arden?"

"Yes—I know him very well."

"Then you will take from my store, if I fall, one half for yourself, and the other half you will, on the first opportunity, deliver to Mark, at the same time telling him how I died. Will you do this?"

"Yes, my master; though heaven grant that it may not be necessary."

"And, one thing further, Tom; you may sometime make it in your way to go to Clifton."

"I can do so at any time."

Louis started slowly on, speaking as he walked.

"Do you know the Lady Gertrude Lindsay?"

"I have seen her."

"You will bear a message to her. See her alone, and break the intelligence gently to her. I'll tell her how I fell, and—perhaps—you may tell her that—my last thought was of her! Will you do this?"

"Yes."

Tom Siddon might have said more in reply, but he felt his voice trembling, and he dared not show how childishly tender his heart was; so he held up his head, and quickened his step, and Louis kept pace with him.

Ere long after this they reached the spot which had been selected, where they found Arnault, with a companion, in waiting. This companion was a Roundhead soldier, who commenced to hum a merry tune when he saw the cavalier approaching; but his principal stopped him by a wave of the hand, evidently thinking that such ungodly music was not proper for the lips of Parliamentary soldiers.

"Ah, my master," cried Arnault, as the cavalier approached the spot, "you have kept your promise. I had begun to fear that you might not come."

"Let us have no words here," retorted Louis. "We have had words enough already. I think we have met to fight."

"You speak the truth."

"Then let us begin the work as soon as may be."

"Upon my troth, youngster, you seem in haste to lose your life!"

The cavalier understood very well that Arnault sought to annoy him, and thus render his nerves steady; but he was proof against any attack of the kind. His season of anger had passed, and he was now as cool and collected as though he had come to transact some ordinary business. He drew his sword from its scabbard, and resting its point in the palm of his left hand, he said:

"I am ready to take and to give, and if you are a brave man you will hold your tongue and use your sword."

"So be it, fair sir," cried Arnault. And then turning to the second, he added, "And now, gentlemen, be you witnesses that our play is fair. If you wish sharply, and hereafter tell the truth, you shall not say that I took any undue advantage."

If this bravado had any effect at all upon the cavalier, it only seemed to lessen the Roundhead in his estimation; for a bitter smile curled his finely chiselled lips, and his grasp upon the hilt of his sword became more light and easy.

But Tom Siddon shook his head doubtfully. He knew, by the manner in which Arnault took his stand and drew his sword, that he was master of the weapons; and then in physical structure he was vastly Moran's superior. He forgot that there might be quality of muscle as well as quantity, and that what Louis lacked in bulk might be more than made up in fineness of texture.

It was evident from the shade on the good lord's ruddy face that he fully believed he should have to divide the gold, and be the bearer of woful tidings to Lady Gertrude.

On the other hand the second of Goodspeed Arnault looked on with an air of intense satisfaction, as though he already beheld the cavalier low in the dust. And his principal seemed to share in this satisfactory conclusion, for he smiled complacently as he best his blade in his hands, as though he were about to commence some pleasant play.

"Good Master Moran," he said, stepping a few paces from the cavalier, "my sword is heavier than yours, though I think the blade is no longer. If you desire it, however, my companion will lend you his weapon—which is in all respects like my own."

"I have no desire to exchange," replied Louis. "You are welcome to all the advantages which the weight of your sword can give you."

"Then you are ready?"

"I have been ready for some minutes."

"Louis Moran look to yourself! Remember these dead men in the Forest of Arden!"

(To be continued.)



[“AMBER, THIS IS RALPH.”]

SIR JOHN.

BY MRS. LEON LEWIS.

CHAPTER V.

Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice.

Shakespeare

The next morning after her arrival at Courtney Hall, Blanche Longley entered upon the execution of her designs.

She came down to breakfast in a long flowing robe of white, profusely adorned with frills of rich lace, and a waist of colour relieved by a knot of blue ribbons at her dainty throat. Her golden hair rippled away from her blue-veined temples, and fell in a shower of curls around her neck.

She looked so fair and pure that Amber greeted her with a loving kiss, and Sir John gazed admiringly upon her while he shook her hand, and inquired kindly if she had slept well.

“I could not fail to do otherwise,” she responded. “I had such a delicious sense of security, of being among friends, that I slept unusually well!”

“Poor child!” thought the baronet. “How many lonely and sad hours she must have had! She is indeed among friends.”

Perceiving the good impression she had made, Blanche was not slow to follow it up. She took care to appear unaffected and natural, so that one would have found it hard to believe that every coquettish turn of the head had been studied before, that every trill of laughter that came from her scarlet lips had been practised over and over again before it had acquired its ringing melody.

At the breakfast-table Sir John took pleasure in watching her graceful movements, and listening to her chatter, for she was a type of young lady he had never before seen.

Blanche had a very pretty peculiarity, uncommon in an English girl and acquired in France—which peculiarity was a love of gesture, and apparently unconscious flourishing of her white, jewelled hands, whenever she became absorbed in conversation.

Amber was delighted with her new friend, and overwhelmed her with attentions.

After breakfast, she led her over the Hall, at Amber's request, and afterwards showed her the over-garden, the fountains, the park and the lake, in all of which her guest took great interest.

In fact, Blanche looked at all these things as their respective mistress.

The more she saw of the Courtney estate, the more

she was determined to reign over it as the bride of its owner.

She noted, with a keen eye, with what respect Amber was treated by all the dependents of Sir John; how the gardener doffed his hat to her, while his face glowed with pleasure; how the men working here and there in the park and grounds brightened up as she kindly inquired after their families, and looked after her as she passed by with glances of respectful affection.

Blanche had never in her life felt so thoroughly artificial as in the presence of Amber, and she therefore breathed freer when they returned to the drawing-room, where she was at liberty to practise her fascinations upon the baronet.

The days passed swiftly after Blanche's arrival, and the two girls made the Hall ring with the music of their voices, for Blanche affected an enthusiastic love for Amber, and joined in her music lessons and recreations.

But Miss Longley never lost sight of her great object—the fascination of Sir John. She dressed herself in the most bewitching toilettes; she flattered his little weaknesses; she betrayed with apparent unconsciousness that she thought him the noblest of created beings, and she declared one day that an elderly gentleman was her beau-ideal of a husband, and then blushed violently as Sir John's gaze rested upon her, and seemed overwhelmed with confusion.

But the good, simple baronet did not perceive the drift of all these manoeuvres.

To him, Blanche seemed a very pretty and very interesting girl, rather fond of dress, perhaps, and not inclined to discourse on serious subjects, but beyond that opinion his thoughts did not go.

The idea of making a comparison between her and Amber never entered his mind.

He saw little difference between her airy robes and Amber's garments, and to his plain mind his adopted daughter's simple speech and straightforward manner were infinitely preferable to what he termed “Blanche's Frenchified ways.”

And so the days lengthened into weeks, and Blanche had the mortification to see that the baronet's blue eyes beamed more tenderly upon Amber than herself, and that his manner, instead of becoming lover-like was only paternal.

“I'm almost discouraged, Jasper,” she declared one day to her brother, on his entrance into her little parlour. “I don't believe I'm making any progress at all with Sir John.”

“I don't believe you are either,” he returned, coolly. “I'm sure I try hard enough,” said Blanche, dis-

contentedly. “I've flattered him, humoured him, done everything, in fact, but make a downright proposal for the honour of his hand. What shall I do next?”

“You have performed your part so far like a thorough woman of the world,” said Jasper, “and you have no cause for despair. I think I can give even you a few suggestions, however—”

“What are they?”

“Don't be quite so impatient, my dear sister,” returned Jasper, leaning back on the sofa. “The work requires time. I don't think you have duly considered the stuff you wish to work upon. You go to work to ensnare Sir John with the same trap you would use for his son, who is an entirely different bird. Instead of charming costumes and juvenile airs, becoming as they are to your peculiar beauty, you might appear learned and all that. The baronet's mind is a great deal occupied with thoughts for his tenants, how to make them happier and more comfortable, and his reading consists of solid works on grave subjects. Now, if you were to interest yourself in these subjects—”

“But I don't like to,” interrupted Blanche, pettishly. “What do I care for his stupid tenants, or the last review? Still,” she added, “if that is the only way to ensure my object, I shall act upon your advice. After the marriage-service has once been read over us, I needn't bore myself with such subjects.”

“It is your only way to fascinate Sir John,” declared Jasper, gravely. “You needn't drop your French airs, you know. I think he rather likes them. But an assumption of dignity now and then may be very effective. I am sure I don't see how he can resist you!”

“You told me once since I came here, Jasper, that you thought the baronet was in love with somebody. I have kept my eyes open and seen no indications of the kind, so I think you must have been mistaken.”

“Perhaps so. I dare say I was, since I have seen nothing to confirm my hasty opinion,” said Jasper. “I see no reason why he should not be in love, though—and with you!”

Blanche smiled—a cold, calculating smile—and for some minutes seemed absorbed in thought, while her brother watched her impassive countenance.

“Whether I win him or not,” she said, at length, “I am sure of a home here. He couldn't turn me away, you know. And, having a foothold, if I fail to secure Sir John I may win Ralph. By the way, Jasper,” she added, with assumed carelessness, “if Sir John and his son were both to die, and without

wills, you and I would inherit Courtney Hall and all the Courtney estates, wouldn't we?"

Jasper's black eyes flashed a quick glance at his sister, but her face was cold and impassive, almost expressionless.

"No, we shouldn't be the next heirs," he said, slowly. "Until yesterday, however, I shared your opinion. I had forgotten the fact that the present baronet has a younger brother in India, or rather I thought him dead. Don't you remember Colonel Courtney, Blanche, who used to visit us at our bungalow in India, and who used to pet you so much?"

"I—I thought he was dead!"

"So did I. It was I who told you he was dead, having read in some daily that Colonel Courtney had died in India, but it wasn't Colonel William Courtney! So you see, Blanche, that there is one more life between us and the baronetcy and estates!"

Blanche gave a startled look at her brother, and her eye-lids drooped.

"I have indulged in some such speculations as you seem to have done," observed Jasper, with a smile. "But it is utterly futile to build up any hopes on such contingencies. No, Blanche, you must use the charms which nature has given you, and win wealth and a husband at one stroke. Other ladies, less beautiful than you, and in the midst of fashionable society, carry on the game of husband-hunting with success, but you have the advantage of them in having a roomy old mansion in the country as the scene of your efforts, and with opportunities to see the object of your attentions fifty times a day."

"I don't doubt but I shall win one or the other," said Blanche, complacently.

"You were successful enough in Paris to make you confident in yourself!" remarked Jasper.

To his surprise, Blanche turned scarlet and seemed greatly confused.

"Successful in Paris?" she stammered. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that you were quite a belle there when I visited you," he replied, pretending not to notice her emotion, although he was full of curiosity as to its cause. "Both French and English seemed to admire you greatly!"

Blanche seemed to breathe freer on hearing this simple explanation, and diverted her brother's attention from herself, by saying:

"By the way, how do you get along with Amber?"

"As well as I expected," was the reply. "I have begun by making her admire my musical genius and scholastic attainments. If Ralph will only stay away awhile, I have no doubt I shall succeed!"

"I can't see why you want to marry her," said Blanche, pettishly. "She'll never make a woman of the world!"

"I should hope not!" remarked Jasper, quietly.

"I infinitely prefer her as she is!"

"What! with that simplicity of hers? She has no diplomacy, no art, no—"

"I am glad of it. During the few days or weeks in which I have been permitted to have a close acquaintance with Amber, I have learned to appreciate her many noble qualities."

"Being so deceitful yourself," sneered Blanche, "you are enchanted with such a contrast to yourself."

"Or, looking behind the scenes as I do," responded Jasper, with a smile, "she appears to such grand advantage beside you! There's nothing like darkness to bring out light!"

Blanche bit her lip angrily, and glanced at her reflection in the opposite mirror.

Evidently the pretty picture that met her gaze mollified her, for she smiled and said:

"Well, love the freckled thing, if you want to! I also can't say anything against having her as a sister-in-law, although I can't bear the sight of her. As to the mystery about her birth, I suppose you know who she really is, Jasper?"

"I can't say I know it, but I am pretty certain who she is. I am extending my inquiries in a cautious manner, to settle the matter to my perfect satisfaction. When she is Mrs. Jasper Longley, she and you and the world shall know the secret of her birth! By the way," he added, looking out of the mullioned window, "there's the boy with the letter-bag, and there's Sir John waiting to receive it. I'll go down and see if there isn't something for me from London, in answer to the inquiries I spoke of. You had better come down as soon as you can, and talk with the baronet about his tenants and his revenue!"

With this advice, he quitted her chamber.

CHAPTER VI.

Oh! how impatience gains upon the soul,
When the long promised hour of joy draws near!

Here are a few of the unpleasant words
That ever blotted paper.

The baronet was seated on a side porch, looking over a pile of letters, when Jasper Longley approached

Mrs. Tighe.

Shakespeare.

him. He greeted his young relative with a smile, and said:

"Just in time, Jasper. Here's a letter for you from London. I was just going to send it to you!"

Jasper took the missive with some eagerness, and seated himself on the steps at the baronet's feet, answering:

"You seem to be more fortunate than I, Sir John, for you have two letters."

"So I have, and one is from Ralph," exclaimed the baronet, breaking the seal of one of the letters.

"I am impatient to see what the dear boy says."

He was soon completely absorbed in the contents of the letter, which was written in a bold, manly hand, that showed that the writer possessed unusual firmness and character.

Seeing Sir John so occupied with his son's letter, Jasper opened his missive and read it, with many changes of expression on his handsome features.

As he reached the bottom of the first page and lifted the leaf, a small picture fluttered out from between the leaves, and fell upon the floor of the porch.

He darted forward and picked it up, with an anxious glance at the baronet, who was too much absorbed in his letter to notice the movements of his companion.

Jasper replaced the picture in the shadow of his letter, and then looked at it long and earnestly.

It was the portrait of a lady of thirty years or thereabouts, and in the full maturity of a rare beauty. Her complexion seemed to be a clear brunette, while her hair had a golden glimmer about it. Her eyes looked dark, though not black, and they had a sad expression. Her dress betrayed her to belong to the ranks of wealth and fashion, her exquisite bust being draped with costly lace over a silken fabric, leaving her rounded shoulders uncovered. A necklace adorned her slender throat, and bracelets encircled her arms.

But what most struck the observer in looking at the picture was its striking resemblance to Amber.

A joyful gleam shone in Jasper's eyes as he marked this resemblance, and a look of intense satisfaction mantled his face.

He folded the letter, replacing the picture in it, and put it in his breast-pocket just as Sir John exclaimed, joyfully:

"Congratulate me, Jasper. My son is coming home on a visit. He will be here to-morrow!"

"To-morrow!" repeated Jasper, sharing the baronet's pleasure, but with different reasons. "Why, this is unexpected!"

"Yes, I am as surprised as anybody. How delighted Amber will be! Ralph got impatient to see us all, it seems, and decided to take a run home. I shall try to have him stay! I think," added Sir John, with a smile, "that I can offer him a very pleasant inducement to remain at the Hall."

At that moment Amber made her appearance from the mansion, and the baronet turned to her with a glowing countenance, and exclaimed:

"A letter from Ralph, darling. Guess what he says?"

"It must be good news, papa, judging by your bright face," returned the girl. "Has he won some great prize?"

"It's better news than that," said the baronet. "He's coming home. He'll be here to-morrow!"

Amber's face was a study at that moment—it was so full of joy and excitement.

"Coming home!" she cried, her face flushing and paling, and her form trembling with emotion. "That is glorious news!"

She sat at the baronet's feet, and looked over Ralph's letter, as if to assure herself of what she had heard; but in reality she saw nothing, the words all blurring together before her excited vision.

Jasper noticed her emotion, and understood its cause. He could see that her heart had been given to Ralph Courtney, and he was chagrined that he had not already been able to efface Ralph's image from her soul and place his own in its stead.

"You have another letter, Sir John," he said, with a forced smile. "I hope it contains equally good news!"

"Ah! I had forgotten it," returned the baronet, tearing it open. "It seems to be from Italy. I have no correspondents there!"

He glanced over the epistle, his countenance changing as he read, and he finally exclaimed:

"This letter is from my only brother, Colonel Courtney."

"But he is in India—"

"He was, Jasper, but started homewards some months since, and intended to surprise me by his unexpected arrival. It seems that he stopped to visit some places in Italy, and while making an excursion near Salerno, was captured by a party of Calabrian brigands. He is in their hands at this moment!"

"In the hands of brigands! I shouldn't have

thought, papa, they would have allowed him to write to you."

"They had no motives of humanity, Amber, in allowing him to do so. They exact as a ransom for him ten thousand pounds, which my brother begs me to have paid, as in the event of its refusal his life will be forfeited!"

"The wretches!" ejaculated Jasper. "You will pay this infamous demand, Sir John?"

"Of course," replied the baronet. "My brother is unable to do it, and the alternative is too fearful to be for a moment considered. Unjust as is the demand, it must be paid."

"But, papa," cried Amber, her eyes flashing, "I'd sooner hire soldiers to fight these brigands and rescue Uncle William. That would prevent their capturing any more travellers. I would resist this injustice!"

"So would I, if I could!" declared the baronet, "but it is impossible. William writes me that the fellows have carried him off to their retreat, a cave amongst the mountains, where no one could ever find him unless guided by one of the brigands. He also warns me that if I attempt to rescue him by violence he will be put to a horrible death! The ransom must be paid immediately!"

"How are you to send the money, Sir John?" asked Jasper, thoughtfully.

"I am to take it. I prefer to go myself. I have not seen my brother in so many years that I yearn for a sight of his face! Besides, if I go myself, I shall be sure that the money is not tricked away by the robbers, and my poor brother detained for a large amount!"

"But how can you find this secret cave, papa?" inquired Amber, anxiously. "Perhaps the robbers will imprison you too?"

"No, darling. The letter says that I am to go to Salerno, with the money, that a peasant will bring me a note where to meet the captain of the band with it, and he will be on the spot with my brother. I shall take care to look out for treachery, and give them no idea of my identity. I shall disguise myself and go as my own agent!"

"By so doing you will probably escape any snare that might be set for you," observed Jasper. "Your plan seems the best that can be devised."

"What plan?" cried a merry voice behind the little group. "You look as solemn as conspirators. What is the matter?"

As she spoke, Blanche Longley, in elegant array, stepped out upon the porch.

"We have both good news and bad news, my dear," said the baronet. "Ralph will be at home to-morrow."

"Oh, will he? How delightful! But the bad news—is Cousin Ralph ill?"

"No—thank God! But my brother, Colonel Courtney, on his way home through Italy, has fallen into the hands of brigands."

Blanche uttered a low cry of surprise.

A swift gleam of pleasure passed over her face, and was succeeded by a death-like pallor.

"Who hold him for ransom," continued the baronet, not noticing his guest's emotion. "I must pay them ten thousand pounds to release him."

"Shall you go yourself with the money?" asked Blanche.

"Yes. I shall start the day after to-morrow, after Ralph gets home, and I have had a brief interview with him!"

"Does—does Cousin William state the name of the brigand-chief?" inquired Blanche, with assumed carelessness, yet in reality suspending her breath to listen to his reply.

"He says he is called *Il Diavolo*, on account of his horrible crimes, and the cruelty with which he treats unransomed captives!"

Blanche reddened and paled again, while her form trembled with singular emotion. By a strong effort of her will, she recovered her equanimity without any one noticing her singular demeanour excepting Jasper. Nothing ever escaped his observation.

She tried to dissuade the baronet from going in person to the rescue of his brother, and she was joined in her persuasions by Amber, but Sir John declared it to be his duty to hasten to his brother and receive him with fraternal affection after his release.

"I shan't be gone a fortnight," he added, "and shall bring my brother home with me. During my absence you young people must enjoy yourselves to the utmost."

"We will try to do so," said Jasper, "but I fear our anxieties in regard to you will preclude any enjoyment. Shall you take the money in gold and notes?"

"No. That would not be safe. I shall take letters of credit, circular notes, or something of that sort. I can cash them when I arrive at Naples!"

Amber nestled close to her guardian's side, her heart oppressed with a gloomy foreboding which could

not be shaken off. Despite the joyful news of Ralph's intended visit home, a deep shadow had settled down upon her soul.

The baronet, noticing her silence and sadness, exerted himself to be hopeful and cheerful. He told her that the sum demanded by the brigands would in no wise cripple him or injure Ralph's prospects. He assured her that it could be spared and no one feel its loss. He then told her that she was to continue to act as mistress of the Hall, and that he expected her to be brave and hopeful during his absence.

"I have never been separated from the dear child before," he explained to his guests, "and it is natural that she should feel my absence deeply. You will both do all you can to cheer her, I am sure!"

Jasper and Blanche made earnest promises that they would do as the baronet requested, and Miss Longley wound her arm around Amber's waist in the most tender manner, kissing her affectionately.

"They love the dear child already," thought the baronet. "Blanche, dear artless girl, is very fond of her! And Amber thinks as much of her too. I am fortunate in being able to leave Amber with such friends!"

He soon after arose and went into the house, followed by his adopted daughter.

"How fortunate that Sir John is called away now," whispered Jasper to his sister, as they followed their host. "His absence leaves you free for your designs upon Ralph!"

CHAPTER VII.

His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmeliorated, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word (for far behind his worth
Came all the prizes that I now bestow),
He is complete in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Shakespeare.

At an early hour the next afternoon the handsome carriage and pair of Sir John Courtney drove up to the little station of Henpey. It was tenanted by the baronet alone. He did not wish any one to be present at his first interview with his son for several reasons, the principal of which was that he desired to explain to him his wishes in regard to Amber before the young man should see her.

The baronet did not alight from his vehicle, but his manner was full of excitement and restlessness. He looked at his watch again and again, re-read his son's letter to assure himself that he had made no mistakes in its meaning, sent one of his servants to inquire if the time for the arrival of the train had not been changed, and kept looking out of the carriage window to see if it were not in view.

At length the shrill steam-whistle sounded, and the baronet leaned back on the cushions and waited.

The train shot into the station, there was a little bustle among the officials, and but one passenger alighted—Ralph Courtney himself.

He was immediately greeted by Sir John's servant with a warm welcome, and led to the waiting carriage.

The next moment he was clasped in his father's arms. His trunk were cared for, and the carriage started homeward at a leisurely pace.

"Oh, my dear boy!" ejaculated the baronet, clasping his son's hand with a fervent pressure. "I am so happy to see you at home again. Let me see if you have changed any in your absence."

He held his son from him and surveyed him with loving admiration.

He might well be proud of him.

Ralph Courtney was tall and athletic, with a stalwart grace and a courtliness of manner that might have been envied by a prince. His complexion, naturally dark, was further bronzed by many exercises in the open air, but his dark, keen eyes, his firm-set lips, his thoughtful countenance, gave beyond its years, gave him a peculiar manly beauty. There was an expression of almost womanly sweetness on his mouth now as he looked upon the beaming face of his father.

"No, you have not changed!" said Sir John, pressing his son again to his heart. "You are the same Ralph I sent away to Germany."

"I am, indeed!" returned Ralph, with a smile. "But where is my little sister, father? Why didn't Amber come with you to welcome me home?"

"Oh, you miss her, do you?" cried the baronet, in delight. "You expected to see her with me and are disappointed, eh? But you are mistaking in calling her your 'little' sister. She is quite a woman, full sixteen, and isn't your sister at all!"

"I know it, father, but she seems like a sister, you know," replied Ralph, somewhat puzzled. "Besides, she bears our name and calls you father!"

"To be sure she does—the darling! But I want her to be my own child in law, and she'll have to be dearer to you than a sister!"

"I don't understand you, father!"

The baronet grew serious, as he said:

"You remember, my son, various allusions in my letters to a bride I have chosen for you?"

Ralph replied in the affirmative.

"Before I explain further," continued Sir John, anxiously, "I wish to ask you if you have an attachment to any woman abroad?"

"None whatever!" declared Ralph, heartily. "I haven't had time to think of love, father!"

"That is good. I have no hesitation now in telling you that the bride I have chosen for you is Amber herself!"

"Amber?"

"Yes. I have educated her for you, my boy, and she has well repaid all my care and love. She will be a noble wife to you—a better treasure than all my wealth."

"I never had a thought of Amber when I read those allusions in your letters, father," said Ralph, thoughtfully. "I supposed you were only joking me. Has Amber grown up pretty?"

"She is beautiful! And so good, so sweet-tempered, so lovely and patient! You can't help falling in love with her!"

Ralph smiled at his father's enthusiasm.

"If Amber is so good and beautiful," he said, "I cannot fail to love her. She was a good child when I went away—and as loving and gentle as a dove! The Hall, I suppose, remains unchanged?"

"Yes. There has never been any need of enlarging it. It will hold a great many people, you know. It doesn't seem half occupied, although we have company. Your three cousins, the Longleys, are visiting us!"

"Captain Longley's children? I never saw them, but I heard of their existence years ago. They must be grown up by this time!"

"They are. But here we are in full view of the Hall. In a moment more you will see Amber."

The great iron gates swung open and the carriage rolled swiftly up the lime-shaded avenue to the mansion.

Jasper Longley was standing upon the steps, and as father and son alighted he rushed forward to greet the new arrival.

The baronet introduced the young gentlemen to each other and then, drawing his son's arm in his own, he led him into the mansion to the drawing-room.

Amber, flushed and agitated, stood in the centre of the apartment.

"Amber, this is Ralph!" said the baronet quietly, although his face glowed with pride in the young couple. "I will leave you to greet each other while I apologise to Jasper for deserting him just now!"

He left the room.

Ralph took the girl's hand, and greeted her kindly, but he did not kiss her, as he would have done had he not been aware of his father's wish for him to marry her. His manner was most respectful, and full of interest in her, yet it was not free from embarrassment.

Amber was not even looking near so well as usual at that moment.

Her face was suffused with blushes, her manner was embarrassed, and it was not strange, after his father's eulogiums of her, that Ralph was disappointed in her.

"You have grown a great deal since I saw you last," he said; "but, after all, I should have known you anywhere, Amber."

The girl looked up shyly and faltered a reply.

At this moment the door opened and Blanche Longley entered the room.

"Cousin Ralph!" she exclaimed, advancing towards him, her face full of animation, and her hands outstretched. "But I forget that my name may not be as familiar to you as yours to me. I am Blanche Longley!"

Ralph turned to her, grasping her hands and expressing his pleasure at meeting her.

Soon after, the baronet and Jasper entered the drawing-room, arm-in-arm, and a pleasant family re-union followed.

Ralph related the principal events of his life in his absence, inquired after old friends and neighbours, and learned from his father's lips the story of his uncle's captivity among the Calabrian brigands.

The afternoon and evening wore away in conversation, and at a late hour the party separated.

The baronet led his son to the library, which was lighted for their use.

"Sit down, Ralph," he said, giving him a chair. "I want to have a confidential interview with you. You have seen Amber. How are you pleased with her?"

Ralph hesitated.

He could not acknowledge that he thought Amber beautiful, and he did not wish to pain his father by a statement of his real opinion.

The girl's muddy complexion, her downcast eyes, and timid air, made up a picture which seemed to him the very reverse of what his father had declared.

"Ah! I see!" said the baronet, smiling. "You are favourably impressed with her! It's a clear case of love at first sight!"

"Not so, father," replied Ralph, gravely. "I have seen so little of Amber that I feel only a brotherly interest in her. Perhaps, as I get to know her better—"

"Yes, a week or two under the same roof with her will not fail to make her goodness known to you."

"This seems to be a serious project of yours, father," remarked the young man. "You seem to have set your heart upon my marriage with Amber?"

"So I have—so I have! I trained her for you, my son. Her tastes have been modelled after yours, she has been taught those accomplishments you prefer, and in every particular of her education I have looked forward to the time when she would become your wife. Providence has favoured my scheme, for you have come home heart-whole!"

A shadow flitted over Ralph's face as he asked:

"Does Amber know of this plan of yours to unite us?"

"Of course she does. And she loves you as you deserve. I suppose I ought not to betray her love for you, and that it will be sweeter to hear the confession from her own lips, but it's a fact, my boy—Amber has already given you her heart!"

The shadow returned to Ralph's face as he exclaimed:

"But, father, is this right? Suppose I do not love Amber, her life will be blighted—that is, if her love should be anything more than a childish affection!"

The baronet turned pale.

"Why, Ralph," he said, leaning forward, with an anxious look on his noble face, "you said you loved no one abroad! What danger is there, then, that Amber will be condemned to misery? Her love is no childish affection. It is the outpouring of her soul! You do not mean to disappoint my fondest hopes, my son?"

Sir John's tones faltered as he asked the last question.

Ralph thought of Amber as a homely child, and there flitted before his mental vision a picture of Blanche Longley with her gold-tinted hair and soft blue eyes, as she had appeared to him in the drawing-room.

He had not fallen in love with Blanche at first sight, however.

He had seen few women in his student life, and those few were of a vastly different type to this airy, bewitching Blanche, and involuntarily he felt a strong interest in her, and a desire to know her better.

Throughout the evening she had absorbed his attention, to the almost entire exclusion of Amber.

"I do not mean to disappoint you, father," he replied. "I will try to love Amber, since her affections are enlisted; but it seems to me that, at her age, she should be thinking of books instead of a husband."

"But that is my fault, Ralph, if fault it is—"

"I shall endeavour to please you, father, in my choice of a wife, and I dare say I shall soon get to love Amber as she deserves."

"I don't doubt it, my son. I shall leave home with a light heart as regards you and Amber. I shall go early in the morning, and hope to return within a fortnight, accompanied by your uncle William. You will pay a great deal of attention to Amber in my absence? She is very sensitive, Ralph."

"I will do as you desire, father," said the young man, affectionately. "I will study Amber and endeavour to love her—since your heart is so set upon our marriage!"

The baronet smiled with delight.

"Then the matter is all arranged?" he said, pressing his son's hand. "When I return, I shall expect you to meet me with a demand to hasten your marriage-day! But you are tired, and I shall need a great deal of rest before undertaking my journey. Let me show you up to your old rooms!"

He conducted his son upstairs, and then retired to his own chamber.

(To be continued.)

GEOLOGY OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.—The Ionian Islands and Grecian Archipelago appear to have been submerged to a great extent during the tertiary period. In the former and Syra this is very distinctly marked. The unworn state of the fragments of stone in the deposits at Zante, and the regularity of the strata, would indicate quiet waters; but the stones are much rolled at Syra. At Cerigo, the presence of eulimæ would denote waters of some depth, and the worn stones an agitated sea. At the Dragonera Islands, on the east coast, I found good-sized pebbles of red and grey granite of fine texture, lava, and limestone, and fragments of stalactites, mixed up, more or less, with fine red sand and ferruginous dust. The rocks in

some places present the appearance of Silurian mud-stone, with here and there small patches of red sandstone remaining on them. The following shells are found in the tertiary strata at Zarto: Litorinidae, Cerithium trifloris, Murexidae and Cardiumedule. After the heavy rains of the winter 1863-4, I found, in a nearly perpendicular cliff of pliocene clay, a small piece of pottery projecting at the height of about eight feet from the ground, but as no more was met with after a diligent search, nothing can be built upon it. At Cerigo there are evidences of very extensive denudation in all parts of the island I visited, and the shells are numerous. Amongst those that refer to the present subject were Cerithiidae, Pyramidellidae, Planaxis sulcata, and various Helices. In one recess in a ravine, where a stratum of clay had collected, like London clay without the nodules of Septaria, in a diurnal bed immediately over this clay, there were all the above-named shells, together with Eulima, Ostrea cornucopiae, and other oysters. This spot is about 450 feet above the present level of the sea. I found the same kind of shells, except the Eulima and Ostrea, at Syra.—JOHN JAMES LAKE.

THE PETRIFIED PIPER.

CHAPTER I.

Irish legends almost invariably remind me of the field of Waterloo. When our tourists rushed, en masse, to behold the spot on which the destinies of Europe had been decided, they exhibited the usual relic-buying mania. Bullets and helmet ornaments, rusty pistols and broken swords, buttons and spurs, and such things were soon disposed of; while of the tourists it might be said, as of the host from Dunsinane, "the cry is still they come!" So the demand exceeding the supply, the Belgian peasantry began to make relics, and a very profitable trade it has been, even to this very day.

Fermoy is one of the prettiest towns in Ireland. It is not very remote from that distinguished place—of pigs and porter—known as "the beautiful city called Cork." Some persons prefer the country-town to the crowded city; for, though its trade be small, its society rather fond of scandal, its church without a steeple, and its politicians particularly intolerant, it is the heart of a picturesque tract, and there flows through it that noble river, the Blackwater, honourably known in song as the place where be

The trout and the salmon
A-playing backgammon,
All on the banks of sweet Castle Hyde!

The scenery around Fermoy is indeed most beautiful, and, above all, in more meanings than one, it has Corvin Thierna, which, to the inhabitants who have beheld none others of nature's eminencies, appears a mountain entitled to vie with the most respectable of the Alps, Apennines, or Pyrenees.

Although Fermoy now contains nearly seven hundred houses (stables and pig-sties exclusive), and a population of nearly seven thousand souls—men, women, and children, to say nothing of horses, oxen, mules, donkeys, cats, dogs, and such other creatures as have no souls—it was not always such an extensive or populous place.

In every town there is an authority known as "within the memory of the oldest inhabitant," and this declares that some fifty years ago Fermoy was a small, a very small hamlet, consisting of no more than half-a-dozen mud-cabins, luxuriously built, in point of situation, so as to enjoy, front and rear, as much as possible of the morning and afternoon sunshine. These domiciles were ranged in a row, and hence may be deduced the simile, "all one side, like the town of Fermoy."

The energies of one man, the late John Anderson, who introduced mail-coaches into Ireland, raised Fermoy into a populous and thriving town, which in 1809 was a merry place, partly owing to the mirth, whose chief minister was Remmy Carroll, son of old Carroll, the piper.

As Remmy is the hero of my tale, it is fit that I should describe him. Irish phraseology would emphatically distinguish him as "a mighty clever boy," the expression being a synonym to express that this Hibernian Orpheus stood "six feet two in his stocking vamps."

Remmy Carroll's apparel was not quite as elegant as that which, at the same time, Beau Brummel sported. His coat, originally of a blue frieze, had worn down by age and service to a sort of grey tessellated-like, mosaic work, with emendations of the original substance carefully annexed thereto by Remmy's own fingers.

The garment, like the wearer, knew many a fray, and Remmy was wont to observe, when he sat down to repair these breaches, that he was then, like a rich man, occupied in taking in his rents.

Care is not very likely to kill a man who can jest

upon his own poverty. Accordingly Carroll was one of the most light-hearted fellows in town or country. He was a gentleman who lived how and where he could, and was welcome everywhere.

It was hinted that where wealthier men had been coldly received, Remmy Carroll had met with looks and words of encouragement.

The fair sex are proverbially of a kind nature, especially towards young men who, like Carroll, have handsome features, jocund speech, lofty stature and symmetry of limb.

What was more, Remmy knew that he was a favourite with the rosy-cheeked Venuses of Fermoy, nor is it at all wonderful that he knew himself to be a very personable fellow—what Coleridge calls "a noticeable man."

It would be tedious to expatiate very particularly upon the extent and variety of Remmy Carroll's accomplishments.

He followed the hereditary profession of his family, being distinguished far and near for his really splendid execution on the Irish pipes; an instrument which, if properly played, can "discourse most excellent music," and almost excite the very chairs, tables and three-legged stools to dance!

One set of pipes is worth a dozen fiddles, for it can "take the shine out of them all" in point of loudness, ay, and the pipes can do more than make a noise. The warrior who is boldest in the field is gentle in the boudoir of his lady-love; and so the Irish pipes, which can sound a strain almost as loud as a trumpet-call, can also pour forth a tide of melody, sweet, soft, low as the first whispers of mutual love. You have never felt the eloquent expression of Irish music unless you heard it from Irish pipes.

Remmy Carroll could out-walk, out-run, and out-leap any man in the barony of Condons and Clon-gibbons; ay, or of any five baronies in the county of Cork, the Yorkshire of Ireland.

He could back the most vicious steed that ever reared and kicked against human supremacy.

He had challenged big Brown of Kilworth to wrestle with him, and had given him two falls out of three, a thing which the said big one took so much to heart that he emigrated to America, and in process of time became a justice of peace, tavern keeper and major in Kentucky.

But Remmy Carroll could do more than all this; he could swim like a fish, was the only man who had ever been known to dive under that miniature maelstrom which eddies at the base of the "Nailor's Rock," and before he was one-and-twenty had saved nine unfortunates from being drowned in the Blackwater.

He was a crack hand at a faction fight, in a fair; only sometimes, siding with the weaker party in reckless chivalry, he was found battling against his own side.

No one could beat him at harly or foot-ball; he sang an Irish lilt with spirit and sweetness. Having had the advantage of three years' instruction at Tim Daly's far-famed academy, he was master of the mystery of reading and writing.

He knew by the taste if potheen was sufficiently "above proof."

He had a ten-Irishman power of love-making, and while the maidens with blushes and smiles and softly simulated anger would say, "Be done, Remmy, for a deluder as ye are!" there usually was such a sly intelligence from their bright eyes that he was not unwelcome, that Remmy felt it his duty to kiss them into perfect good humour and forgiveness.

But I am cataloguing his accomplishments at too much length; let it suffice to declare that he was the Admirable Crichton of the district.

Remmy Carroll was an independent man, for he had no settled habitation.

He was a popular man, for every house was open to him from Mulcahy's, who lived with his wife and pig in a windowless mud cabin at the foot of Carrin Thierna to Mr. Bartle Mahony's, who had a three hundred acre farm at Carrigabrick. But at the latter place he had not called of late.

Bartle Mahony was a man of substance. Had he lived now he would probably have kept a hunter for himself, and a jaunting car for his daughter. But the honest, substantial farmer had too much good sense to sink into the squireen.

He was passing rich in the world's eye, but some thought less of his wealth than of his daughter Mary. Of all who admired none loved her half as well as poor Remmy Carroll, who loved her the more deeply because his wealth and her poverty shut him out from all reasonable prospect of success.

He admired, nay, that is too weak a word, he almost adored her, and scarcely dared own even to his own heart how closely her image was blended with the very life of his being.

Mary Mahony was an Irish beauty; the most indescribable thing in the world, and to which the pencil of McEllis has alone done justice.

She was an heiress in her own right, having five hundred pounds left her as the legacy of an old maiden aunt near Mitchelstown, who had taken care of her from her twelfth year, when she left the famous school of the renowned Tim Daly—where she and Remmy Carroll used to write at the same desk—until some eight months previous to the date of our story, when the maiden aunt died and Mary returned to her father.

With all her good fortune as heiress to her deceased relative and the reasonable expectation of inheriting her father's property—realities and expectations enough to turn the head of any other damsel of eighteen—Mary Mahony was anything but proud or conceited; her dress was always neat, but many maidens with far less means wore much more showy and expensive apparel.

Her dark hair, drawn plainly on the forehead at either side, was covered by a neat net cap, with plain ribbons and borders. A blue cloth cloak, with the sides and hood lined with black sarsnet, and a steel gown, which in its close fit exhibited the exquisite beauty of her form, completed a dress much less glaring than young and handsome Irish girls are usually fond of.

But Mary Mahony's beauty required nothing to set it off; I do not exaggerate when I say that it was literally dazzling. Twenty years after the date of this narrative I saw her, and even then was struck with admiration at her matured loveliness; how rich then must it have been in the bud!

Mary was, as Remmy Carroll said before he knew that he loved her—for then he never breathed her name to mortal ear—"the moral of a darling creature, only 'twould be hard to say whether she was most good or handsome." Her hair, as I have said, was dark; and her eyes were of so deep a blue that she out of ten on whom they glanced might mistake them for dark. And then the long lashes that veiled them, and the lovely cheek ("oh, call it fair, not pale") on which their silky length reposed, and the lips so red and pouting, and the bust whose gentle heaving was just visible behind the modest kerchief which covered it, and the brow white as snow, but not too high, and the fingers tapering and round, and the form little and graceful, and the feet small and well formed, and the nameless air which gave dignity and grace to every motion of this country girl—oh! beautiful was Mary Mahony, beautiful as the bright image of a poet's dream, the memory of which he shadows forth in the verse that challenges immortality in the minds of men.

The contour of her face was neither Roman, nor Grecian, nor Gothic; it was essentially Irish, and I defy you to find a lovelier. The only drawback (if I must be candid) was that her nose had somewhat of an upward inclination; this, which sometimes lent a certain sauciness to what otherwise was a Madonna-like face, only made her not too handsome; at least, so thought her lovers. Lastly, she had the sweetest voice that ear ever heard; true it was that it had the distinguishing accents of her country, but with her, as with Scott's Ellen, they were

Silvery sounds, so soft, so dear,
The listener held his breath to hear!

It was in the summer of 1809 that, for the first time since both of them were children and schoolmates, Remmy Carroll spoke to Mary Mahony. Often had he seen her at the dance, which without his aid could not be, but in which, alas! he could not join; often had he admired the natural grace of her movements; often had he been struck by the bewitching modesty of mien and action which had the power of suddenly changing the rakish, rollicking gallantry of her followers (for she was a ruling toast) into a most respectful homage; often had he noticed her at chapel, whither she came to pray while others flouted and gazed as if they had come but for seeing and to be seen; often had he followed her footsteps at a distance—for the very ground on which she trod was hallowed to this humble lover—but never yet had he dared to hope.

The shortest way from Fermoy to Carrigabrick is by the banks of the Blackwater, and this way, on Whitsunday, 1809, was taken by Mary Mahony and a merry cousin of hers a few years younger. There are stiles to be crossed and ditches to be jumped over, and even a pretty steep wall to be climbed.

Remmy Carroll, who knew that they would thus return home, had followed the maidens afar off, and sighed to think as they crossed the wall with a world of laughter, that he did not dare to assist them over it. With all his love he had hitherto avoided the chance of even a casual notice from the object of his untold passion. She was wealthy, he was poor, and therefore he shrunk from her observation. But she knew, what indeed all the parish were acquainted with, that Remmy devoted the greater part of his earnings not alone to the support of a bed-ridden old aunt, but even to procuring her what might be esteemed luxuries rather than comforts. Whether

might be the deficiencies in Remmy Carroll's wardrobe, his old aunt never without "the raking cup of tea" morning and evening. Was it because she had noticed that Remmy Carroll avoided her that the bright eye of Mary Mahoney rested upon him with interest, and that she liked to listen to her father's praise of his conduct towards that aged relative, for whose comfortable support he sacrificed dress—the natural vest for youthful vanity.

Mary and her cousin went on through the fields until they reached the most difficult pass. This was a deep chasm separating two meadows; a deep and rapid stream flowed through the abyss, whirlingly pouring its current into the Blackwater. The maidens lightly tripped down the steps which were cut on the side of the chasm. Remmy drew nearer. Hark! a sudden shriek! He cleared the wall at a bound—he dashed across the field—in one minute he was at the bottom of the abyss. He saw that Mary's cousin had reached the other side, where she stood wringing her hands and screaming in the agony of despair, while Mary (precipitated into the deep and swollen stream, her foot having slipped) was being hurried into the eddies of the treacherous river. There was no time for delay. He plunged into the stream, dived for the body which had just then sunk again, and in less time than it takes to tell, he had placed his insensible but still lovely *treasure trove* on the bank which he had just quitted.

The other girl no sooner saw that her cousin had been rescued than, according to custom, I presume, in such cases, she swooned away, leaving poor Remmy to take care of Mary Mahoney.

With the gentlest care he could employ, he exerted his best skill to restore her, and, in a short time, had the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing her open her eyes. She glanced wildly around and again closed them. Soon came the return of bloom to her cheek, for she now felt that she lay supported in the arms of Remmy Carroll. For as he leaned over her, and her breath came softly upon his face, his lips involuntarily touched hers, and the maiden, who felt the thrilling pressure of that stolen kiss, might be forgiven if, at that moment, there came into her woman's heart a deeper, kinder feeling than common gratitude.

By this time her cousin had thought proper to recover, and hastened to afford the feminine attentions more suitable to Mary's situation than any which Remmy could bestow.

He had the satisfaction, however, of carefully taking Mary across the stream in his arms, and before he departed she had softly whispered her thanks, and in her tone and manner there was that which breathed hope to him even against hope.

He loitered about until they were out of sight, and just as Mary Mahoney was vanishing through the stile which opened into her father's lands she turned round, saw her deliverer watching her at a distance, and kissed her hand to him.

From that hour the current of his life flowed on with a fresher bound, the fountain of hope welled out its waters for the first time into its depths.

To the world he would not have dared to avow his new-born hope that Mary Mahoney might one day be his. In his heart of hearts it lay; and with it was the feeling that to win her he must merit her. How he knew not, but the very resolve is much.

Three months glided on. Carroll still pursued his vocation as a music-manufacturer, and not a wedding or christening passed by, or indeed could pass by, without his being at it, professionally. But he now became what a young Irishman seldom is, a hoarder of his earnings. He laid aside that wild and reckless mirth which had made him, despite his poverty, the king of good fellows.

Remmy was some degrees above the generality of his class; for he could retail the news from the newspapers to a wondering auditory, and the marvel was how he could be "such a janitor intirely." Hence his popularity with all classes; he was a perambulating chronicle of intelligence to the old, and he was a favourite with the young as a parochial Orpheus! But now, as I have said, he laid aside all mirth which involved outlay, and his manners became sedate, almost grave; nay, if we dare venture to apply such high words to an Irish piper, a certain degree of quiet dignity became mingled with his speech and actions. Like Coleridge's wedding-guest, he seemed "a sadder and a wiser man." Such a change could not pass unobserved; and while one-half of his circle of acquaintance shook their heads and whispered, "sure the boy must be fairy-struck," the fairer moiety believed that he was in love, though with whom was more than their sagacity could determine.

The object of his newly acquired habits of economy and self-denial became evident at last, when, one Sunday Remmy Carroll entered the chapel of Fermoy (it was the old chapel which stood at the head of what is now called Waterloo Lane) and caused a most uncommon sensation.

It was Remmy's first appearance in the attire of a

country beau! His ancient coat, placed in Schedule A (like the pocket-boroughs in the Reform Bill), was replaced by a garment from the tasty hands of Dandy Cash, at that time the Stultz of Fermoy and its vicinity. This was a broad skirted coat of blue broadcloth, delicately embellished with shining gilt buttons, each not much larger than a crown piece. A vest of bright yellow kerseymer, with a double row of mother-of-pearl studs; a new pair of closely-fitting unmentionables, with drab ribbons pensile at the knees, grey stockings, of the ridge-and-furrow sort, neat brogues, with soles not more than a half-inch thick, and the uppers made elegant by the joint appliances of lamp-black and grease; a shirt of exquisite whiteness (the *non tanger* of provincial buckism) with a silk grinder round his neck, and a tall Carlisle hat, encompassed by an inch-wide ribbon, completed the costume of Remmy Carroll.

He was now quite a new man, the handsomest of the whole congregation, and many a bright glance fell admiringly upon him from eyes that had looked scorn at his chrysalis condition; and not a few fair bosoms flattered at the thought "what a fine, handsome, likable boy is Remmy Carroll, now that he's decent!"

He was not the first man whose qualifications have remained unacknowledged, until such an accident as fine apparel made them noticed.

Mary Mahoney was at chapel that day, and a casual looker-on might be pardoned if he thought she was one of the very few who did not mind Remmy. Her father, who had always a kind salute for him, insisted that they should hurry out and speak to him. Accordingly, when, as usual, Remmy Carroll was quietly stealing away, Bartle Mahoney accosted him, warmly thanked him for having saved his daughter's life, and added:

"It is not till now I'd be waiting to thank you, man alive! but Mary never let me know the danger she'd been in until this blessed morning, when her cousin, Nancy Doyle, made me sensible of the ins and outs of the accident. But I do thank you, Remmy, and will find a better way of showing it than by words, which is only lip service."

With this, slapping Remmy on the back, he insisted that he should wend homeward with them and take share of dinner.

"Don't hang down your head like a girl, but tuck Mary under your arm and off to Carrigabrick, where I'll follow in less than no time with the heartiest of welcomes. Don't be dawdling away shilly shally there, like a goose, but walk off, like a man."

So through the town of Fermoy did Mary Mahoney walk with Remmy, and history relates that though she never once took his arm—for in truth he was too shy to offer it, deeming that too great a liberty—it was she who took the field route to Carrigabrick, and though she blushed deeply the while, she could scarcely credit my relation.

Well, then there was this gentle pressure, but of course Mary Mahoney thought he could not help it. Nor could he.

They proceeded to Carrigabrick, but the short cut through the fields proved the longest way round, for Bartle Mahoney had been at home half an hour before their arrival.

They had exchanged few words during their walk. It was not for the maiden to make conversation, and Remmy's thoughts were all too deep for utterance. In the earlier stages of love silence has an eloquence of its own.

Remmy Carroll had the good fortune to win the particular regard of Mr. Bartle Mahoney, who, as he was retiring to rest, kissed his fair child as usual, and emphatically declared that Remmy was a "rude decent fellow, and no humbug about him."

It chanced to happen henceforward, somehow or other, that scarcely a day passed in which Remmy did not visit Carrigabrick. The visits were ostensibly to Mr. Mahoney, but Remmy had always a glimpse of, and sometimes a word with, Mary. Finally, as for an excuse to have Remmy constantly near him, Bartle Mahoney resolved that Mary should learn music, and appointed Remmy to give her lessons. But that unfeminine instrument, the pipes, was all that Remmy could play upon, and he well knew that Mary would decline instruction upon them.

Having hinted this difficulty to Bartle Mahoney, that hinted, rather than wholly abandon the project, declared that he would become the musical tyro! Little wish had the good farmer to learn, and no taste whatever, but as Remmy Carroll—proud as he was poor—had refused the money offered him as a substantial mark of gratitude for having saved his daughter's life, this was the indirect mode of rewarding him!

Very magnificent were the terms which he insisted on making with the piper; he could have been taught flute, harp, piano, and violin at less cost. Very little progress did the kind old man make; but he laughed the loudest at his own discords and dull-

ness. If the pupil did not make good use of his time the master did; before the end of the first quarter Mary Mahoney had half confessed to her own heart that she had involuntarily taken lessons in the art of love!

How came Mary Mahoney to fall in love with Remmy Carroll, for fall in love she did? Perhaps it was out of gratitude; perhaps it was his fine person; perhaps because she heard every girl of her acquaintance praise him; perhaps because he was her father's favourite; or it may be that she loved him because she could not help it.

Why should I strive to find a reason for woman's love? It is like one of the mighty rivers springing up one knows not where, augmented one knows not how; sweeping onward, sometimes smoothly, sometimes in awful rapids, and bearing on its deep and constant current, amid weeds and flowers, rocks and sands, many a precious freight of hope and heart, of life and love!

Fathers and husbands are so proverbially the very last to see the progress which love clandestinely makes under their roofs that you will not account it a special miracle if Bartle Mahoney did not notice the game which was going on, hearts being trumps! Mary's merry cousin, Nancy Doyle, quietly laughed at the flirtation as "fine fun," and seriously did not see why it should not end in a wedding, as Mary had fortune enough for both.

The winter passed away and spring waved her flag of emerald over the rejoicing world. Mary Mahoney was walking in one of her father's meadows, for Remmy Carroll was expected, and he was now, though her heart dreaded to confess it, the very polestar of her thoughts. He came up, and was welcomed with as sweet a smile as ever scattered sunshine over the human soul. They walked side by side for a little time, and then Remmy broke the unusual silence by stating, for the maiden's information, that it was very fine weather.

"True for you, Remmy," answered she, "see how beautiful everything looks. The blessed sunbeams fall upon the meadows in a shower of light, and make the very grass look glad!"

"It is beautiful," said Remmy, with a sigh, "but I have too heavy a heart to look upon these things as you do."

"Surely," responded she, "surely, you've got no cause to say that. Have you heard any very bad news?"

"No cause! is it no cause? Oh, Mary, dear, for you are dear to me, and I may say it now, for maybe I'll never be here to say it again. Is it no cause to have a heavy heart, when I have none to tell what it is that weighs it down? Is it no cause to know there's none in this wide world that I can speak to about her that's the very life of my soul, while I know that I am nothing to her, but one that she'll see to-day and forget to-morrow? Is it no cause, when I know that this little linnet that's now singing on that bough, has as much chance of becoming an eagle as I have of being thought lovingly of by the one that I love? Haven't I cause to be of a heavy heart, knowing that I can be no more regarded than that little bird, if I'd try and fly beyond the state I'm in? when I know that I'm not many removes from a beggar, and have been months back dreaming away as if I was your equal. You might one day think that I'd deserve you, and have a kind heart for one who loves you better than he loves himself. Oh, Mary Mahoney, may God's blessing keep you from ever knowing what it is to love without hope."

Overcome by his emotion—ay, almost to tears—poor Remmy suddenly stopped. Mary Mahoney, astonished by the unexpected but scarcely unpleasant matter of his address, knew not, for a brief space, what answer to make. But she was a woman, a young and a loving one, so she let her heart speak from its fullness.

"Maybe," said she, with a blush which made her look more beautiful than ever, "maybe, 'tis a foolish thing, Mr. Carroll, to love without hoping;" and she looked at him with an expressive smile, which, unfortunately, he could not distinguish through the tears, which were now rolling down his cheeks, as round and nearly as large as rosary beads!

"It's of no use," said he, not perceiving the motive of her words, "it's no use trying to banish you from my mind. I have put a penance on myself for daring to think of you, and it's of no use. The more I try not to think the more I find my thoughts upon you. I try to forget you, and as I walk the fields by day you come before my mind, and when I sleep at night you come into my dreams. Wherever I am, or whatever I do, you come up beside me with a sweet, kind smile. Every morning of my life I make a promise to my heart that I will not ever again look upon that smile, too sweet and too kind for such as me, and my steps turn towards you before the day is half done. But it is of no use. I must quit the place altogether and go for a soldier; and, Mary, if I

should fall in the battle, they'll find your name written upon my heart."

To a maid who loved as well as did Mary Mahony there was a touching pathos in the simple earnestness of this confession—ay, and an eloquence, too, for truth is the better part of true eloquence.

How long she might have been inclined to play the coquette I cannot resolve; but the idea of her lover leaving her threw off all *finesse*, and she said, in a low tone, which yet found an echo and made a memory in his heart:

"Remmy, dear Remmy, you must not leave me. If you go, my heart goes with you, for I like you, poor as you are, better than the richest lord in the land with his coronet of jewels on his head."

What more she might have said I may not tell, for these welcome words were scarcely spoken when her further speech was pleasantly arrested by a very hearty kiss from Remmy.

Oh, the first kiss of mutual love! What is there on earth with so much of the soft and gentle balm of heaven?

There they stood, the world all forgot, as they whispered each to each that deep passion with which they had so long been heartful.

There were gentle sighs and pleasant tears from the maiden, but these last Carroll gallantly kissed away. There was, in sooth,

A world of whispers, mixed with low response,
Sweet, short, and broken as divided strains,
Of nightingales.

"And you will not think the worse of me, Remmy, for being so foolish as to say that I love you?"

"Is it me, life of my heart? Not unless you say that it was foolish to love me. Sure they were the happiest words I ever heard!"

"And you will not go as a soldier?"

"Not I, darling! Let those who have heavy hearts and no hope do that same."

Much more was spoken. Very tender confessions, in truth, which I care not to repeat, for such are the holidays of life and love, and scarcely bear to be made familiar.

They resemble those eastern flowers which have a sweet perfume on the soil to which they are native, but lose their fragrance if you remove them to any other clime.

At last, with many a "just one word more," many a gentle pressure of the hand, and two or three very decided movements, belonging to the genus "kiss" in the botany of love, Mary and Remmy parted.

Happy, sweetly and sadly happy (for deep passion is meditative), Mary Mahony returned home. She hastened to that apartment peculiarly called her own, threw herself upon the bed, and indulged in the luxury of tears; for it is not sorrow alone that relieves itself by tears, they fall for hope fulfilled as truly though less often than for hope baffled.

Weep on, gentle maiden! weep in joy, while you can, for close at hand is the hour in which the sparkling draught of happiness may be dashed from your lip ere you can taste it.

CHAPTER II.

ALIKE delighted and surprised at finding Mary Mahony a sharer in the emotions which so wildly filled his own heart Remmy Carroll returned to Fermoy, in that particular mood which is best described by the topsy-turvy term, "he did not know whether he stood upon his head or his heels." He rested until evening at a friend's, and started with him about dusk for a farmer's, on the other side of Corrin Thierma, where there was to be a wedding that night, at which Remmy and his pipes were almost as necessary as the priest and the bridegroom.

As they were passing on the mountain's base, taking the soft path on the turf, instead of the hard highway, Remmy suddenly stopped.

"There's music somewhere about here," said he, listening.

"Maybe it's only a singing in your head," replied Pat Minahan. "I've known such things, specially if one had been taking a sup extra overnight."

"Hush!" said Remmy, "I hear it again as distinctly as ever I heard the sound of my own pipes. There 'tis again. How sweetly it sinks and swells on the evening wind!"

Minahan paused and listened.

"Sure enough, then, there is music in the air. Oh, Remmy Carroll, 'tis you're the lucky boy, for this is fairy music, and 'tis said whoever hears it first, as you did, is born to great luck!"

"Never mind the luck," said Remmy, with a laugh. "There's a fairy ring above there, and I be bound it's from that place it comes. You see there is foxglove that makes nightcaps for them, and there's heath bells that they have for drinking-cups, and there's sorrel that they have for tables, when the mushroom's not in, and there's the green grass within the ring as smooth as your hand, for 'tis worn down by their

little feet when they dance in the clear light of the full moon. I'm sure the music came from that fairy ring."

"Maybe it does," replied Minahan, "and maybe it doesn't. If you please, I'd rather move than stand here like a pillar of salt, for it's getting dark, and fairies aren't the people I'd like to meet in a lonely place. 'Twas somewhere about here, if I remember right, that Phil Connor, the piper, had a thril of skill with the fairies who'd play best, and they turned him into stone, pipes and all. It happened, Remmy, before your father came to these parts; but surely, you heard of it before?"

"Not I," said Remmy, "and if I did I wouldn't heed it."

"Oh, then," replied his companion, with an ominous shake of the head at Remmy's incredulity, "it's as thrue as that you're alive and kicking this blessed moment. I heard my mother tell it when I was a gossoon, and she heard the whole of it from her aunt's cousin's son, who larned all the ins and outs of the story from a faymalls friend of his, who had it on the very best authority. Phil Connor was a piper, and a mighty fine player intirely. As he was coming home from Rathormac, one fine moonshiny night, who should come right forenent him, on this very same mountain, but a whole bundle of the fairies, singin' skippin' and discoursin' like Christians. So, they up and axed him, in the civilist way in nature, if he'd favour them with a planxy on his pipes; now, lettin' alone that Phil was as brave as a lion, and wouldn't mind facing an angry woman, let alone a batch of hop-o'-my-thumb fairies, he was always a decent boy, and hadn't the heart to say no when he was civilly axed. So Phil struck up the fox-hunter's jig, and, to be sure and sarlin, he was the lad that could play; no offence to you, Remmy. They all begun to caper, and danced here and there, backward and forud, and to fro, just like the motes you'd see dancing in a sunbeam. At last Phil stopped, all of a suddint, and they gathered round him and axed him why he did not go on? and he told them that 'twas dying with the drouth he was, and he must have something to wet his whistle; which same is only fair as far as pipers is concerned. 'To be sure,' said an old knowledgeable that seemed kind of them all, 'it's but reasonable the boy is, get a cup to comfort him, the decent gossoon!' So they handed Phil one of the fairy's fingers full of something that had a mighty pleasant smell; 'take it, me man,' said the old fairy, 'there isn't a headache in a hoghead of it; I warrant that a guager's rod has never come near it; 'his real Innishowen, none of your taxed Parlymint stuff but the thrue Queen's 'lixer.' Well, with that Phil raised the little dawney thing to his lips, and though 'twas not the size of a thimble, he drank at least a pint of spirits from it, and when he took it away from his mouth it's the solemn truth that it was as full as at the first. 'Faith, it gave Phil the courage of a lion, so that he'd do anything."

"Be gor, what did the omadhdon do but challenge the whole box and dice of the fairies to bate him at playing the pipes. They advised him not to thyr, but the more they persuaded him the more he wouldn't be persuaded; so, as a wilful man must have his way, the fairies piper came forward, and Phil played against each other turn by turn, until the cock crew, when all the lot vanished into a cave, and took Phil with them. And because they were mad at last that Phil played so much better than their own musicianer, they changed poor Phil, out of spite, into a stone statue, which remains to this very day. And that is what happened to Phil Connor."

"You've made a pretty story of it," said Remmy; "it's a pity it's not true."

"True!" responded Minahan, with an accent of indignation; "what have you to say agin it? It's as true as Romulus and Remus, or the history of Reynard the Fox, and Reynardine his son, or any other of the curious little books that people do be reading, them that can read, for divarion's sake, when they've got nothing else to do. I suppose you'll be saying next that fairies themselves aint thrue. That I mightn't Remmy, but 'twouldn't surprise me in the late to hear you say as Faddy Sheedy, the schoolmaster, says, that the earth is round, like a bladder, and that people do be walking on the other side of it, with their heads downward, and their feet opposite our feet."

"And if I did say so?" asked Remmy, who happened to know more of the antipodes than his companion.

"Faith, Remmy, if you did say so I know one that would misbelieve you, and that's myself, for sure it stands to reason all the world to a chany orange, that if people was walking on the other side of the earth, with their feet upwards and their heads down, they'd be sure to fall off before one could say 'Jack Robinson.'"

To such excellent reasoning as this, Remmy Carroll saw it would be useless to reply, so he allowed

Minahan the advantage usually claimed by female disputants, of "the last word."

They proceeded to the farmer's, Minahan, as they went along, volunteering a great many particulars respecting the petrified piper; indeed he indulged in that minuteness of detail which the colloquial wealth of Irishmen delights to lavish.

I fear that Remmy Carroll was but a so-so listener, for he had no great faith in fairies.

At last the farmer's house was reached, where Remmy and his pipes received a very warm welcome.

You need not fear that I intend inflicting on you a description of the marriage. It is enough to tell you that the evening was one of genuine Irish enjoyment.

Perhaps Remmy was the only one who did not thoroughly enter into the spirit of the hour; for successful love is enough to sober even the highest spirits, and it embarrasses while it delights.

But in compliance with custom, Remmy partook of the nectar (mortals call it whiskey-punch) which was as plenty as tea at an ancient maiden's entertainment.

How could any man refuse the draught, brewed as it specially was for him, by the bride herself, who taking a sup out of the horn which did duty for a tumbler, had the gallantry to leave a kiss behind—even as rare Ben Jonson recommends?

What wonder was it if Remmy took his allowance, like a man and a piper, especially as love as well as grief is sometimes dry?

Minahan, to whom a skinful of any strong liquor (without payment for the same) was quite "a benefit," had easily and speedily contrived to get into that happy condition commonly called "half seas over," that is, he was not quite tipsy, but exceedingly merry and agreeable, and as in that wilful mood he insisted on returning to Fermoy, Remmy had the task and trouble of escorting him.

They left the house together, lovingly linked arm in arm. The next day Minahan was found lying, with a hugestone for his pillow, near the footpath at the base of Corrin Thierma.

It was noticed by those who discovered him, that his feet were within the fairy ring; which Remmy had noticed on the preceding evening.

But of Remmy himself there was no trace; if the earth had swallowed him up he could not have vanished more completely. His pipes were found on the ground, near Minahan, and this was all that remained of one who, so often and so well, had waded the soul of song from them.

The whole district became alarmed, for the loss of a piper is a serious thing; and, at length, Father Tom Barry, the parish priest of Fermoy, thought it right to make a domiciliary visit to Minahan, to come at the real facts of the case, and solve what appeared to be a most mysterious mystery!

That worthy he found in bed; grief for the sudden loss of his friend had so heavily preyed upon his sensitive mind that, ever since that fatal night, he had been drowning sorrow in whiskey.

It was now the third day since Carroll's disappearance, and when Father Tom entered the house, he found Minahan sleeping off the combined effects of affliction and potheen.

He was awakened as soon as could be, and his first exclamation was:

"Oh, them fairies! them thieves of fairies!"

It was some time before he could comprehend the cause of Father Tom's visit, and even when he did, his words still were:

"Oh, them fairies! they beat Bannagher, and Bannagher beats the world!"

A growl from the priest, which from other lips would have sounded uncommonly like an execration, awoke Minahan to his senses; but he testily declared his inability to tell his tale, except upon conditions.

"My mimory," said he, "is just like an cat-kin, your reverence, it don't stretch and get properly limber until 'tis wetted!"

On this hint, broad as a section of Lord Nugent, Father Tom sent for a pint of whiskey, and after Minahan had summarily despatched a noggin of it, he thus spoke:

"'Twas Remmy and meself, your reverence, that war coming home, when, as bad luck would have it, nothing would do me, being pretty-well I-thank-you at the time, but I must make a commencement of dispoose with Remmy about the fairy-people; for, your worship, I had been telling him afore of Phil Connor, who was transmogrified into a stone-statue Well and good, just as Remmy came right forenent the fairy-ring, says he:

"Faith, I'd not object meself to have a lilt with them."

No sooner he said the words, your honour, than we heard all of a suddint, the sweet music that we heard the evening afore, and with that a thousand lights glanced up from the fairy ring, just as if you

an illumination for some great victory. Thin, the music playing all the time, myself and Remy coked our good-looking ears to listen, and as quick as I'd swallow this glass of whiskey—good health, your reverence!—a thousand dandier cravats started up and began dancing jigs as if there was quicksilver in their heels. There they went, hither and thither, far and near, cooing about in all manner of ways, and making the earth tremble beneath their feet, with the dint of their quickness. At last your reverence, one of 'em came out of the ring, made a leg and a low as genteel as ould Lynch, the dancing master, and said:

"Mister Carroll, if you'd please to be agreeable, it'd be like to foot it to your pipes, (and a soothing wink he gave as he said these words) 'for,' says he, 'his ownself has heard of your beautiful playing-thing.'"

"Then the weeny fairy fixed his little eyes upon Remy, and that I mightn't if they didn't shine in his head like coals of red fire, or a cat's eyes under a blanket."

"I'm no player for the likes of ye," said Remy, quite modest like; but they wouldn't take no excuse, and they all gathered around him, and what with soothing words, and bright looks and little pushes, they coaxed him to play for them, and the cojoning cravats they fixed him a big stone for a sate, and he struck up 'Garryowen,' sharp and quick, like shot through a holly-bush. They all set to dancing like 'em Vitas, and sure 'twas a beautiful sight to see. The dandier cravats wasn't much bigger than yer little finger and all nately dressed in green clothes with silk stockings and pumps, and foxglove caps upon their heads and elegant powdered wigs and swords on their sides, about the size of a broken needle. Faith, 'twas beautiful they footed it, and remarkable they looked anyhow."

"Well, your honour, he was playing like mad, and they was expiring away, male and faymale, young and old, just like the Frisch, who eat so many frogs that they be ever and always dancing, when one of the faymale fairies came to Remy's elbow and said, in a voice that was sweeter than any tune:

"Maybe, Mr. Carroll, you'd be dry?"

"So Remy looked at her for an instant, till the faymale fairy hung down her head quite modest like."

"Well," said Remy, "you're a nice little cravathur, and no words about it."

"Then she looked up; her cheeks were as red as poppy's with delight at Remy's praising her—her faymales, your reverence, is faymales all the world over, and a little blarney makes them go as smoothly as a hall door upon well-oiled hinges. Then she asked him again if he didn't feel dry. Remy said he wasn't dry in particular, but he'd just like to drink her health, so she handed him a little morsel of a glass full of something, that was stronger anyhow than holy water; she kissed the glass as she took it, and he drank away, and his eyes danced in his head again there was so much fire in them. So, thinking that some would be good for my own complaint, I calls out to Remy to leave a drop for me. But whoop! no sooner had I said the words than, or a sudden, the whole vanished away like apparitions, Remy throwing me his pipes, by way of a keepsake, as he dashed down through the air with the rest of 'em, and that's all I know of it."

Here Minahan, overpowered with grief and the fatigue of speaking, perpetrated a deep sigh and a deeper draught, which exhausted the remnant of the whiskey.

"But, Minahan," said Father Barry, "you certainly do not mean to pass off this wild story for fact?"

"But I do, your reverence," said Minahan, rather testily. "Sure, none but meself was to the fore, and it only stands to reason, that as one piper wasn't enough for the fairies, they seduced Remy Carroll away, bad 'cess to 'em for that same. And indeed, your worship, I've dhramed that I saw him last night, made up into a stone statue, like poor Phil Connor; and sure there's great truth in dhramas, isn't it?"

It is needless to say that Father Barry did not believe one word of this extraordinary story, but his parishioners did, and therefore he observed the heresy of publicly doubting it. He contented himself with shaking his head, somewhat after the grave fashion of a Chinese mandarin in a grocer's window, whenever this subject was alluded to, and this Burleigh solicitation, as well as his silence, obtained him an immense reputation for wisdom.

There was one person who shared to the full the good priest's disbelief of Minahan's "tough yarn" about the fairies. This was Mary Mahony, who was contented, whatever fate had befallen Remy, and her ears anticipated the worst, that he had not fallen into the hands of the fairies. Indeed, she was bold enough to doubt whether there were such things as fairies. These opinions, however, she kept to herself, and, for thing! sorely but silently did she miss her lover.

She said not one word to any one of what had passed between them on that memorable day of his disappearance, and but that her cheek grew pale, and that melancholy gently brooded in the deep quiet of her eyes, and that her voice, always low, was now soft and sad as the mournful murmur of the widowed cushat dove, little difference could be noticed in her, even by vigilant observation.

Her father, indeed, let not a day pass without lamenting the absence of Remy, and when he spoke approvingly of him, tears would slowly gather in her eyes, and her heart swell with a sorrow all the deeper for suppression. It was great consolation to her to find, now that he was gone, how all lips praised the good qualities of Remy Carroll. It is pleasant to feel that one does not love unworthily.

Meantime the deportation of Remy by the fairies became duly credited in Fermoy and its vicinity; if he had solely and wholly vanished, it might have been attributed to what Horatio calls a "truant disposition;" but his pipes were left behind him, circumstantial evidence of the truth of Minahan's narrative.

Mightily was this corroborated, a few months after, when Gerald Barry (the priest's nephew), being out one day coursing on Corrin Thiersa, discovered a sort of cave, the entrance of which was covered by the huge rock next to the magic circle of the fairies! His terrier had ran into it, after a refractory rabbit who would not wait to be caught, and from the length of his stay, it was argued that the cave must be of immense extent.

True it is that no one had the audacious thought of examining it; for what mortal could be so reckless as to venture into the stronghold of "the good people"—but the very fact of their being such a hole under the rock, presumed to be a cave, satisfied the Fermoy folks that Remy Carroll was within it, changed into a Petrified Piper!

Some weeks later, Gerald Barry's dog again ran to the cave, and the young man, unwilling to lose a capital terrier, dug him out with his own hands—for neither love nor money could tempt any one else to do so foolhardily an exploit.

He found that the mysterious cave was no more than an ancient rabbit-burrow!

All the old women, in and out of petticoats, unanimously declared that the fairies had changed the place to prevent the discovery of their petrified victims; for, argued they, if they could make men into marble statues, they surely were able to make a cave like a rabbit-burrow?

Such logical reasoning was calculated to settle the mooted point, and thus it became a moral certainty, in the Fermoy mode, that Remy Carroll and Phil Connor were petrified inmates of the mountain cave!

When, some eighteen months after, it was Gerald Barry's ill-fortune to break his collar-bone by a fall from his horse in a steeple-chase, there arose a general conviction in the minds of the rational public of Fermoy, that this was a punishment inflicted upon him by the fairies for impertinent intrusion into their peculiar haunts.

CHAPTER III

As wave chases wave to the shore, so does the tide of time carry year after year into the ocean of eternity. We must imagine, if you please, that six years have passed by since the wonderful abduction and metamorphosis of Remy Carroll.

Many changes have taken place; Fermoy, rapidly rising into opulence as the greatest military depot in Ireland, had nearly forgotten the fairy tale. Death had laid his icy hand upon the warm heart of honest Bartle Mahony; his fair daughter Mary, who succeeded to his farm and money, found herself a comparatively wealthy woman.

But fortune could make no change in her; in a humble and unostentatious way she was the Lady Bountiful of the place.

The blessings of the poor were hers wherever want was to be relieved; and heaven knows the instances were many.

There did the quiet bounty of Mary Mahony flow, blessed by that gentle personal expression of feeling and sympathy which the Irish poor prize far more than the greatest dote which wealth can bestow. Oh, that those who give could but know how much rests with the manner of giving. Any hand can coldly dispense money, but the voice, the glance, the tone of kindness soothes the pangs of the afflicted.

In Ireland, where there are so many calls upon charity, a casual relief is looked upon as a sort of right; but a kind word, and a gentle tone, and a sympathizing look render the gift of double value. And where was there ever kindness and gentleness to equal Mary Mahony's? She had her own experiences in sorrow, and was therefore well qualified to yield to others that touching sympathy which awakens gratitude in the heart.

Her beauty remained undimmed, but its character was somewhat changed. If there was less of the fire of earlier days, there was now a more intellectual expression, at once the growth of her mind's maturity and the sorrows which had chastened her. At first she had been pestered with attention from various quarters, but it was soon found that she was not matrimonially inclined, and the last few years had seen her quite untroubled by them.

She remained true to the passion of her youth; it flowed on, a deep and silent stream.

None knew what she felt, and the deeper was her pain because of its suppression. So well had she kept her own secret that when immediately after her father's death she took Remy Carroll's bed-ridden relative as an inmate at her own residence, people only admired her charity.

No one appeared to think that Remy could ever have had any interest in her heart.

The destinies of Europe had been adjusted; the Imperial Eagle of France had been struck down, when,

Towering in his pride of place, Wellington and Napoleon had met at Waterloo; and after peace had been proclaimed, the ministry of the day proceeded to disband the second battalions of many regiments. The result was that some thousands of ex-soldiers wended home. Many, very many of them were from Ireland, and some came back the mere wrecks of manhood, for the casualties of war and the certainties of sharp hospital practice are but too successful in removing such superfluities as legs and arms.

Two or three persons might be seen in the spring of 1816, walking down the main street of Fermoy; if any doubt could exist as to what they had been, their martial bearing and their measured walk would promptly have removed it. They were, indeed, disabled soldiers; the youngest was about seven-and-twenty, and though he was minus his left arm, few men could be found whose personal appearance might surpass his.

They passed on unnoticed, as any other strangers would have passed on, and found "choicest welcome" in a hostelry, for the "accommodation of man and beast," at the end of the town; what creature comforts there they partook of I cannot enumerate, as the bill of fare, if such a thing ever existed in that humble but neat inn, unfortunately has not been preserved.

The sun had nearly gone down, however, before either of the trio exhibited any intention towards locomotion. At last, he whom I have just mentioned, told his companions that he had some business in the town—some inquiries to make—and would rejoin them in a few hours at the latest: he might as well have spoken to the wind, for they had walked that day from Cork (a trifle of some eighteen Irish miles), and were already asleep on the benches.

So their companion wrapped himself up in a large military cloak—whilom it had covered the iron-bound shoulders of one of Napoleon's own Invincibles. This completely concealed his figure, and drawing his hat over his face, so as to shade his features, he sallied forth, like Don Quixote in search of adventures.

When he reached the Sessions' House at the extremity of the main street, he struck off the high road (which leads to Lismore), deviated to the extreme left, crossed the meadow round by the mill, and found himself on the Inch by that rapid branch of the Black-water which had been diverted from the main current for the use of the aforesaid mill; illegally diverted, as I think, for it prevents the navigation of the river. He rapidly proceeded, and came to the chasm which I have already described as that from which Remy Carroll, the piper, had rescued Mary Mahony from drowning. The stranger threw himself at listless length upon the sward by the gurgling stream, and gazed in silence on the scene before him.

It was indeed a scene to delight the eye and mind of any beholder. Across the broad river were the rocks of Rathely, clothed here and there with larches and pines, those pleasant evergreens; at his feet swept by the dark and deep river, and before him, like a lofty sentinel over the fine country around, rose the tall and precipitous rock on which stood the ruins, stately in their very decay, of the ancient castle of Carrigabrick, one of the tall, round, lonely towers, whose origin and use has puzzled so many antiquaries, from Ledwich and Vallancy, to Petrie and Henry O'Brien.

With an eager and yet a saddened spirit, the stranger drank in the quiet scene, as varied as it is picturesque,—upon which, in years long since departed my boyhood loved to gaze. And now, in the softened effulgence of the setting sun, the place appeared more like the embodiment of a poet's dream than anything belonging to this world of cold reality.

The stranger gazed upon the scene in silence for a time, but his feelings might thus be put into words: "It is beautiful, and it is the same. But change has heavily fallen upon myself, and heaven knows whether

she may not be changed also. I would rather be dead than see her another's. The lips that my lips have kissed, the eyes that my eyes have looked into, the hand that my hand has pressed—the form that my arms have folded; to have another call them his, the very thought maddens. Or she may be dead, I had not the heart to inquire, and this suspense is worse than all;—let me know the worst."

He rose from the damp sward, sprung across the chasm, proceeded rapidly on, and in ten minutes was sitting on the stile at which, on other days, he had often parted from Mary Mahoney—for by this time, my readers, I trust, have recognized Remmy Carroll in the stranger.

How long he rested here or with what anxious feelings he gazed upon the house, just visible through the trees, I am unable to state, but I can easily imagine what a contention of hope and fear there must have been in his heart. The apprehension of evil tidings, however, had the ascendancy, for, though two or three familiar faces passed him, he could not summon courage to ask after Mary or her father. At last he made up his mind to make full inquiries of the next person he saw.

The opportunity was soon afforded. A female appeared slowly advancing up the path. Could it indeed be herself? She came—one glance, and he recognized her, the star of his spirit—bright, radiant, and even more beautiful than memory and fancy (those dove-winged ministers of love) had painted her.

He sprang to meet her—there was no recognition on her part. Nor was this marvellous. Years, which had passed so gently over her, softening and mellowing her beauty, had bronzed his cheek and almost changed the very expression of his features. The dark moustache and thick whiskers which he wore, his altered air, his military bearing, all made him appear very different from the rude being she had known six years before.

Seeing a stranger advance towards her, Mary paused. He accosted her, inquiring whether Mr. Mahony was to be seen.

"He is dead," said she, "he has been dead nearly six years."

Carroll started back, for the unwelcome news and the well-remembered tones both startled him.

"I knew him once," said he, "he was kind to me in other days, and I came to thank him now." There was a slight pause and he resumed, "Is his daughter alive?"

"You are speaking to her, sir," said Mary; "have you any business with me?"

But Carroll hesitated to answer. One question would bring hope or ruin to his heart, and he feared to ask it. He drew yet closer, and in a composed manner as he could, almost whispered into her ear:

"Are you married?"

Mary drew back, for this questioning vexed her and she wished to get rid of this inquisitive stranger, and said, with the quiet dignity so peculiar to her:

"I hope, sir, you do not mean to insult me. I would thank you to let me return; and if I must answer you, I am not married."

"Thank God!" was Carroll's earnest and involuntary exclamation.

People may prate of the quick-sightedness of love; but Mary certainly had little of it, for she did not recognize her lover. She turned homeward, and he placed his hand upon her arm.

"I pray your pardon, Miss Mahony," said he, "but I believe that you once knew a person named Carroll, a poor worthless creature who was fool enough to love the ground on which you trod, and weak enough to think himself not indifferent to you?"

Mary turned full on her questioner, with a flushed cheek and a flashing eye, and warmly said in a tone of indignation that charmed him:

"I do not know, sir, why you should intrude your presence and your words where they are not welcome; nor why you should ask questions which a common sense of decency would have left unasked. I do answer you that my silence may not sanction imputation upon one whom, be he alive or dead, it was no dishonour to have known. I did know this person of whom you speak; poor it was his misfortune to be; worthless he never was nor could be."

"One moment more," said he, "but one moment. Let me tell you that Remmy Carroll is alive—that after many trials, he has come home as poor as when you knew him years ago, rich in nothing but an honest name. He comes back a disabled soldier, and he dares not ask you whether, beautiful and wealthy as you are, you love him still."

Mary looked at him with anxiety, and the colour faded from her cheek and then rushed back in a quickened life-tide, flushing her very forehead. Even yet she did not recognize her lover!

"If he be indeed returned," said she, in a voice so low that it was difficult to say whether the words merely came to her lips by the mere impulse of her

thought, "and if he be the same in heart, his poverty is nothing, for I have wealth, and if his health cannot be restored, surely I may soothe his pain."

Softly and suddenly an arm went round her waist, fervently descended a shower of kisses on the coral beauty of those luxuriant lips.

"Mary—my own, dear, true Mary!"

The large cloak and the hat fell off in the struggle (for Mary did struggle at first)—she saw and recognized the forehead and the eyes, she knew him whom she had loved so well and mourned so long, and when he again kissed her, as she threw her arms around his neck, in the very abandonment of affection, truth compels me to declare that Mary Mahony entered no protest against the gentle deed!

There was much to be told on both sides. All that Carroll cared to know was this—that he was loved fervently as man ever was loved. A thousand times did Mary exclaim against herself for not having recognized him at once, and a thousand times she smilingly averred that the recognition was all but impossible.

Oh, how happy they were! it was the very luxury of love, the concentrated spirit of passion, tried and pure, the re-payment in one brief hour, of years of pain, doubt and sorrow.

Remmy's story was a brief but curious one.

The combined influences of love and liquor had so far overcome him, that when in a fit of drunken obstinacy, Minahan threw himself on the heathy sward by the mountain's side to take a nap, Remmy Carroll, who sat down by him to see that he fell into no mischief, found himself afterwards, quite unable to keep his eyes open.

Sleep was creeping over him, so taking off his pipes, for fear that he might injure them by lying on them, he carefully placed them by his head on the grass, and resigned himself to sleep.

On waking he found—to his excessive amazement—that he was lying "on the sunny side of a baggage cart," with his head resting on the lap of a soldier. He was summarily acquainted that he had been enlisted as a recruit, and his informant, a fierce-looking, hooked-nose martinet of a colour-sergeant, asked him to put his hand into his pocket, and that would satisfy him that he had regularly become attached to the military service of King George the Third. Accordingly poor Remmy did so, and drew out a silver "thirteen" piece, to which this Sergeant Kite triumphantly appealed to prove that Remmy was duly enlisted.

It is needless to say that of this Remmy, albeit the principal person concerned, had not the slightest recollection.

But there was added a rather significant hint that the punishment usually allotted to deserters was death; so, making a virtue of necessity, he had no alternative but to proceed to Cork with the regiment as cheerfully as he could, and in despite of himself, was attested, magistrates not being over particular in those days.

In vain were all his assertions that he had no recollection of having been enlisted; he was laughed at, and asked what could a tipsy man (as he acknowledged himself to have been) remember of any transaction?

He was so closely watched that desertion, which he sometimes meditated, was impracticable.

The regiment embarked for the Peninsula, and the crimp-sergeant told him on the voyage, as an excellent joke, how they had taken him—namely, that the regiment were passing by the mountain, early in the morning on a forced march for embarkation, one of the officers who rode above the highway (for the road was literally cut out of and wound round the hill) had noticed Remmy asleep, and recruits being rather scarce at that time, he had been removed to one of the baggage-carts even as he was, fast asleep!

The details of the job had been executed by the sergeant, who piqued himself not a little on the dexterity of the trick.

Carroll was of that easy temperament which takes the world as it finds it, and readily accommodates itself to circumstances.

Although he bitterly lamented his involuntary absence from Mary Mahony, he knew that all the regrets in the world would not bring him one furlong nearer to her. He nerved himself to make the best of his situation. In a short time he even came to like it.

Good conduct, and his ability to read and write, speedily recommended him to his superiors, and obtained for him the rank of sergeant. He was in this capacity on the day of Waterloo, and there received a severe wound in the left arm, which rendered amputation necessary; and on his recovery at Brussels retired with a gratuity for his wound, a respectable pension, and some money which he had picked up "in the wars." Of course, his complaint of poverty was only a ruse to try the strength of the maiden's affection.

But in her eyes, of more value than his board or his pension, was a testimonial of courage and conduct given to him by his colonel, and especially countersigned by the Duke of Wellington, who had personally noticed many of his exploits during the six years he had been with him. Great pride, be sure, had Carroll in giving this precious document to his dear Mary.

Many tears did she shed over the vicissitudes he had endured; but tears will flow from gentle eyes, particularly when one has a handsome lover at hand to kiss them off!

The wedding followed, as a matter of course. Such a wedding! that of Camacho was a fool to it. A general holiday was kept in the neighbourhood, and if the bachelors admired the beauty—now bright with happiness—of the bride, the Waterloo medal and the Waterloo wound of Carroll won him favour from the womanhood.

Minahan's character for veracity fell into disrepute about this time, it being pretty clear that Remmy Carroll was anything but a petrification—at least, Mary Mahony's evidence would disprove such an imputation.

But to this very day Minahan is ready to say and swear that he told the truth—or something very like it—and appeals, when tipsy (that is, every day of his life), to Carroll's good fortune in proof of the advantageous influence of fair favours. He has a few converts, who think that Remmy Carroll was as much petrified as Phil Connor—and, indeed, I think so too.

R. S. M.

ROSALIE.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE PARADISE WOOD.

THE Dacotas, and indeed all the Indians of the great plains, are addicted to the use of an herb generally called the "paradise weed," which in size and appearance much resembles the common mullein. Its properties are similar to those of hashish and opium, it having the power to transport its votaries into that gorgeous but unreal world in which it is quite as Oriental fashion to take refuge.

Whether smoked, chewed, or decocted by boiling, this weed is equally potent, a little of it, in any form, being sufficient to make a novice think he is in heaven, listening to the angels, or floating through ethereal realms of unspeakable loveliness and glory.

This was the weed with which Madeline had drugged Paula.

"You see!" she remarked to her employer. "She fairly lies in the clouds."

"You've done well," Mr. Lorley replied. "You shall have your money."

The sound of his voice, and the sight of his face and form—for he was now in his own proper assemblance—recalled Paula momentarily from the delirium into which she was wandering at the moment of her enemy's arrival. She knew him.

"You here?" she ejaculated, while a look of utter scorn and loathing passed over her pale but beautiful face. "I had hoped that the hazards of your peculiar pursuits would have rid me for ever of your hateful presence!"

It was not politic for the unprotected girl to expose her bitter scorn so plainly to that bold and unscrupulous man. His face grew black and red by turns for a moment, and his form seemed to swell up with rage as if he had no language in which to express his emotions; but he soon obtained the control of himself, and replied:

"Then you have been sadly mistaken—that's all. So far from having suffered any particular injury from your friends, they have suffered not a little from me. Your lover, to begin the list, is now in my power. He was captured last evening by a band of Indians in my service, and is by this time pretty well 'rid' of my 'hateful presence,' as I left orders for him to be burnt or shot this evening."

The listener saw that the villain was not trying to deceive or agonize her with falsehoods, but was really uttering the truth. So terrible were the emotions which at once took possession of her soul, that she could not frame any response to his malignant speech. She could only stare at him with a look of consternation and despair.

"Having duly passed over that point," he proceeded, with all the hypocritical suavity his fiendish nature could assume, "permit me to tell you about the wagon-train and your friends. The train has not stirred to-day, owing, in the first place, to your mysterious absence, and to the active but useless search making for you. The second reason why the train has not moved is, that a band of Indians are on the north bank of the Platte, and a body of robbers (if you like such a harsh term) on the other bank—both just in advance of your friends, and in such

numbers that they expect to have their own way when they attack them."

"Oh, monster! monster!" cried Paula, with a return of her anguish and terror, as all things again appeared to reel around her. "Can it be that you are so successful?"

"It can! The game is all in my own hands," he replied. "One blow more, and I wind you and your friends all up in one shroud! I am sorry you have compelled me to hate you—sorry, for your sake, that the spell you had over me is broken. You will find that I can now be indifferent to your prayers and entreaties—that your life has come under a terrible rule!"

"Well, what are the features of this rule?" Paula rejoined, her excitement still suspending and negating the influence of the drug. "What are your intentions concerning me?"

"In the first place," was the response, "I shall remove you to Mr. Champney's house. I overheard him describe it to you last evening, and took the trouble to pay it a visit as I came up from the river. Your friends have paid it a visit to-day, to see if its owner was there, but they found it locked up and deserted. As they are not likely to pay it another visit, even if I were to permit them, I have decided to install you in this place, as my wife and its mistress."

"Your wife?" she cried, as her old spirit of scorn came over her. "I shall be assuredly insane when I consent to marry you!"

"That's just the point," he said, with the calmness and implacability of a fiend. "You will be out of your mind, and see in me only an angel when I lead you to the altar."

This was indeed his design!

"I have my eye on a minister who will duly perform the marriage ceremony, and it is my intention to have the affair come off to-morrow evening. I know not whether it is love or hate that I bear you, but I do know that I will be your legal husband in twenty-four hours!"

Paula sank down on the rude chair she had used at the table, and some low and terrible exclamations of alarm escaped her. Again her head grew dizzy, everything seeming to whirl around her.

"Thus, you see," proceeded Lorley, with a triumphant tone and air, "I am master. The wagon-train will be plundered and broken up to-night—your lover will be burnt, and your friends so utterly dispersed that there will not be one to find you, much less to recover you. Is not this the revenge I threatened against you at Fort Kearney?"

Paula had ceased to listen to his words, and her head had sunk forward upon her hands, as if she were asleep. Maldine had remained silent but observant, dividing her glances between Lorley and his captive, and she now roused herself with the air of proceeding to business—that of collecting her pay.

Mr. Lorley understood her wishes. "You shall have the money to-morrow," he muttered. "There is a fund of fifty thousand dollars in the wagon-train, every dollar of which will be in my possession before midnight. You shall have your pay from that."

There was an interval of profound silence in the lodge, during which the two miscreants watched Paula and exchanged glances with each other.

"You can get ready for a ride, Maldine," observed Lorley, "as I wish you to go with us. I have brought a horse for you, and we will at once remove to Mr. Champney's neat dwelling on Spoon Hill Creek. You can leave everything in the lodge as it is."

As the old woman busied herself with her simple preparations for the removal, Lorley continued to watch Paula with a grim look of satisfaction on his visage. The poor girl had relapsed under the influence of the drug, and was living in the gorgeous phantasms of her delirium. She heard such music as she had never heard before—martial bands in wildly stirring blasts, congregations in full chorus, and chantings and rejoicings which appeared to be come from temples of the skies. Anon she heard the grandly solemn yet desolate moanings of the ocean, the whistling of the wind blending with the washing of the billows. For awhile she stood like one enraptured, and then she murmured:

"Oh, what harmonies! what voices of rejoicing! The gates of the new Jerusalem are opened to my sight!"

The diabolical expression on Lorley's face deepened till he looked like a fiend.

Advancing a step or two with fixed eyes, Paula gazed upon the magnificent visions which now came before her.

She saw such cities as she had sometimes imagined to exist in the celestial regions—cities of golden hues and magnificent adornings. Around these cities were hills and hills and valleys and rivers—all the diversity of landscape peculiar to the earth, yet having ten thousand times the earth's brightness and beauty. In these landscapes were shady nooks and pearly grottoes

and charming bays and fairy-like gondolas going and coming on the crystal waters, and over all were moving angel forms, singing and conversing, whispering their affection to each other in low tones, or listening to the countless harmonies blended around them. And while all these glories and beauties were presented to her gaze, she experienced such a delicious sense of personal freedom and happiness, that she could not refrain from expressions of transport and delight.

"Oh, what lightness!" she murmured. "Oh, what splendour and magnificence! Am I not treading on thrones? Surely I am in heaven!"

To the gorgeous sensations of her sight and hearing were now added those of movement. She found herself whirling away with the clouds, and darting through space with the sunbeams, and gliding through all the bright realms she had seen, and disporting in the waters of the coral caves, and finally reposing on beds of flowers whose sweetness and luxuriance were beyond all description.

The world of reality had passed from her, and ideal realms had taken its place.

"She is where we wanted her to be," muttered Lorley, as he marked the wrapt expression of her face. "It is strange how that drug operates, affecting different minds differently—taking the Indian to his hunting-grounds, this young girl to music and flowers, the miser to a realm of silver and gold, and so on. I wonder how it would affect me?—to what sort of a kingdom I should be transported?"

"That's easy seen," responded the old woman, grimly. "It would take you to a realm of robbery and murder! See if she knows you."

Acting upon the suggestion, Lorley placed himself in front of the delirious girl, and said:

"Sweet Paula, don't you know me?"

She fixed her eyes upon the villain, but there was no sign of alarm in her glance or in the expression of her countenance.

A sort of glow mantled her features, such as a modest young princess might feel at the salutation of a handsome young knight, and she replied:

"I do not know your name, but I suppose you are a blessed and happy being, like the rest of us!"

"Such I am! Do you remember, sweet Paula? I am your lover, Edward—Edward Champney! Don't you recollect that we were engaged to be married?"

"Oh, I recollect now! How strange that I had forgotten it! But I have been so blessed—so happy!"

Murmuring these words in a dreamy and languished manner, she approached the villain with a smile of happiness on her sweet face.

"Yes, I am your Edward," Lorley continued, in a low tone, as he took her hand in his own. "You remember me. The time was fixed, and we were to be married! Will you be my wife, dear Paula, as before settled and agreed?"

"Yes, Edward, I shall be only too happy to be your wife, and to dwell amidst these bright realms with you!"

"Come, then," he replied, leading her towards the door, followed by Maldine. "We will go to my beautiful castle by the river, and there we will be married. Come!"

He conducted her to the spot where his horses were standing, and assisted Maldine to mount one of them, exchanging a few expressions of rejoicing with her.

He then mounted the other, seating Paula in front of him, and the party rode away.

"How happy we are, dear Paula!" he said to her, in a low tone. "We are going to our bridal! To our bridal!" he repeated. "Ha! ha!"

CHAPTER XX.

GRAHAM.

On the thickly-wooded shore of one of those marshy lakes with which the great plains of the West abound was wandering a wild-eyed and haggard-looking man, hatless and almost shoeless, with a pale countenance, tattered and dirty clothes, and a general aspect of exhaustion and excitement.

He soon came out on a low bluff overlooking the water, where he paused, with trees and bushes around him, and gazed, with fiendish anxiety, in every direction, taking in the several features of the desolate scene.

This unhappy looking wanderer was Selden Graham!

The change which twenty-four hours had wrought in his appearance was most striking.

In place of the gentlemanly address which had characterized his exterior on the preceding night, could have now been seen the rude ferocity of hunger. In place of his usual smile was a look of fixed and settled despair.

The simple truth was, he was lost.

On setting out for Champney's residence, as recorded,

he had hurried up the creek and taken one of Mr. Ellington's boats, proceeding to the opposite shore of the Platte River.

Leaving the boat in the spot where he and Champney had found the latter's, after his rescue from the Indians, he had plunged into the forest, endeavouring to shape his course towards the location where his new friend resided.

He had but little difficulty in finding the spot where he had been rescued from the Indians, but from that point his progress was merely a succession of deviations and wanderings, so that an hour or two was quite sufficient to turn his head, and leave him utterly ignorant of the direction in which he was moving.

Then had commenced a terrible march.

He had wandered all night with the feverish anxiety the circumstances were calculated to produce—chased by wolves, bitten by mosquitoes and other insects, getting into marshes and almost impassable thickets, falling over stones and logs, and experiencing the full horrors of his situation.

All that night he had been beating about the wilderness, and the light of another day found him still without a clue by which to extricate himself from his perils.

Hoping that daylight would prove more advantageous to his efforts, he continued his attempts to find his way back to the Junction.

Not succeeding as well as he had hoped, he had recourse to the common expedient of travelling in one direction a while, and then going off in some other—by which process, although he was long in realizing the fact, he did not do much better than travel in a circle.

In this way he had consumed the entire day.

As night came on, the heart of Graham sank within him; his courage had reached its utmost limits. The pangs of hunger, physical exhaustion, mental anxiety, and the great and ever-present sense of being alone in a wilderness, with the possibility of a horrid death, all crowded so overwhelmingly upon his thoughts that he knew not what to do. At the moment he appeared on the bank of the lake, he was so nearly frantic with his sufferings of body and mind that he momentarily considered the expediency of throwing himself into its depths.

"Father of mercy," he cried, in the anguish of despair, "must this suffering continue till death comes to relieve me? Where can I be? If I've been one mile to-day, I've been more than fifty! climbed trees—hallooed till I can hardly speak, and so struggled and worried against this horrible destiny that I am as weak as a child. Oh, Rosalie! Rosalie! what has become of you and all the camp by this time? Must this mud-hole at last be my grave?"

He threw himself on the ground with a despairing gesture, and lay there several moments in silence, as if he had made up his mind to make no further effort. He soon started up, however, brushing his limbs, and ejaculating savagely:

"So it goes! Even the insects of this region won't give me a moment's rest. Here are ants bigger than tea-cups running all over me!"

He danced and stamped with what little strength he had remaining, brushing away the ants as well as he could, and at the same time beating a retreat from his tormentors.

"Where to go?" he ejaculated, with that vacant hopelessness which comes over a person lost in the wilderness. "God only knows which of these three hundred and sixty points of the compass is the one for me to take. Perhaps I might as well give up!"

He looked around for a stone or log to sit upon, but seeing nothing, and not caring to try the bare ground again, in that immediate vicinity, he staggered on his way.

"Well, I can't wade through this lake," he thought, "and so I'll go around it. I'll continue in this direction, if I die for it! Ugh! What's that? Another wolf, or a bear? Oh—ah! it's only a log! Where is this sort of thing to end? Can I stand it till morning?"

He passed around the end of the lake, and proceeded on in the direction he had before been pursuing, meeting a variety of adventures by the way, but nothing requiring especial mention.

At length, when it seemed as if he could go no further, he came to a large tree which had been recently uprooted by a gust of wind, and seated himself on the fallen trunk.

"Oh, if I only had something to eat, now, and a good place to sleep!"

That spell which exhausted Nature sometimes throws around the body and mind—that exquisite overpowering feeling that sleep is the one great elixir of the moment—came over the wanderer at this juncture.

"This won't do," he exclaimed, smiting his breast to arouse himself. "To stop here is to be eaten by a bear!"

He resumed his journey, and tottered on in a feeble sort of way for the space of half-an-hour longer, when he suddenly paused with a strange cry, as his eyes rested upon a white streak a mile or so ahead of him, as if the moonlight was shining upon a river.

"Is it possible that yonder streak is the Platte River?" he exclaimed. "I'll see!"

He had reached a sort of mound, the brow of which was bare, and from this spot he could see the river without any trouble. A thickly wooded valley lay between him and the stream, and it was necessary for him to cross this to reach the desired destination.

"Once at the river," he exclaimed, as he hastened to descend into the valley, "I can tell from the current which way the water runs, and be able to shape my course correctly. Saved—saved!"

He commenced his rejoicings too soon, and indulged in them too completely, for he was not yet out of peril. The centre of the valley was nothing more nor less than a marsh, which was covered with a thick growth of bushes, so that he found it almost impossible at times to press his way through them.

Leaping from bog to bog, however, or passing himself along from bush to bush, he succeeded in getting through the worst of his difficulties, and began to feel a strong hope arising behind all the pains and trials of his situation, that he would yet reach the bank of the river.

But a greater peril was to come.

When it seemed to him that he was almost through the marsh, and within a short distance of the stream, he found himself in the darkness, owing to his hurried progress, suddenly precipitated into an open pool of mud, which lay on that side of the marsh. He did not at first perceive the exact nature of the locality, but floundered on several steps, until he had fairly plunged into the thick compound, and become unable to extricate himself.

A few hurried clutches at the bushes behind him, a few desperate struggles to go backward or forward, and he perceived, as he sank deeper and deeper into the yielding mass, that he was actually fast in the marsh!

The yell of consternation that he uttered sufficiently attested that he recognized the danger of his situation. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "How could I be so blind! It's a regular mud marsh!"

He renewed his frantic efforts to extricate himself, without waiting to give expression to the horrible consciousness of peril which grew upon him; but it was a vain effort. As fast as he endeavoured to pull one leg out, the other limb and his whole body went down; and the more he beat his arms and hands about the paste-like material, the deeper and deeper he became involved.

"My God! must I die here after all my struggles!" he thought. "Is there nothing within reach to save me?"

As he cast his eyes wildly around, he saw that the side of the marsh next to the river was bordered by quite a high bank, composed of hard soil, and covered with tall and straight saplings, apparently of a few years' growth.

Perceiving that he would be safe if he could only move a short distance—it was less than a rod—in that direction, he struggled with all the mad energy of despair to gain the desired place of safety.

The efforts he made for his life could not have been exceeded, but they were all in vain, and even worse than vain—only tending to sink him lower and lower in the mud.

He soon perceived that he was lost, if left to his own resources—his own unavailing struggles. And then it was, as that conviction came over him, that, although he did not suppose there was a human being within miles of him, the natural instinct of his nature prompted him to set up a cry for assistance.

"Help! help!" he shouted, with all the might of which he was capable. "Save me! This way! Help! help!"

All around him was grimly silent as he paused, not even an echo responding to his cries, and every instant he was sinking further and further into the mire, which was now nearly up to his neck.

"Help! help!" he repeated, with an energy which the prospect of such a terrible death could alone have given. "Save me! Help! help!"

CHAPTER XXI. CHAMPNEY.

THE captivity of Champney must now claim our attention. The Indians into whose hands he had fallen did not untie the bonds Lorley had put upon him, but led him along in their midst very much as they would have led a bear or other wild beast.

He had no difficulty in comprehending that they were highly incensed against him for several reasons, commencing with his uninvited settlement in their territory, and concluding with his prowess over that

portion of their number which had assaulted Graham.

Thus driven forward, bound and exhausted, and anguished by the most terrible anxieties respecting Paula and her friends, his situation was most harrowing and trying.

For awhile he was quite in despair.

The first halt the Indians made was at a naturally fortified bluff a couple of miles east of the Junction. Here the chief bade his followers lie concealed, while he proceeded to Horse Creek to see Captain Strope. He came back in the course of an hour, having seen Lorley, just after the seizure of Paula, and received orders from him to cross the Platte and move along its north bank till he was a mile or two west of the wagon-train encampment, and there halt—which he did.

By this time it was day.

We will not attempt to describe the agony with which Champney, with the first gleams of the morning, looked back in the direction of the Junction. It was torture for him to be almost within sight of that spot, and know just where he was, and yet be unable to take a step towards it.

He suspected that the chief had come there to watch the wagon-train, and be ready to follow it up the plains, if it moved, on the opposite side of the river.

But the wagon-train did not move.

The travellers had speedily discovered that a band of white bandits were ahead of them, on the south bank, and a band of Indian allies on the north bank. Champney had seen considerable activity among them during the day, and had no difficulty in discovering that an attack on the wagon-train was preparing—that the crisis in his fate and in Paula's was at hand.

With the coming of the night, he learned that his fate had been under discussion, and that it had been decided by the savages to burn him at the stake, as a suitable commencement for the work of robbery and murder they had marked out for the night.

There were circumstances connected with this announcement that filled his soul with horror. He learned that Captain Strope had been there that afternoon, and had given orders for him to be put to death in that manner. He did not doubt but that Captain Strope was the man who had sent him adrift, and he accordingly feared that there would be no uncertainty about this newly appointed doom, or about the fate of Miss Norwood.

The place in which he was confined during the day was one of several temporary skin-lodges, which had been erected in the midst of the camp. Notwithstanding the secure manner in which he was bound, and the continual presence of a score of foes around him, a stout and begrimed savage had been placed over him, at the entrance of the lodge, so that he found himself almost continually under a watchful surveillance.

But what will not man dare and do in the face of a deadly peril? As Champney had said, when he first realised the nature of his bonds, they were not so bad as chains. He had early formed the resolution to free his hands, and to make any other effort for liberty and life that was possible; and he accordingly employed every instant when the eyes of his guard were withdrawn, in gnawing apart the cords which held him.

This, as will be readily understood, was a tedious and painful task.

The wounds he had received from Lorley, and his subsequent struggles and fatigues, had left him shorn of his usual strength.

The chief's daughter had brought him some food in the middle of the day, with the consent of her father; but she had at the same time told him that all her intercessions for his life had been in vain, and that she could do nothing more for him.

Expressing his thanks to her for what she had done, the prisoner continued his resolute task of helping himself.

(To be continued.)

NATIONAL PORTRAIT EXHIBITION.—The Lords of the Committee of Council on Education have received a letter from the Earl of Derby, suggesting the formation of a National Portrait Exhibition, from which letter the following extracts are made:—"I have long thought that a National Portrait Exhibition, chronologically arranged, might not only possess great historical interest by bringing together portraits of all the most eminent contemporaries of their respective eras, but might also serve to illustrate the progress and condition, at various periods, of British art. My idea, therefore, would be, to admit either portraits of eminent men, though by inferior or unknown artists, or portraits by eminent artists, though of obscure or unknown individuals. I have, of course, no means of knowing, or estimating the number of such portraits which may exist in the country; but I am persuaded that, exclusive of the large collections in many great houses, there are very

many scattered about by ones and twos and threes in private families, the owners of which, though they could not be persuaded to part with them, would willingly spare them for a few months for a public object. . . . The question of one, two, or three exhibitions in consecutive years, would, I apprehend, be mainly decided by the result of future inquiries as to the probable number of pictures, which could be obtained, and the space which could be found for their exhibition. But whether the period over which each exhibition (if more than one) should range, be longer or shorter, the point on which I should set the greatest value, in an historical, if not in an artistic point of view, would be the strict maintenance of the chronological series. I shall be very happy if any suggestion of mine should lead the Committee of Council to take up seriously, and carry out, with such alterations of detail as experience might suggest, a scheme which I think could hardly fail of being generally interesting; and I should have much pleasure in placing temporarily at their disposal any portraits from my collection at Knowles which they might think suitable for their purpose." Their lordships state that they consider these suggestions very valuable, and will carry into effect, in the year 1866, a National Portrait Exhibition generally in accordance with them. They propose to constitute a Committee of Advice, and to invite the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery to be members of it. Mr. Samuel Redgrave, to whose valuable labours the successful formation of the Collection of Portrait Miniatures is chiefly due, is to be requested to undertake the special charge of carrying this minute into effect.

THE SILENT NUN.

CHAPTER I.

REALLY, Jane, there was quite a little romance connected with our fancy dress party. You heard the jokes regarding the lady who was speechless for the evening, and now I will tell you the whole story.

In the first place, you remember John Harlow, that rather quiet and diffident young man, who studied medicine with old Doctor Chase? I did not understand the sad look in his affectionate grey eyes till I heard he had lost his mother. She was very dear to him. John was universally liked in our society, but he kept himself somewhat secluded. He seemed to care for no social recreation but music. Vesta Cloudman, you know, sings and plays with wonderful sweetness, and she and John were in the habit of singing songs and duets together. When we had little impromptu concerts at our house, I have seen him looking at her as if he wondered whether she were really an angel without wings. I fancy he was thinking of her voice when he said there were "some melodies which carried him to the very gate of heaven."

Then they took long walks together by the sea-side, and now and then discoursed sweet music under the witchcraft of moonlight. So it ended, as you may suppose, in a delicious little love affair. Strange to say, nobody frowned upon it; the world looked wise and benevolent, and agreed that John had made an excellent choice. We all loved Vet. She was sensitive, but after her father's failure, she proved herself brave and efficient; in fact, almost supported the family by her earnings as music-teacher.

But as John Harlow had quite a fortune of his own, we were glad to know that Vet would probably lead an easier life after her marriage.

Thus far everything was prosperous, with hardly a ripple to identify their smooth sailing as the "course of true love." Indeed, it was becoming tediously common-place, when John suddenly decided to go to Germany. I am very sure it was Orville Graham who persuaded him to this step. He professed his strongest interest in John, and introduced him to various distinguished people, and gave him letters of introduction to several professors.

I think you must remember Orville Graham, that princely-looking young artist, who was so fascinating to the Gray family, at Mount Desert? He had great genius, but was the most eccentric, unbalanced person I ever saw.

He cared nothing for the speech of people, and would do and say exactly what he pleased, without regard to etiquette or propriety. He was Vet's cousin, so we forgave him everything; and more than that, he captivated us, in spite of our judgment.

He made himself perfectly at home in the Cloudman family, and kept them all in hilarious spirits. At the time of John's departure for Germany, he was painting Vet's portrait. He rallied her on her pale, dispirited appearance, and the poor child affected the wildest gaiety sometimes, merely to escape the shafts of his wit.

He chose to paint her as Mary Stuart, in queenly robes, with her long hair sweeping her shoulders and a crucifix upon her bosom.

It seemed as if he never would finish the picture. He kept an easel and set of brushes at his aunt Cloudman's, in the attic, and there he went to paint whenever the mood seized him. His studio was in another part of the town.

I believe that before he finished the Mary Stuart, he had painted at intervals several gems of landscapes and half of "Persephone in the courts of Pluto."

I once asked Vet why he dallied so over her portrait, and she laughingly replied that he said he was waiting for a shadow to fall upon her face. It had as yet too much sunshine for Mary Stuart—time would give it more spiritual depth.

If he really meant what he said, he did not have to wait long.

A shadow did steal over Vet's laughing beauty. Some cloud, we knew not what, had shut out the sun. We thought her health was failing. She was too timid and reserved to make a confidante, even of me.

I learned it all afterwards. She did not hear from John; that is, he wrote, but not to her. After the first two or three letters, there fell an aching silence, which was all the more trying since Vet had not the slightest clue to its meaning.

She was a real little heroine though, and brought to bear all her womanly pride, determined that if her heart broke it should break in silence.

But Orville was not to be deceived. By some means he divined her secret, and made use of his knowledge to torture her.

You will say he lacked delicacy; yet I could tell you abundant anecdotes of him to prove that he was capable of the most refined and exquisite feeling. No, he was a poet, and it was not delicacy he lacked, but heart.

He was a keen observer; not one carefully concealed trace of Vet's suffering escaped his watchful eye.

How it must have humiliated her to know of his espionage!

He thought he fathomed her character, and so he did, down to a certain depth; but after his line and plummet stopped, there was still a current beneath which baffled him.

He admired Vet, and almost appreciated her. He hoped a year of "discipline" would extinguish every spark of her love for John, yet leave her heart whole and ready to accept his own half-playful, half-earnest advances.

But Vet plighted him.

Whether she retained any foolish tenderness for John, he hardly knew; but she laughed at her cousin, and would not be made to believe that he really loved her; neither did she manifest the slightest interest in him beyond a cool, consoling friendship.

He must have had a merciless nature, for I remember little sentences he dropped which I now know must have wounded her deeply.

Once we three—Vet, Orville and I—were sitting in Mrs. Cloudman's parlour, and he made Vet play and sing. "Ane I lo'e dear," and two or three other simple melodies which he knew, as well as I, were old favourites of John's.

I fancy she more than half understood that Orville wished to torture her, for she was very dignified, and certainly did not allow him the triumph of hearing a quiver in her voice.

"Look," said he to me, while she still sat at the piano, "here is an oak-leaf; do you know how sacred it is? It grows on German soil."

Vet slightly turned her head.

"It was sent me in a letter from John Harlow. It was plucked from a tree which waves over Körner's grave at Wobbelin."

I was not aware then that it had been a twelve-month since Vet had received a line from John. If I had known it, I should have understood her better when she talked to me on the piazza that evening about the hollowness of the world. She made me feel as if I were nothing but a particle of gas lodged for a twinkling in the interior of a soap-bubble.

I looked at her in the moonlight and wondered at her chastened beauty.

"That shadow Orville predicted has certainly fallen on your face," said I, thoughtlessly, "yet it is more like a halo than a shadow."

"So it came about that the 'Mary Stuart' was painted at last."

Orville declared with approval that Vet's face had been etherealized; her features were as delicately sketched as an artistically carved cameo.

The perditional wretch! I will tell you how it was.

All this while poor John Harlow had wondered as much as had Vet, what this long silence could mean. He had written letter after letter, begging for an explanation, but no answer ever came. Vet had not the gifts which some clairvoyants possess, or she might have peered with the eyes of her soul into Orville's writing desk, and seen a pile of John's letters lying there with broken seals. She had no suspicion of her cousin's treacherous conduct, yet his presence

grew irksome to her. She has told me since that she shrank from him with a secret shudder, and often scolded herself severely for what she regarded as an unfounded dislike. She might have spared herself all these stings of conscience if she could have read the words which Orville had sent across the waters to John:

"Don't blame her, my dear fellow. She had given her heart to me before she met you. Now she has only come back to her old allegiance. You two sang yourselves into an ecstasy which you fancied was the harmony of souls. I saw how it would all pass away like a strain of music; and so was patient. Vet had no thought of deceiving you. Forgive her. Heaven bless you, my noble friend. May you shake off this transient trouble and be happy."

CHAPTER II

Now I come to the fancy dress party. It was held in Yenedizsee Hall, and was a brilliant affair. But what could it have to do with the fortunes of John and Vet? Be patient, and let me tell the story in my own way.

More than two hundred people had promised to dress in costume. Vet was to be Mary Stuart, for she already had the dress. What part Orville was to take he did not deign to inform us; but we knew he kept his studio-locked for a day, and was busy over some elaborate arrangements.

As for me, I was to be a Tyrolean peasant girl, and talk German like a crazy magpie.

Just as Ann was beginning to braid my hair down my neck, somebody arrived, and who should it be but John Harlow, straight from the land of pipes.

"Why, John Harlow," cried I, rushing downstairs with my hair flying, "what does this mean?"

It was fully six months before we expected him.

"The truth is, Hester," replied he, "I have come home on urgent business."

"Dear me," cried I, "is it anything serious?"—for the man looked not only travel-stained and weary, but sad, I thought.

"Not a bit of it," said he, heartily. "But, Hester, since nobody knows I have come, please don't mention it just yet. I hear you are to have a masquerade to-night."

"Yes," said I, wondering if he meant to keep me from it.

"Well, you see," added he, fingering his coat-sleeve—a way he had—"I have taken it into my head that I would like to go to your party incognito, Hester."

"But, John—"

"Can't you procure me an invitation, Hester? I thought it was hardly taking too much liberty to ask such a favour of an old friend. Don't you suppose you could borrow for me a Turkish costume and a domino?"

Now what masculine stupidity to suppose for a moment that I, with my own dress to arrange, could set out in search of the robes of a bashaw, more especially as there was nothing of the sort to be had.

"My dear John," said I, "I am truly glad to see you; but what I am to do with you passes my powers of invention. There is not a reserved ticket to be had, and we are forced to be very strict in our regulations."

It is said that where there's a will there's a way, and even as I spoke, it suddenly occurred to me that Harriet Cleveland was down with one of her raging headaches. So I sent at once to ask if she had disposed of her ticket and Sister of Charity dress. She had not, and they were both at my disposal.

I laughed myself to tears when John proposed going as a nun; but with mother's help the matter was easily arranged.

He donned Aunt Sally's false front of straight black hair, and we muffled his bearded chin with a fold of black crape. Not even his sharpest creditor would have detected him. He looked like a strong-minded lady abbe. I fastened on the straight hair over John's curling locks with a dozen hair-pins, and when I had surmounted all with the black and white headgear peculiar to nuns, I declared, "It is perfect, John. All that is now required is silence. One word and the spell is broken!" He promised obedience in case I would also pledge myself not to speak a word of English; and as the carriage had now arrived we set off.

The first impression upon entering Yenedizsee Hall, was that you must have unwittingly rubbed Aladdin's lamp, and been spirited away to some Eastern land of untold wonders. A tumultuous sea of human beings, a daze of glittering gold and silver, a free dashing of gorgeous colours.

There was the resuscitated Queen of Sheba in all her ancient royalty; and sailing by her, with a total disregard for dates or probability, came the elegant Josephine and the stately Queen Bess.

"How d'ye dew, ma'am, how's all at home?" cried

a domino, seizing John Harlow's hand. "Toothache, eh? Here's some 'pain extirminator,' warranted to cure in five minutes, or more."

John looked as solemn as a cathedral, but made no reply. We passed on, too, John and I; I chattering German, he preserving a golden silence. As yet Vet was not to be seen. Everybody else seemed to fall in our way but Vet.

Let me think. There were Flora McIvor, the royal Duke D'Aranze, the dashing Di Vernon, and the sorrowful phantom, Undine, with hands folded across her bosom, eyes bent upon the floor, and a flood of fair hair almost veiling her face. She had come back to earth to kiss away the life of her false knight; but where was Hildebrand?

Rosy Aurora floated by with her kindling torch; Titania and her attendant fairies.

I began to wonder where Orville could be.

"My good friend," replied William Penn, "I fear thy boy Isaac is suffering from evil communications. The enemy described figuratively in the Bible hath appeared among us bodily."

Even as the old Quaker was speaking the "enemy" drew near. It was Orville Graham, and I saw for the first time that he had assumed the character of Pluto. Horrible as it was, it was well done. With his white matted locks and black horns, with his noiseless, stealthy tread, he carried terror everywhere. He was as jovial as Lucifer, as courteous as Mephistophiles; who but an artist could be so artistically diabolical?

"Mortal," hissed he, in the ears of Mrs. P.; "mortal, I am everywhere present; hope not to escape me!"

"Merciful sakes," screamed the bewildered old lady, "I never did anything to you. Oh, Be-elzebub, if it's you, do be compunctious!"

You ought to have seen Vet Cloudman just then, as she promenaded by us with the Grand Commander of the Legion of Honour. She made a magnificent Mary Stuart.

My companion, the Silent Nun, drew back involuntarily as she brushed past him with her royal robes, but he had no reason to fear recognition.

"How sombre that Sister of Charity looks!" we heard the Grand Commander say.

"Say nothing against the good Catholics," said Queen Mary, with a smile.

"I beg your majesty's pardon," responded the commander; "but really there is something very striking in the way that nun contrives to peep with one eye over the edge of her sable veil. But suppose we seat ourselves for a few moments; your majesty must be tired with the weight of those royal robes."

Now, as fate would have it, John and I had just ensconced ourselves on the long seat which runs the whole length of the hall, as the commander exclaimed:

"Here's a place for your royal highness!"

Vet took a seat beside John with all the composure in the world.

"Good Sister Anastasia, or whatever you please to call yourself, will you not pay due respect to Queen Mary?" asked the Grand Commander, with a profound bow.

The Silent Nun replied by a nod of the head. The commander laughed.

"So you are the speechless lady every one is talking about? I have heard a dozen gentlemen say you are sure to forget yourself and open your mouth before long; it's a sheer impossibility for a woman to be dumb for a whole evening."

So saying, the gallant commander made his adieux. We were comparatively alone—that is, quite separated from the crowd.

"Hester," said Vet, turning to me with a sad smile, "aren't you tired of all this mummery?"

"Tired? Not I," I replied, in German, according to my contract with John.

We all three sat for a moment lost in thought. "A rushing light of clouds and splendour" was before us.

"Hester," said Vet, "the world is a theatre."

"Yah!" responded I, meekly.

"The world is as hollow as an egg-shell. As hollow as a key-hole when the wind whistles through it."

I tried to say, "Vet, what a laodaisical thing you are getting to be!" but couldn't remember the Ollen-dorf for "laodaisical."

"Sweet sister," said Vet, gazing with curiosity at the nun, "why do you veil your mouth with black crape? It makes me think of a muffled door-bell."

The nun replied only by a solemn sweep of the eye-lashes.

"Can't you speak to me—to poor Mary Stuart?"

"Right," laughed I, in German, "ply her with questions, Mary Stuart; make her speak, I know you can do it."

Vet laid her delicate hand on the broad shoulder of the dignified lady, who began to count her beads.

"I am surprised to see you here, good sister," murmured Vet.

Vet was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the evening; her imagination made all acting real.

"I understand you, sister," said Vet, eagerly, "you are never far from heaven, even in a scene of gaiety." This was true of John; though of course Vet was not aware she was addressing her old lover.

"Vet," cried I, "I should think you had met with some serious trouble, by the way you talk."

Isopoke heedlessly, but Vet's face flushed crimson. "Trouble?" laughed she, "what trouble have I had? You know I am playing Mary Stuart, so I make believe to carry a heavy heart, my dear."

The nun looked at the beautiful queen, indeed had kept his eyes nearly all the while upon her face. I laughed slyly. It was so odd to see these two people sitting side by side, when Vet believed John Harlow in Germany. I was ignorant of the great gulf of misunderstanding which lay between them—the gulf which was broader and deeper than the Atlantic. So I thought I was very much in the way—and if I only removed myself John would certainly speak.

"Ah ha, young man," thought I, "I'll just step on one side, and we will see how long it will be before you break your contract of silence."

But just as I was rising, his Satanic Majesty approached, and I stood spell-bound. I had hoped our triad would escape unobserved, but Orville had made a search for us, no doubt.

"Fraulein," said he, taking my hand, and transfixing me by the baleful fascination of his eye, "Fraulein, I did not think to meet you again in this upper world. You will soon enter the land of shadows."

I shuddered, for his presence almost made mythology real to me. If I had had Vet's vivid imagination I should have believed for the moment that the man had actually come from the under world, where the three-headed Cerberus keeps guard.

"Do behave respectfully, Orville," said I, laughing, and pouring out German expletives as fast as I could speak. "Have done with this diabolical character."

"Weak-nerved woman," said Orville, contemptuously. "But here is Mary Stuart again, my famous old friend. Look you, Mary mine, who murdered Darnley?"

"Orville Graham," cried Vet, clutching the arm of the nun, "I have told you again and again, I cannot endure that look in your eyes."

Pluto laughed. He evidently regarded Vet's terror as in the highest degree flattering. If she wished to make him desist from his rôle, she had certainly struck the wrong key-note. He only shook his matted locks, and rolled his burning eyes all the more madly.

"Tell your beads, Queen Mary," said he, in a sepulchral voice, "the headman's axe is waiting."

"Do you go away," said Vet, laughing nervously, and still clinging fast to the nun. "I tremble at the very sight of you."

Poor child! Her remorseless cousin had found many methods of revenge upon her for her coldness and dislike. He had destroyed her faith in John—and gloried in her unspoken grief; but that was not enough. If he could not win her love, he would at least have the delicious pleasure of torturing her. Since his diablerie jarred upon her exquisitely susceptible nerves, he would keep it up and give her no peace.

I looked at the nun's face, and fancied it wore a puzzled expression, a look of eager inquiry. I did not understand that the *poi-diant* sister was watching Orville and Vet most narrowly, indeed had come from Germany for the very purpose.

"You are mine," cried Pluto, seizing Mary Stuart by the shoulder, "I claim my own."

"Orville Graham, I am so bewildered, so racked by nervous excitement!" said Vet, with a pleading look, which ought to have appealed to any man's chivalry; "do go away, for your awful looks, your glaring eyes terrify me. Laugh at me, but it does seem as if your very touch would scare me."

There was something in Vet's shrinking manner, and in the way she clung to the nun for protection, which irritated Orville. No doubt he was well aware that the repulsion was not caused wholly by his weird appearance.

"Vet Clondman," said he, forgetting himself in his anger, "it is useless for you to pretend that you are a downright idiot. Look you, my strong-minded Sister of Charity," said he, turning to John, "don't let her wheedle you with her mock timidity, it's only a pretty air she has! Look at her, Sister, and tell me, if you can, why she shrinks from me as if I were a wild animal?"

The nun vouchsafed no answer, save an indignant flash of the eye.

"Oh, you choose to be non-committal, do you, Miss Rosary? Well, if there was ever a lady who could hold her tongue, I should say it would be you, with your bold brows, and your woman's-rights nose."

Here I laughed, though no one else seemed to see the point of the joke.

"Now I'll appeal to Hester," said Orville, in the same strain; "why is it, Hester, that Vet always treats me so unjustly?"

This would have been a strange question from any one but Orville Graham. It is true we four were quite by ourselves, and there was no danger of being overheard; but how were we to know who this speechless nun might be? Little cared Orville. I had no idea of settling any disputes between the two handsome cousins, so I only shook my head and laughed.

"Well, I vow by my trident I will know what she means. She has the audacity to scorn me. She shrinks from me, not only now, but always, as if I were the very embodiment of evil. It's past endurance. Speak to me, Vet Clondman, and tell me what I am to understand by such conduct?"

"Hush, Orville," said Vet, glancing at the nun, "your tongue is running wild."

"Wild or tame, I will speak," continued Orville, rashly. "Hester, you are a family friend, and I will tell you truly how it is I have lost the good will of my sweet cousin."

I saw by Orville's eyes that he was meditating a piece of revenge. I would have stopped him, but he went on rapidly.

"I have simply assured her of the fickleness and heartlessness of a certain—"

"Oh, hush," cried Vet, in distress.

"Well, we will omit the name. Vet never hears it with calmness. He is in Germany and has no doubt been taken captive by some flaxen-haired maiden. I knew how it would be—didn't I warn you, Vet Clondman?"

"Orville Graham!" cried Vet, rising and facing her cousin with queenly scorn; all her timidity was gone, swallowed up in indignation, "how dare you speak so to me?"

"The terrors of her noble eye" stopped Orville short. Something, too, in the wrathful face of the nun may have warned him that he was going too far.

"What have I been raving about?" said he, thoughtfully, touching one of his little black horns. "Oh, it was of Diana and Endymion. Poor Diana got jilted; pity, was it not? Now, do you want to hear how my wife Persephone—"

But let the man rattle on as he might, he could not rub out the impression he had made on my mind. Had John Harlow been false? But while I was pondering the question, Pluto suddenly whirled off to another part of the hall.

Then I took German leave, and John and Vet were left to themselves. It was never explained to me by what means the two abused souls came to an understanding; but one thing I know—for I heard Vet say so—the "great gulf" was bridged before they left that hall.

When I saw Vet next day she was fairly radiant, declared the party was a marvellous success, and made no allusion to the "hollowness of the world."

What she and John had said to each other, and when they said it, I never expect to know, for Vet is as close as a rosebud. I cannot make John confess that he uttered a syllable that evening, and I certainly cannot prove that he did. I only declare that I fulfilled my part of the contract; and whether he did the same I leave you to judge.

The "Silent Nun" made quite a sensation in town, and I was not a little amused to hear people say, "Well, I thought all the while it couldn't be a woman." Such insulting remarks as are made about the female tongue!

As for Orville, it was reported that he had a sudden call to Rome. At any rate, he went thither, and we have none of us seen him since. S. M.

A LADY KNIGHT.—One of the last acts of the Empress Regent, during the absence of Louis Napoleon in Algeria, was the decoration of the admirable artist, Rosa, or rather, Rosalie, Bonheur, who thus becomes *Chevalière* of the Legion of Honour. The cross of the Order has never before been conferred upon a woman, with the exception of sisters of charity, members of other religious communities, and *vicandières* who have risked their own lives in performing acts of charity and devotion. Now that the first step has been taken, there is little doubt that others will follow. Madame George Sand is by all consent the first writer, the most accomplished romancer, in France, while Madame Henriette Browne and other ladies hold a very high position in the arts. As regards Rosa Bonheur, it is not, perhaps, generally known that that lady belongs to a family of artists. Her brother Auguste's landscapes and cattle are deservedly admired; another and a younger brother, Jules Isidore Bonheur, is a sculptor, of animals principally, and four of his groups have been rewarded with medals; in the exhibition now open in Paris there are two bulls, modelled by him for the Sultan, which are extremely fine; lastly, Rosa Bon-

heur has a sister named Juliette, now Madame Perrot, who is a painter of still-life, and the two ladies have performed good service in the establishment and superintendence of a free drawing-school for girls. Moreover, these four artists were all children and pupils of Raymond Bonheur, a painter of merit, who died in 1853. It is not often that the same kind of talent is found thus to mark a whole family.

THE young girls were burnt to death during a church festival at Troves, in Russia, by the falling of a lighted taper on their muslin dresses.

It is thought more than ever probable that the Empress Eugénie will be nominated Vice-President of the Council, and take an active part in business.

SOME fishermen of Calais have just captured an enormous shark—a warning to bathers on both coasts.

INVITATIONS will shortly be issued through the French and English newspapers to the English to go to Paris, on the 15th of August, for the grand gala at their own expense, of course.

THE House of Commons has voted an increase of salary of £300 a year to each of the English county judges. Their salaries now range from £1,500 to £1,800 a year, and afford a marked contrast to those of our hard-worked and poorly-remunerated resident sheriffs.

CLARKE, the groom, who will be remembered generally as the Queen of the falling of a man whilst her Majesty was riding on her favourite pony in Queen Elizabeth's Avenue, in the Home Park, has since that time been confined to his room from delirium.

A SUBSCRIPTION, limited to twenty centimes for each subscriber, has been opened in Italy to present to Garibaldi a gold medal, bearing this inscription:—"To Joseph Garibaldi, from the people who do not forget." At Turin there are already 20,000 subscribers.

SELFISHNESS.—There is no bar to thorough and wide culture so insuperably fatal as selfishness, or any external disadvantage so contracting to the intellect as pride and contracted affections. It is possible to be very fully in sympathy, in one place as well as in another, with all that is human and with all that is English; and there are few more honorable ambitions than to put your whole strength, with a willing and a cheerful mind, into the work, and the opportunities of good-will which lie near you.

HOW TO BEGIN TO STUDY.—"Take nothing for granted" is a good maxim for beginners. Take nothing for granted which you can verify for yourself. It may be so, or it may not. Investigate, examine, dissect, analyze, and do not rest until you have proved the point. It may consume time in the present, but will save time in the future. Study nature rather than books, and things rather than words. Observe trifles, for nothing is so trifling as to be without importance. Cultivate a habit of making notes of your observations. Keep up a good resolution, have faith in the future, and work earnestly in the present, and already you will have learned "How to begin!"

MARKING 'WALL-FRUIT.—A curious idea in the matter of wall-fruit. It may be advisable in some cases to mark any particularly choice peaches, nectarines, &c., and the simplest and most lasting method appears to be as follows:—Cut out in paper some very small letters, the initials of your own name, or the whole of your name, as may be desired, and just before the fruit begins to colour, stick these letters on the side usually exposed to the sun with a little weak gum-water. The covered portion will remain green, and when the fruit is ripe and the paper taken off, the name or initials of the grower will be found indelibly marked. It is both a simple and a harmless plan.

ARTIFICIAL COMB FOR BEES.—A Swiss invention has been introduced to aid bees in the formation of their combs. Narrow sheets of wax are imprinted with machinery, so as exactly to represent the dividing wall of comb between the cells. These strips are attached to the top of the empty hive, before the new swarm is put in, thus enabling the bees to go immediately to work, and also in guiding them in making the sheets of comb in the proper direction.—*Country Bee-Stings.*—We remember many years ago, in reading the travels of James Backhouse, in South Africa, this distinguished English botanist stated, that whilst stung by a venomous insect, he sucked out the poison with his mouth, and observed the taste to be distinctly acid. Acting on the suggestion here furnished, we have found the best remedies to be alkalies, for the purpose of neutralizing the acid. Saleratus or soda should be made into a thin paste and applied to the punctured spot, which should be kept moistened with it some time. In the absence of either of these

stances, fresh wood ashes made into a paste answers well. It is important that a speedy application should be made, before the poison has extended far. The application of mud has been found useful, acting in two ways, viz., by excluding the air, and diluting or weakening the poison by the moisture in contact with it, but alkalis are much more efficient. As the season for the stinging of bees is approaching, those who are sensitive to the action of the poison may do well to bear this remedy in mind.

A PURCHASE FOR THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—In addition to the usual annual grant to the National Gallery for the purchase of pictures, we find in the estimate lately voted by Parliament the following item: "Amount of the savings from the grants for purchases voted in 1862-3, 1863-4, 1864-5, surrendered to the Exchequer, £9,458." That is to say, the unexpended portions of the grants of three past financial years, which, in accordance with the now established regulation, were surrendered at the close of each year, have been returned for the use of the National Gallery. This has been rendered possible an acquisition which during many years has been the subject of repeated negotiations, and which a high price seemed to render unattainable. Nearly the whole of this three years' savings has been applied to the purchase of a single picture. The small but celebrated Garvagh Raphael has been bought for the nation for £9,000. This picture, originally known under the name of the Aldebrandini Raphael, is assigned by Passavant to Raphael's earlier Roman period. It was brought to England in or before the year 1800 by the late Mr. Day, who afterwards sold it for a comparatively moderate sum to the late Lord Garvagh. Of the merits of the work itself, as a specimen of the great master, the public will soon be enabled to judge.

AGRICULTURAL CO-OPERATIVE STORES.

First, at Clifton, in Northamptonshire, there has been a society in existence for three years and a quarter; during their last quarter they have sold goods to the amount of £506, being an advance of £100 on any previous quarter. After paying the expenses of management and interest at five per cent. on all paid-up shares, they were able to give a dividend of 1s. 10d. in the pound on the purchases by members, several of whom have cleared from £10 to £17 in the three years and a quarter of the society's existence. One member was in debt £3 when he joined the society; he has now paid off every farthing he owed, and has £11 in the society at the present time. This man has a wife and six children to support out of his scanty wages, and he declares that if he had not joined the co-operative society he could not have struggled on. Clifton is a village of 800 inhabitants. Secondly, Whitfield is a village in Northumberland, with a population under 400, fourteen miles from Hexham, the nearest market-town of any size, and eight miles from a railway station.

Upon the incoming of a new rector, in 1860, the idea of co-operation was started, and such was the effect produced by the discussion of the subject that the whole parish—squire, farmers, and labourers—determined to become co-operators, and raised a capital of £274 in £1 shares; at the end of the first year the capital increased to £296. The sales amounted to £1,884; £5 per cent. interest was paid on the capital, and a dividend of 1s. in the pound on members' purchases. At the end of the second year, the capital had increased to nearly £395. The sales amounted to £2,118; the interest on the capital remained as before, and two dividends were paid of 1s. and 2s. on members' purchases; the stock £300 in value carried up £20 to depreciation, and £10 as the beginning of a reserve fund.

In making any comment upon these two cases, we think we cannot do better than give the remarks of the communicator of one of them: "That co-operation does more good, if possible, in a small village than in a large town," because "in a large town the amount of capital embarked in business is so large and the competition so great, that goods may in general be bought cheaply. On the other hand, in small country villages many of the shopkeepers themselves are poor, and in debt to the wholesale dealers; the latter, as a matter of course, push on their worst description of goods; these goods, bought at so great a disadvantage, have to be retailed to the labourers, who thus obtain the necessities of life on the very worst terms.

This, in a few words, sums up the advantages which co-operation would effect in country villages; though it does not specify what is perhaps the greatest evil attending the present system, namely, the necessity which the shopkeeper feels to attach to his counter as many of his poorer neighbours as he can, by giving them credit—a cruel snare which is thus laid for the poor man, to pervert his social welfare upon a chance which he can hardly hope to meet. For how can he

expect to meet the accumulated expenses of months, when he finds or creates a difficulty in paying that of one week out of his scanty weekly earnings?

It is only too easy to see how the evils of debt, drink, and degraded and degrading housing are connected; how habits of careless and unthinking expenditure lead to dishonesty and recklessness of consequence; and how the latter lead to crowded, immoral homes, and to that source of misery too often sought as a refuge from self-inflicted cares—the beer-house. From these evils it is the object of co-operation to save the labouring man. That it will to the full thus save him we do not presume to say; but of this we feel assured, that, under discreet and prudent guidance, a most effective engine is in our hand, by which many of those anomalies which are a stain upon our national civilization may be attacked and overcome.

STATISTICS.

FORTIFICATIONS.—The bill authorizing a further sum of 650,000*l.* to be raised this year by the sale of terminable annuities and expended upon fortifications, directs that it shall be applied as follows:—310,500*l.* upon works at Portsmouth, 146,500*l.* at Plymouth, 24,000*l.* at Pembroke, 24,000*l.* at Portland, 27,000*l.* at Gravesend, 24,000*l.* in the Medway and at Sheerness, 24,000*l.* at Cork, and the remaining 70,000*l.* is for land, experiments, and incidental expenses. The 650,000*l.* added to 4,500,000*l.* voted in former years will make 5,150,000*l.*, leaving 1,845,000*l.* to be voted in future sessions in order to complete the estimate—6,995,000*l.*

BREWERS AND BEER.—A return for the year ending at Michaelmas last states the number of brewers in the United Kingdom at 2,508, the number of licensed victuallers at 93,751, of persons licensed to sell beer to be drunk on the premises at 41,522 in England, and of persons licensed to sell beer not to be drunk on the premises at 2,784. Two common brewers paid for licenses for brewing more than 500,000 bushels of malt, the highest quantity specified in the scale of licenses. These two kings of the trade together paid above 15,000*l.* for their licenses. The export of beer in the year reached 472,375 barrels, of the value of 1,739,472*l.* The West Indies took 24,836 barrels, Australia and New Zealand 129,551, and India maintained its position in the list of customers by taking 139,672. Our beer found its way to Madagascar, Japan, and Siam.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

THE DOG DAYS.—A Dr. Boisson has discovered that a vapour bath at 93 deg. Fahr., and gradually reduced, is a certain cure for hydrophobia. The bath is to be taken *à la Russe* for seven days. He affirms he has thus treated eighty patients, some of the cases very bad, and never lost one.

TO REGULATE A HOUSEHOLD.—Method is necessary to a well-regulated household. Without it the work drags heavily along from Monday morning until Saturday night. Begin the week properly, keep everything in order as you go along, and the chances are that you will find yourself in fine condition at the end of the week. A judicious manager will never suffer her domestic affairs to become disarranged, because such a contingency involves too great an expenditure of good temper and peace in a family.

The foundation of all good cookery consists in preparing the meat so as to render it tender in substance without extracting from it any of those juices which constitute its true flavour; in doing which, the main point in the art of making those soups, sauces and made dishes of every sort, which should form so large a portion of every well ordered dinner, as well, also in cooking many of the plain family joints,—in boiling, or rather stewing, which ought always to be performed over a slow fire. There is no error so common among English cooks as that of boiling meat over a strong fire, which renders large joints hard and partly tasteless; while, if simmered during nearly double the time, with less than half the quantity of fuel and water, and never allowed to "boil up," the meat, without being too much done, will be found both pliant to the tooth, and savoury to the palate. For instance, the most common and almost universal dish throughout France, is a large piece of plainly-boiled fresh beef, from which the soup—or *potage*, as it is there called—has been partly made, and which is separately served up as *boeuf à la mode*, accompanied by strong gravy and minced vegetables, or stewed cabbage. Now this, as constantly dressed in the French mode, is ever delicate both in fibre and flavour; while, in the English manner of boiling it, it is almost always hard and insipid. The reason of which, as explained by that celebrated cook, Careme, is

this:—"The meat, instead of being put down to boil, as in the English method, is in France put in the pot with the usual quantity of cold water, and placed at the corner of the fireplace, where slowly becoming hot, the heat gradually swells the muscular fibres of the beef, dissolving the gelatinous substances therein contained, and disengaging that portion which chemists term 'osmazone,' and which imparts savour to the flesh—thus both rendering the meat tender and palatable, and the broth relishing and nutritive; whilst, on the contrary, if the pot be inconsiderately put upon too quick a fire, the boiling is precipitated, the fibre coagulates and hardens, the osmazone is hindered from disengaging itself, and thus nothing is obtained but a piece of tough meat, and a broth without taste or succulence." In French cookery, those substances which are not intended to be broiled or roasted, are usually stewed for several hours at a temperature below the boiling-point; by which means the most refractory articles, whether of animal or vegetable origin, are more or less reduced to a state of pulp, and admirably adapted for the further action of the stomach. In the common cookery of this country, articles are usually put at once into a large quantity of water, and submitted, without care or attention, to the boiling temperature; the consequence of which is that most animal substances, when taken out, are harder and more indigestible than in the natural state.

At a wedding of a burgo-master in a village of Upper Austria last week, all the relations of the bride and bridegroom were entertained for three days of uninterrupted festivity. The bill of fare included, among other things consumed on this occasion, forty-eight oxen, forty-six pigs and sheep, sixty-seven calves, and several hundreds gallons of wine.

HER MAJESTY will visit Germany in August next, and on the 24th of that month will meet the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Prince and Princess Royal of Prussia, the Prince and Princess of Hesse, and all the members of the Royal Family at Coburg, who intend to be present at the inauguration of the statue of the late Prince Consort.

A few years ago a cargo of ice was imported into this country from Norway. Not having such an article in the Custom House schedules, application was made to the Treasury and to the Board of Trade; and, after some little delay, it was decided that the ice should be entered as "*dry goods*;" but the whole cargo had melted before the doubt was cleared up!

THE Queen of Madagascar has solemnly patronized crinoline, but with what would be considered by many to be the proof of her being a most enlightened Sovereign, she has prohibited the use of it to any one else except the Princesses Royal and the wife of the Prime Minister. The act of penance for the benefit of others is somewhat singular.

The obituary in the *Times* of the 21st and 22nd ult. contained some rare illustrations of prolonged life, in the case of six ladies and the same number of gentlemen, whose united ages amounted to 1,044 years, giving an average of exactly 87 years to each; the eldest lady having reached 94 and the youngest 81 years of age; the eldest gentleman being 95 and the youngest 81 years of age.

The total imports of Italy in the year 1862, amounted to 911 million francs, and the exports to 675 millions. The largest trade was with France and England. France sent to Italy goods to the value of 189 millions of francs, and received goods to the value of 233 millions; England sent for 95, and received for 192 millions; Switzerland sent for 136, and received for 87; Austria sent for 56, and received for 138; and the Zollverein sent for 689,000 francs, and received goods to the value of 2,227,000 francs.

The widow of the late Duke of Northumberland has intimated her intention of presenting to the National Lifeboat Institution the cost of a lifeboat, its equipment, and transporting carriage, in memory of her late husband, who was for many years the president of the institution. The duchess wishes that the new lifeboat should be called the "Algernon and Eleanor," their united names; and suggests that it might be placed on the Northumberland coast, the native county of the deceased duke.

It was necessary that the Princess Dagmar should return the jewels that were given to her by the Czarovitch, as they were the crown jewels of Russia, and the grateful act of according the Princess an annual pension of 40,000 roubles was insisted on by the Emperor of Russia in consequence of the necessity of the return of the jewels. The friendly feeling of the two courts appears, however, to be in no way diminished. The Princess is to visit the Russian Royal Family about the end of the present month, and the King of Denmark has been honoured with the command of a Russian regiment, the 17th dragoons of Siewersk.

Up to the present time the roof of the Imperial Riding House at Moscow has held its place as the largest ever executed, its span being 235 ft. But we understand that it is contemplated to cover in the London terminus of the Midland Railway with a roof of wrought-iron of 240 ft. clear span. It will be of an arch construction, springing from the level of rails, and having a versed sine of about 100 ft. When built this roof will therefore rank as the largest of one span in the world.

FACETIÆ.

WHY are book-keepers like chickens?—Because they have to "scratch" for a living.

"HAVE you found a verdict?" said a judge to the foreman of a jury. "No, your honour, we have hunted through every nook and corner of the room you sent us to, and we can't find nary one."

"Now mind you," whispered a servant girl to her neighbour, "I don't say as how missus drinks; but, between you and me, the decanter don't keep full all day."

An editor, speaking of a large and fat contemporary, remarked that if all flesh was grass, he must be a load of hay. "I expect I am," said the fat man, "from the way the donkeys are nibbling at me."

"Doctor," said a person once to a surgeon, "my daughter had a terrible fit this morning; she continued half an hour without knowledge or understanding." "Oh," replied the doctor, "never mind that; many people continue so all their lives."

A BOY'S LAWSUIT.

Under a great tree close to the village, two boys found a walnut.

"It belongs to me," said Ignatius, "for I was the first to see it."

"No; it belongs to me," cried Bernard, "for I was the first to pick it up;" and so they began to quarrel in earnest.

"I will settle the dispute," said another boy, who had just then come up. He placed himself between the two boys, broke the nut in two, and said, "The one piece of the shell belongs to him who first saw the nut; the other piece of the shell belongs to him who first picked it up; but the kernel I keep for judging the case. And this," he said, as he sat down and laughed, "is the common end of most lawsuits."

THERE is a book with the dangerous title of "pocket lawyer." We shouldn't much like a book with this title, for we are afraid if we ever get the lawyer into our pocket, we should never be able to get him out.

ABROAD handkerchiefs are marked with photographs of the owners, done by a process that "will wash." It is suggested that umbrellas be marked in some such way, so that the holder may see whether its lineaments look anything like his.

ANOTHER economical fashion closely following on the heels of "No cards" mania has been invented. Thus a gentleman, wishing to invite a friend to dinner, sends a note written in this shape: "Mr. Ollipod presents his compliments to Mr. Bushby, and begs the honour of his company at dinner on Thursday next, at five o'clock, p.m. No champagne."

THERE is nothing more damaging than the witness who proves too much. Miss Edgeworth tells us somewhere of an Irish peer, who, travelling in France with a negro servant, directed him, if questioned on the subject, always to say his master was a Frenchman. He was punctiliously faithful to his orders; but whenever he said, "My massa a Frenchman," he always added, "So am I."

A WOMAN'S CURIOSITY REWARDED.—Had it not been for the terms we were on with each other, and the unrestrained merriment in our ante-room, our concerts would have been very dull and tiresome affairs, for in the orchestra we all sat mute as mice, and solem as owls. It was approaching the termination of one of our sessions, one particularly hot morning in July, that I entered the ante-room, where all had assembled, waiting the organ's summons to commence the rehearsal. I was extremely warm with walking, and I dare say looked rather pale. Wiping the perspiration from my forehead, I sank into a chair, apparently half fainting. The ladies immediately arose to inquire the cause. I covered my face with my handkerchief, and said: "Don't ask me, it is too terrible!" "Oh, do tell us!" exclaimed Miss S., in an agony of curiosity. "Do!" I do!" echoed all the ladies. "Tis too horrible!" I said. "Never mind," said the ladies, "do!" "Well, then," said I, "I've just seen a man literally turned inside out!" A suppressed shriek followed this announcement. "How was it?" they inquired. "An omnibus—" "Ah!" ejacu-

lated Miss S., "I detest them; I always said there would be some dreadful accident." "How was it?" they all demanded. "I'll tell you—first he was dreadfully crushed, and then—" "Oh! go on! go on!" they cried. "Well, the omnibus was more than full, when a lady inquired of the conductor if she could have a seat. The man wishing to oblige, asked a gentleman if he would ride on the box. He consented, stepped out of the vehicle—" "I see—I see!" said Miss S., "I can imagine it all!" "Listen!" sobbed the ladies. "Well, as I said, he stepped from the vehicle, and, clambering up the side of the bus, sat down by the coachman; thus, after being dreadfully crushed inside, he was literally turned inside out!"

LAW.

An upper mill and a lower mill

Fell out about their water;

To war they went—that is, to law,

Resolving to give no quarter.

A lawyer was by each engaged,

And hotly they contended;

When fees grew slack, the war they waged

They judged were better ended.

The heavy costs remaining still,

Were settled without a bother;

One lawyer took the upper mill,

The lower mill the other.

A GENTLEMAN having set foot for the first time in Ireland, repaired to a hotel for something to eat, and was accommodated with a roast fowl. He was proceeding to eat it, when his plate divided with a sharp crack, and the wing to which he had just helped himself, flew up to the ceiling. Soon after an excited waiter rushed into the room, crying, "He's safe! he's safe!" "What's safe?" inquired the bewildered traveller. "Mister O' Musgrave, sir," said the waiter, in explanation; "the captain fired in the air." It thus became apparent to the gentleman that a duel had been fought in the room beneath, and without stopping to finish his repast, he ordered his luggage to be packed, and left Ireland immediately.

CORNERED.

Covetous people often seek to shelter themselves behind the widow's mite, and to give a paltry sum to benevolent objects under cover of her contribution. The following incident has a moral for all such:

A gentleman called upon a wealthy friend for a contribution.

"Yes, I must give you my mite," said the rich man.

"You mean the widow's mite, I suppose?" said the other.

"To be sure I do."

The gentleman continued:

"I shall be satisfied with half as much as she gave."

How much are you worth?"

"Seventy thousand pounds," he answered.

"Give me, then, a check for thirty-five thousand;

that will be just half as much as the widow gave, for

she gave all she had."

It was a new idea to the wealthy merchant.

"MAKE way, gentlemen," cried a fussy M.P. to some

people in the park the other day; "make way, we are

the representatives of the people."—"Make way your-

self," cried a sturdy member of the throng, "we are

the people themselves."

DOWN in FRONT.—"Down in front! Down in front!"

shouted an excited individual, whose view of

the stage was intercepted by a man who persistently

kept his feet while a popular dancer was delighting

the audience. "Down! down!" "Whisht!" said an

Irishman near, "don't be splittin' your trot in that

way. Be gorra! it's likely the man's a cripple, and

can't get down!"

A FRIEND of ours, who is a clerk in a mercantile

establishment, relates a brief colloquy, from which a

sprightly youth in the same office came out second best.

A poor boy came along with his machine, inquiring,

"Any knives or scissors to grind?" "Don't think

we have," replied the young gentleman, facetiously;

"but can't you sharpen wits?" "Yes, if you've got

any," was the prompt response, leaving the interro-

gator rather at a loss to produce the article.

POWER OF IMAGINATION.—Alexander Dumas pub-

lished some time ago, in a Paris paper, a novel in

which the heroine, prosperous and happy, is assailed

by consumption. All the gradual symptoms were

most feelingly described, and the greatest interest

was felt for the heroine. One day the Marquis de

Dalomicu called on him. "Dumas," said he, "have

you composed the end of the story now being pub-

lished in the—." "Of course," "Does the

heroine die at the end?" "Of course, dies of con-

sumption. After such symptoms as I have described,

how could she live?" "You will have to make her

live. You must change the catastrophe," "I cannot."

"Yes, you must; for on your heroine's life depends my daughter's." "Your daughter's?" "Yes; she has all the various symptoms of consumption, you have described, and watches mournfully for every new number of your novel, reading her own fate in your heroine's. Now, if you make your heroine live, my daughter, whose imagination has been deeply impressed, will live too. Come, a life to save is a temptation—" "Not to be resisted," Dumas changed his last chapter. His heroine recovered, and was happy. About five years afterwards, Dumas met the Marquis at a party. "Ah, Dumas!" he exclaimed, "let me introduce you to my daughter; she owes her life to you. There she is." "That fine handsome woman, who looks like Jeanne d'Arc?" "Yes. She is married, and has had four children." "And my novel four editions," said Dumas; "so we are quits."

SAY "WHEN."—When may two people be said to be half-witted?—When they have an understanding between them.

WHAT is that which has got feet and nails, but no legs, toes, or claws?—A yard measure.

It is charitably supposed that many of our young men are partial to getting their clothes on trust, because it is more to their credit.

SCENE IN A BARBER'S SHOP.

German Soldier: "I wants mein hair cutted and mein head'th washed like mit soap and wasper. Can you do him shust now?"

Barber: "I understand; you desire a shampoo." German Soldier: "Nix ferstay—I puts up mit no sham! I has a real poo, or I has none, by tam! You do him now?"

THREE ENDS TO A ROPE.—A lad applied to the captain of a vessel for a berth. The captain, wishing to intimidate him, handed him a piece of rope, and said: "If you want to make a good sailor, you must make three ends to the rope." "I can do it," he readily replied; "here is one, and here is another—that make two. Now, here's the third," and he threw it overboard.

THE singular Yankee custom of a free fight has apparently taken root in Paris. A demi-monde lady and gentleman had a dispute in the Avenue de l'Impératrice, when they commenced fighting. Some passengers interfered on both sides and commenced fighting; others coming up got excited and joined in, and even the cab-drivers, who had brought some of the fighters and the lady and gentleman to the spot, went into the affair *con gusto*. Some *sergents-de-ville* put a stop to the fun, but with difficulty.

THE late Lord Eldon had occasion to discharge a coachman whom he suspected of purloining his car. In a few days after he received a letter from a merchant, inquiring into the man's character, and his lordship's reply was that he was sober and a good coachman, but he entertained suspicions that he had cheated him. The man came next morning to thank his lordship for procuring him so excellent a place. "My master," said he, "was contented to find I was sober and a good coachman; but as to cheating your lordship, he thought the d— himself could not do it."

A ONE-LEGGED CROWD.—London is a queer place. To-day I was attracted to a spot near Holborn where a large crowd of persons were assembled; what was my surprise, however, to find they were all one-legged men! It appears notice had been given that upon this day a certain shop would be opened for the sale of odd boots and shoes for a nominal sum, and the placards were headed, "Good news for one-legged persons." I did not count the numbers I saw around the shop, but I think there must have been at least 500. I went past the same place later in the day and still there was a one-legged crowd—not that the customers had been disappointed. I remained waiting for a chance. No; the first were served, and still there were others arriving. I had the curiosity to ask the shopman in the evening how many boots and shoes he had sold, and he told me over 3,000. Where on earth would you get such a number of one-legged persons but in London?

HOW TO WIN A WOMAN'S FAVOUR.—It's very easy to make yourself popular among the ladies. Don't stand back and tremble, and think because you haven't the figure of Adonis or the face of Apollo you stand no chance at all. It is not mustaches and straight noses that do all the business. Women, bless their souls, don't care a fig for such things! Only remember a few little preliminaries, and you can make them like you, even if your hair is red and your mouth wide! When you go to make an evening call, don't start too early. Ladies are not well pleased to be caught before their curls and basques are arranged. Be particularly careful not to sit on the cat or kick the dog across the floor—girls are sure to appreciate any one who knows how to be polite to their pets. If there's a piece of

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worsted work admire it; don't mistake the artificial flowers in the vase for real; if the young lady is doing crocheted work, ask her if she can't teach you. Beyond everything, don't tip back in your chair; for every creak in the fragile furniture there'll be a worse fracture in your friendship. And when she begins to yawn behind her pocket-handkerchief, take up hat and go. "Short and sweet, long and bitter," is the motto.

A STRIKING STORY.

A FRIEND of ours was telling us, not long since, of an acquaintance of his in the country, who was noted for his mendacity. He related of him the following anecdote:

Said some one to the liar: "Do you remember the time when the stars fell, many years ago?"

"Yes," said Mendax. "Well," remarked the other, "I have heard it was all a deception—that the stars did not actually fall."

"Don't you believe it," returned Mendax, with a knowing look; "they fell in my yard as big as goose eggs. I've got one of 'em yet, only the children played with it so much they've wore the shiny p'int off."

Why is a broken chair like one who despises you?—Because it can't bear you.

On the sands at Scullercoats, near Tynemouth, a board has been fixed on which is inscribed the following notice:—"Any person passing beyond this point will be drowned, by order of the magistrates."

"Ah, Jones, right glad to see you out. Bad fever that, very bad fever." "Fever! what the deuce do you mean? I've had no fever. I haven't been sick an hour." "No? why, Jones, I thought the petro-phen fever had taken you quite down." Jones changed the subject.

THE ANATOMY OF A COQUETTE.—A coquette is a female general who builds her fame on her advances. A coquette may be compared to tinder, which lays itself out to catch sparks, but does not always succeed in lighting up a match. Men are perverse creatures; they fly that which pursues them, and pursue that which flies them. Forwardness, therefore, on the part of a female makes them draw back, and backwardness draws them forward. There will always be this difference between a coquette and a woman of sense and modesty—that while one courts every man, every man will court the other. When the coquette settles into an old maid it is not unusual to see her as staid and formal as she was previously versatile.

A PROMPT REPLY.—On a Sabbath evening very recently, a minister from a distance was officiating in a well-known church in Belfast. A stranger, who had gone in with the crowd, and who sat near the preacher, appeared not to be captivated by his eloquence, for he frequently pulled out his watch as if measuring the time for his departure. Just as he was in the act of examining his timepiece for the fourth or fifth time, the pastor, with great earnestness, was urging the truth upon the consciences of his hearers. "Young man," said he, "how is it with you?" whereupon the young man with the gold repeater bawled out in hearing of nearly the whole congregation, "A quarter past eight." As may be supposed, the gravity of the assembly was very much disturbed for a time. This reminds one of the oft-repeated story of a sailor in a London church, the minister of which, on the occasion of his (the seaman's) visit, was oft repeating the words, "Who will go up with me to Ramoth-Gilead?" Seeing no one move in response to the invitation, the jolly tar could not stand it, and jumping up, exclaimed in great disgust, "Ye lazy lubbers, I'll go for one."

CURIOUS ANECDOTE.

In verger clad.

One of the vergers of St. Paul's refuses to show the epitaph on Sir Christopher Wren to any one who is not in full dress. He bases his refusal on the ground that the Latin sentence directs it, by stating clearly—"Si munus requiris, sir, come spicily."—*Punch*.

QUERY.—Please, sir, do the Black Ball Steam Ships take away from England the Candidates rejected by different Clubs?—*Punch*.

REITER ROUTED.—The news so emphatically telegraphed by Mr. Reuter of a great Russian defeat in Kokhan, turns out to be a mere Khok-an-a-bull story. —*Punch*.

AUTHENTIC INFORMATION.—By a Reform Bill, which Government is preparing, the bishops are to be excluded from the House of Lords, and their places are to be supplied by Aldermen. —*Punch*.

PAGE WOOD ON THE ABATEMENT OF NUISANCES.—In delivering his wonderful decision on the right of Kingston to pour its sewage into the River Thames, Judge Page Wood is reported to have said: "Of course

if the evil was of such a magnitude as in the case before this court of the River Lea, where sewage equal in amount to the whole volume of water was being daily poured into the river, and scarlet fever had actually broken out, then he (the Vice-Chancellor) should have at once interfered." In the judgment of Vice-Chancellor Page Wood, when the steed is stolen it is quite soon enough to shut the stable-door. —*Punch*.

IRISH HEIFERS.—"Our own correspondent," writing from Dublin, in the *Times* last month, after referring to a great variety of startling facts, capped all with the following climax:—"Heifers which in 1842 sold for from £4 to £6 each, now bring £12, £15, or even £20." How is it that animals which were heifers in 1842 remain heifers in 1865? They must be the offspring of Irish bulls. —*Fun*.

SONG FOR JUNE.

How bright and blue the sky of June,
How jocund is the time!
The leafy trees yield cooling shade;
The Summer's in her prime:

Each thing
That hath a voice doth plainly sing,
"Be glad,
And banish grief and sorrow!"
'Tis Nature's universal tune,
Which well our souls may borrow.

The days are sunny, warm, and fair,
And sweet the moonlight nights;
The ears are charmed with melodies,
The eyes with pleasing sights:

The bowers
Are full of rare, ambrosial flowers;
The breeze
Seems counselling—"Be jolly!
Enjoy the time! away with care
And moping melancholy!"

Then seize the Summer's hastening day,
Brave youths and bud-lipped maids!
Its beauty bides not with us long,
And life itself soon fades.

Wreath the now
The flowers of pleasure round the brow
With song,
And dance, and merry greeting;

For swift, like Summer-birds, away
The rosy hours are fleeting!

Deep woodland dells by murmuring streams,
Or by some rustic spring,
Oh, let us seek, in careless glee,
And hear the wild birds sing;

And rove
In shadowy nooks with those we love,
Where we
May snatch the golden leisure,

And lose ourselves in happy dreams,
And pass the day in pleasure!

Such joys as these are not in vain,]
And innocent are they:
'Tis good at times to laugh; the bow
Must not be bent for aye.

Soon comes
Wild Winter with his chilling glooms
And snow;

And Summer flies—ah! whither?
And Age comes too with dote and pain,
And Youth's blush roses wither.

W. L. S.

GEMS.

He who agrees with himself agrees with others.

The prosperity of others is the alarm-bell of ambitious people.

Men with few faults are the least anxious to discover those of others.

To great evils we submit; we resent little provocations.

Never scoff at religion—it is not only proof of a wicked heart, but of low breeding.

The pitying tears and fond smiles of woman are like the showers and sunshine of spring.

Too much sensibility creates unhappiness; and too much insensibility creates crime.

If you wish to keep your enemies from knowing any harm of you, don't let your friends know any.

Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much; Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

Indolence leaves the snail unlocked, and thieves and robbers go in and spoil it of its treasures.

We should forget that there was any such thing as suffering in the world, were we not occasionally reminded of it through our own.

GRAPES.—A vine bears three grapes—the first of pleasure, the second of drunkenness, and the third of repentance.

HONESTY.

Honesty,

A name scarce echo to a sound—honesty!

Attend the stately chambers of the great—

It dwells not there, nor in the trading world:

Speaks it in councils? No—the sophist knows

To laugh it thence.—*Hazard*.

Honesty, even by itself, though making many adversaries

Whom prudence might have set aside, or charity have softened.

Evermore will prosper at the last, and gain a man great honour.—*Tupper*.

A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod:

An honest man's the noblest work of God.—*Pope*.

Oh wretched fool,

That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!

Oh monstrous world! Take note, take note, oh world!

To be direct and honest is not safe.—*Shakespeare*.

The man who pauses on his honesty

Wants little of the villain.—*Mary*.

Heaven, that made me honest, made me more

Than ever king did, when he made a lord.

Rowe.

Ay, sir; to be honest as this world goes,

Is to be one picked out of ten thousand.

Shakespeare.

CHARITY.

Great minds, like heaven, are pleased in doing good,

Though the ungrateful subjects of their favours
Are barren in return.—*Rowe*.

Take physic, pomp;

Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;

That thou mayest shake the superflux to them,

And show the heavens more just.—*Shakespeare*.

Then gently scan your brother man,

Still gentler sister woman,

Though both may gang a kenneie wrang,

To step aside is human.—*Burns*.

But by all their nature's weakness,

Hidden faults and follies known,

Be thou, in rebuking evil,

Conscious of thine own.—*Whittier*.

Nothing truly can be termed mine own

But what I make mine own by using well.

Those deeds of charity which we have done

Shall stay for ever with us: and that wealth

Which we have so bestowed, we only keep;

The other is not ours.—*Middleton*.

Charity ever

Finds in the act reward, and needs no trumpet

In the receiver.—*Beaumont and Fletcher*.

For true charity,

Though ne'er so secret, finds its just reward.

May.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TRAVELLING will be cheap for the million this year, as excursions are arranging for up and down the Rhine at £5 a head.

AN American physician says that the human pulse has quickened from seven to ten throbs a minute during the last fifty years.

THE strike of the Lyons' silk-dyers has given rise to a mechanical contrivance, which will henceforth dispense with manual labour in the dyer's trade.

THE London railway companies have resolved to give up collecting and delivering parcels on Sunday, making an exception in favour of fish.

THE Financial Committee of the French Chamber has, it is said, discovered that the Duc de Morny included his private expenses in the Budget of the Chamber.

FROM Bucharest it is reported that the nuns of the cloister of Zambrina had buried their abbess alive in her own cell. A legal investigation into the circumstances has been instituted.

A MAN who was hurt by stopping the runaway horses in the carriage of Baron Nathaniel de Rothschild, in Paris, claimed 10,000 francs damages; the Tribunal has just awarded him 5,000 francs.

A BUTTON epidemic seems to have seized the New York ladies, whose dresses have a perfect eruption of them. There are rows of white marbles down the front and on the cuffs. They are worn as earrings, and two immense ones, resembling billiard-balls, are worn to ornament their back hair.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NELLIE D.—The means of complying with your request have not, unfortunately, been placed at our disposal.

T. M.—We should have thought every one knew that the performance of pantomimes commenced in December—the day or night after Christmas-day.

R. S. ALLWOOD.—We shall have no objection to insert your matrimonial notification, if couched in something like the usual manner.

ANTONETTA GRACE.—The colour of the hair is—"Florence," light auburn; "Eather," light brown; "Antoinette," pale flaxen; "Jessie," chestnut brown.

VICTORIA.—Contracts whereby a person engages to negotiate a marriage for another are void in law; and the money paid may be recovered in a court of equity, whether the marriage be an equal or unequal one.

J. S.—We would be happy to correspond matrimonially with a young lady, who must be well educated and a good elocutionist, and have dark eyes and complexion. Is eighteen years of age, good-looking, and has a good business.

ROBERT AND HENRY.—We cannot forward your views further than we have already done; the means of complying with your request not having been placed at our disposal.

F. C.—No action will lie at common law to recover legacies unless the executor has assented to such legacies; because the estate may prove insufficient to meet the demands upon it. (See also reply to "R. L. O.")

MONA.—The colour of the hair is light auburn, and the texture "beautiful exceedingly." The handwriting does not require much improvement, but careful practice will render it rather more graceful and flowing.

PERSE.—An earl is entitled right honourable, and takes precedence next after marquises, and before all viscounts and barons; consequently Earl Russell would take precedence of Viscount Palmerston.

A. S. T.—Dry sawdust is said to be an excellent preservative for apples that are desired to be kept in store. They must be well covered with it; and will then keep sound and fresh through the winter.

J. N.—Those who read of everything, are thought to understand everything too; but it is not always so. Reading furnishes the mind only with the materials of knowledge; it is thinking that makes what we read ours.

J. TOWNSEND.—Diamonds have not yet been made, we believe, from charcoal; although a very near approach has been made, in the course of a series of experiments with charcoal prepared from loaf sugar.

J. HAWKES.—We entirely dissent from the tone of your letter. No man ever spoke contemptuously of women (it has been truly observed) without having a bad heart as well as a bad head.

R. L. O.—In cases of legacies payable at a future day, whether contingent or otherwise, a court of equity will compel the executor to give security, or will order the fund to be paid into the Court of Chancery. You must place the matter in the hands of a solicitor, for further advice.

S. WILLIAMS.—The cost incidental to "getting up" a pantomime at one of the large theatres depends in a great measure upon the new scenery and "properties" required. In a general way, the mounting of a good pantomime will cost £5,000.

L. V., who is 5 ft. 4 in. in height, a good figure, and considered beautiful, with dark brown hair and light complexion, wishes to correspond matrimonially with a gentleman not under twenty-five nor over twenty-seven years of age; and if a volunteer preferred.

WILLIAM ARTHUR.—It would seem that your malady is nothing more nor less than mental indolence—or, so to say, rusting of the mind. Find occupation, and you will have found a remedy. Most people do not know what is in them till they compel themselves to act.

C. W. S., who is twenty-four years of age, about 5 ft. 8 in. in height, fair complexion, brown hair, and possessing only a moderate income, is desirous of being introduced to an industrious and careful partner for life. Domestic qualities preferred to good looks.

A. S.—Yourself and friends will be gratified by perceiving that we have commenced the publication of another serial tale by the popular author whom you so justly admire. The only return which we look for is, your friendly exertions in extending our circulation among your acquaintances.

R. L.—You have scarcely stated the case explicitly enough; but the rule of law is that when a legacy is given by a father to a child, though the legacy be payable at a future day, the child has an immediate right to the interest of the money. But if the testator were a stranger to the child, it would be otherwise.

A. J. BROWN.—The forms in which galvanic piles have been constructed are various, and the number of plates is adapted either to the quantity or intensity of the electricity which it may be desired to produce. When quantity, with a feeble tension, is required, a single pair of plates, such as zinc and copper, with extensive surfaces, separated by very dilute acid, will answer; but with a system of pairs of plates, where the copper of the first pair conducts its electricity to the zinc of the second, and so on, the quantity and intensity are increased with the number of the plates. In some constructions, the plates are merely placed on each other, those

of each pair being separated by moistened paper; in others, the plates lie parallel in a trough of baked wood; in others, as in the Voltaic battery, the plates are placed circularly, or in a bowl shape; while in Hare's Calorimeter there is merely one zinc plate and one copper, twisted into a great number of coils, which form increases the intensity, and is the construction generally employed by Faraday and others.

S. WELDON.—Many of the most eminent chemists of the present day believe, with the much-abused alchemists of former times, that gold is a compound metal, and may be made. We think, however, that working is a surer means of making it than any amount of chemical experiment. (The handwriting is very fair.)

E. C. S.—Gentility is neither in birth, wealth, manner, nor fashion, but in the mind. A high sense of honour, a determination never to take a mean advantage of another, an adherence to truth, and delicacy and politeness towards those with whom we have dealings, are its essential characteristics.

T. T.—Where there are several sureties, and one becomes insolvent, the surety who pays the entire debt can, in equity, compel the solvent sureties to contribute towards payment of the entire debt; but at law, he can recover no more than an aliquot part of the whole, regard being had to the number of co-sureties.

T. A. R., who is twenty-five years of age, tall, fair, with brown hair and blue eyes, and possesses a moderate income, would be pleased to correspond with a young lady possessing the following qualifications:—A fair complexion, rather tall, from eighteen to twenty-three years of age, of a kind disposition, and of highly-respectable family. *Curtis* to be exchanged.

NOTE AND PERSISTENCE.

Strive on, brave souls, and win your way

By energy and care;

Waste not one portion of the day

In languor and despair;

A constant drop will wear the stone,

A constant watch may clear

Your way, however wild and lone:

Hope on, and persevere.

Strive on, and if a shadow fall

To dim your forward view,

The glorious sun is over all,

And will shine out anew;

Leap o'er the barriers that ye meet,

And to one course adhere;

Advance with quick but cautious feet:

Hope on, and persevere.

Rough places may obstruct the path

That ye desire to tread,

And clouds of mingled gloom and wrath

May gather overhead;

Voices of menace and alarm

May startle ye with fear,

But faith has a prevailing charm:

Hope on, and persevere.

J. C. F.

F. O. wishes to correspond matrimonially with a gentleman, who need not be absolutely good-looking, but should be a rifle volunteer, about twenty-two years of age, and not under 5 ft. 8 in. in height. "F. O." is twenty-one years of age, 5 ft. 7 in. in height, a good figure, rather ladylike in personal appearance, has dark brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, and is considered beautiful.

LEX.—Candidates for clerkships of the superior class under the Poor Law Board are examined with a view to ascertain that they have received a liberal education, and are personally intelligent. No precise rules are laid down as to the manner of this examination, which will to a certain extent, be made to depend upon the nature of the candidate's previous studies.

J. L. F. wishes to correspond with a lady not over twenty-four years of age, who is highly respectable, good tempered, of domestic habits, and inclined to make a home happy. Is twenty-six years of age, with good complexion, black curly hair, and dark eyes, and has a large business which will enable him to maintain a home comfortably. *Curtis* de suite requested, as a preliminary.

MRS. A.—We do not think that love at first sight is so great an absurdity, you seem to imagine it to be. People generally make up their minds beforehand as to the sort of person they should like—grave or gay, dark or fair, with golden tresses or with raven locks; and when the individual possessing these characteristics appears, the bargain is soon made—and the feeling which is commonly called love at first sight springs into existence.

LA SONTAIBULA.—Dreams may be best described in a few words, as trains of ideas presenting themselves to the mind during sleep; and the word dreaming designates either the state of the mind in dreams, or else the susceptibility of having dreams. We cannot here go into the psychological law of dreams; but the subject has been practically and truly described by Dryden in four lines:—

Dreams are the interludes which fancy makes;
When monarch reason sleeps, this mimic wakes,
Compound a medley of disjointed things,
A court of cobblers or a mob of kings.

E. A.—To clean hair brushes and combs, take of sub-carbonate of soda, two heaped teaspoonsful, and dissolve in half a pint of boiling water; into this mixture dip the brush, drawing the comb through it. The brush and comb by this means will speedily cleanse each other; dry quickly, and observe that the mahogany or satin-wood back of the brush must be kept out of the solution, as it is apt to discolour wood.

G. L.—Of course poor people may obtain the assistance of the Divorce Court, if they unfortunately require it. You must make an affidavit that you are not worth £25 above wearing apparel, after payment of debts; and on presenting this, backed by opinion of counsel that your case seems reasonable, the judge of the court will assign you both attorney and counsel, to whom you will have no fees whatever to pay.

KITTY, ANNA, and EMMA, three sisters, are desirous of communicating with three gentlemen (who are well educated and of cheerful disposition), with a view to matrimony. "Kitty" is a brunette, twenty years of age, 5 ft. 2 in. in height, of a merry and loving disposition, and is considered good-looking; "Anna" is a blonde, twenty years of age, 5 ft. 2 in. in height, of a merry and loving disposition, and is considered good-looking; "Emma" is a blonde, twenty years of age, 5 ft. 2 in. in height, of a merry and loving disposition, and is considered good-looking.

graceful figure, has brown hair and blue eyes, and is very loving and affectionate; "Emma" is seventeen years of age, of medium height, fair complexion, dark hair and eyes, daughters of a retired gentleman, have each received a good education, are highly accomplished, thoroughly domesticated, and competent to make a happy home; each possesses an income of £100 per annum, and will receive a good fortune at the death of an aged relative. *Curtis* de suite to be exchanged.

A BACHELOR, without money, who is twenty years of age, 6 ft. in height, of dark complexion, with black hair and eyebrows, blue eyes, and a gentleman by birth, &c., being quite tired of being single, is anxious to enter into a matrimonial correspondence with a lady not more than twenty-two years of age, who must have a fair education, and be good-tempered; a young widow, with not more than one child, not objected to.

J. W., who designates himself as "a solitary being rambling from place to place, and remaining in none sufficiently long to make acquaintances," is desirous of settling down, and entering the estate of matrimony. Is thirty-four years of age, tall, dark, of gentlemanly appearance, good-tempered, affectionate, steady, and industrious; has at present a yearly income of £100, and a certain prospect of doubling it ere long; and stipulates that the lady should be fond of home, well versed in domestic duties, and of an affectionate disposition.

HARRY GORDON is so immersed in business that he has no time to go into society, in order to meet with and obtain an introduction to a lady suitable to be his partner for life; and desires the assistance of our columns to that end. Is thirty years of age, nearly six feet in height, dark complexion, has large whiskers, considered to be very good-looking; in the receipt of £500 a year from a learned profession, and expects an increase yearly. It is indisputable that the lady who replies should be well educated, accomplished, a good musician, and of a loving and gentle disposition.

S. HARE.—We imagine that the key to your ailments is want of exercise. Those who are able, can scarcely take too much exercise of any kind, provided it be kept within the bounds of fatigue. Horse exercise would be very beneficial, not only from the exhilarating effect of rapid motion on the spirits, but also by the complete oxygenation of the blood, which it produces. Reading aloud and singing are also excellent exercises, because they tend to produce deep inspiration, equal expansion of the lungs, and give free access of air to the smaller air passages, thereby decarbonizing the blood more rapidly.

T. R. V.—It is often a question amongst people who are not acquainted with the anatomy and physiology of the body, whether lying with the head raised or level with the body, is the more wholesome. Most consulting their own ease on this point, argue in favour of that which they prefer. Now, although many delight in bolstering up their head at night and sleep soundly, yet it is a very dangerous habit. The vessels through which the blood passes from the heart to the head, are always lessened in their cavities when the head is resting in bed higher than the body; therefore the head, which is already pretty near on a level with the body, and you should accustom yourself to sleep so.

GERALDINE D'ARCY will be happy to correspond matrimonially with a gentleman not exceeding twenty-four years of age. Is twenty-one years of age, of slight figure, has dark brown hair and grey eyes, is very domesticated, and has a very affectionate disposition. "Geraldine" has no fortune, but thinks there would be fewer unhappy marriages, did men seek for a fortune in a wife, rather than vice versa; and does not stipulate for "hearty" in a future husband, estimating education, intelligence, and nobleness of mind far more highly than mere personal advantages. So sensible a young lady as "Geraldine," ventures to prophecy, will find many eager candidates for her favour.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:—WILLIAM is anxious to hear further and more definitely from "Emily."

LOUISE B. E. would like to hear further from "G. J." whose *carte de visite* is requested.

G. L. is desirous of corresponding matrimonially with a lady, who need not be absolutely good-looking, but should be a rifle volunteer, about twenty-two years of age, and not under 5 ft. 8 in. in height. "G. L." is twenty-one years of age, 5 ft. 7 in. in height, a good figure, rather ladylike in personal appearance, has dark brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, and is considered beautiful.

EMILY FLORENCE, an indispensable preliminary to a matrimonial correspondence, requests the *carte de* of "Elinor Harcourt."

PAUL DUMONT will be happy to correspond with "Irma" with a view to matrimony. Is twenty-three years of age, tall, and considered good-looking, and has good expectations. *Curtis* de suite to be exchanged.

ELLEN has been much attracted by the matrimonial notification of "Charlie D." with whom she will be happy to commence a correspondence. Is nearly seventeen years of age, has golden hair, grey eyes, is generally considered very pretty, lively, and amiable, is highly respectable, well educated and slightly accomplished.

ELLEN and EMMA wish to open a matrimonial correspondence with "G." and "C." Are cousins, aged respectively between nineteen and twenty, are thoroughly domesticated, and considered pretty. "Ellen" is rather dark and rather tall; "Emma" fair, and also rather tall.

WM. R., who is twenty-one years of age, 5 ft. 8 in. in height, has dark blue eyes, is considered very good-looking; is moreover in a good position, and has a life annuity of £130 per year, is anxious to correspond matrimonially with "Miss Violet," with whom he will be happy to exchange *cartes de visite*.

PART XXVI, FOR JULY, IS NOW READY. PRICE 6d.

* Now Ready, VOL. IV. OF THE LONDON READER. Price 4s. 6d.

Also, the TITLE and INDEX to VOL. IV. Price ONE PENNY.

N.B.—CORRESPONDENTS MUST ADDRESS THEIR LETTERS TO THE EDITOR OF "THE LONDON READER."

1. We cannot undertake to return Rejected Manuscripts. As they are sent to us voluntarily, authors should retain copies.

London: Printed and Published for the Proprietors, at the Strand, by J. R. GILMAN.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BRADEN'S HOUSEHOLD TEA, 3s. Pleasant flavour, abundant strength; 6lb. case, 18s., car-free to all England.—**ALEXANDER BRADEN**, High Street, Islington, London.

WHY GIVE MORE?—Excellent TEAS, black, green, and mixed, are now ON SALE, for use, at 2s. 4d. per lb. at **NEWSOM and CO'S**, Retail Tea Warehouse, 50, Borough. Established 1745.

THE LONDON LOOKING-GLASS COMPANY'S FIVE GUINEA LOOKING-GLASS. Several designs now ready.—**A. JENKINS and CO.**, Fleet Street, and 1, New Road, Brighton. New Book free, post-paid.

ELSON'S PALE ALE.—The **OCTOBER BREWINGS** of the above ALE are now being sold in the finest condition, in bottles and in kegs, by **FINDLATER, MACKIE, TODD**, and at their New London Bridge Stores, London S.E.

JAN'S PRIZE KITCHENER.—This Matchless Kitchen obtained a prize at the Exhibition of 1883. It is adapted for the cottage or mansion, from 2s. to £30. Also larger sizes for hotels, taverns, and public schools, and hospitals, with steam stoves, from £50 to £100 and upwards. Show-rooms, 33 and 34, King William Street, London E.C. Manufactory, 10, Arthur Street West, ad-Ed.

BROWNROOT.—Finest St. Vincent 7lb. Tins, 5s.; 14lb. tins, 9s. 6d.; and 21lb. tins, 13s. 8d. each. Licence sample sent post free on receipt of two stamps.—**FORSTER and SON**, Tea and Arrowroot Manufacturers, Philpot Lane.

KEY HAIR.—248, High Holborn, London.—**ALEX. BOSS'S** charges for dyeing the hair—of men, from 7s. 6d.; gentlemen's, from 5s. The dye is 6d., and sent by post for 5d. stamps. Any produced.

ANISH FLY is the acting ingredient in **ALEX. BOSS'S CANTHARIDES OIL**, which produces perspiration and thickens hair. Sold at 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d.; or per post, 5d., 8d., or 14d. stamps.—**BOSS**, 248, High Holborn.

ALEX. BOSS'S DESTROYER OF HAIR removes superfluous hair from the face without the use of effect to the skin, 3s. 6d., or per post for 5d. stamps.—**BOSS'S TOILET MAGAZINE**, 1d. monthly; had of booksellers; or for two stamps.—248, High Holborn, London.

ELIX SULTANA'S GOLDEN CASSETTE, which unceasingly emits a delightful fragrance, is a Fairy Fountain, six different perfumes, in boxes, Green Dagmar's Cross, a jewel for a lady's neck, finely perfumed, 5s. 6d. A bottle of Jockey Club, Violet, and Kiss Me Quick, in case, 4s. 6d. The Otto de Roses, in original bottles, 3s. 6d. All free.—**FELIX SULTANA**, Royal perfumer, 23, 7, City, and 210, Regent Street, London.

THE HOMEOPATHIC COCOA, in Packets.—The purity, delicacy of flavour, and nutritious qualities of this Cocoa, as well as the great facility with which it is made, have rendered it a standard of general consumption. It is highly approved and strongly recommended by medical men, and is adapted for invalids and general consumers.—**FLETCHER and SONS**, Bristol and London, are the English Manufacturers of Cocoa who obtained the Medal, 1862.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—The causes of dysentery in hot climates and diarrhoea in our own may be safely counteracted by the purifying effect of these well-known pills. Within these few the chance of escape from a dangerous disease is by taking dangerous remedies; now the danger is dispelled by general purification of the system and its regenerating influence over every organ. The very means for overcoming the sighing, cramps, and straining include the elements of strength. Holloway's Pills are admirable and astringent, and can be confidently relied upon. Whatever may have immediately given rise to irritation of the bowels, these pills soothe the irritable membranes and repress the excessive excitability of the intestines.

DR. GABRIEL
OLD ESTABLISHED
DENTISTS

RIMMEL'S NEW PERFUME, CUPID'S TEARS, in a pretty moire-antique box, 3s. 6d.—**E. RIMMEL**, 96, Strand, 128, Regent Street, and 24, Cornhill, London. Just published, "Rimmel's Book of Perfumes," with above 250 illustrations. Price 5s. Sent by post for 6d. stamps.

PROFESSOR STANLEY, Hair Cutter and Hair Dyer, 46, Blackfriars Road, S. (12 doors from the Railway Station). Hair Cut and Brushed by Machinery, 8d.; Cut, Shampooed (with hot and cold showers), and Brushed by Machinery, 6d. No business on Sundays.

POWNCNEY'S FRENCH BRANDY, at 4s. 6d. per bottle, is confidently recommended. Dr. Hassen's report: "The French brandies sold by Mr. Pownceby are a pure grape spirit, and valuable for medicinal purposes."—**S. POWNCNEY**, 19, Ernest Street, Albany Street, N.W. Samples forwarded.

CADIZ, OPORTO, and LIGHT WINE ASSOCIATION (Limited).—Capital, £150,000.—West-end Depot, 434, Strand. Sample bottles of the following WINES, direct from Vineyards: Dinner Sherry, 18s.; sample bottle, 1s. 8d. Household Port, 18s.; sample bottle, 1s. 8d. Club Sherry, 36s.; sample bottle, 3s. 2d. Club Port, 36s.; sample bottle, 3s. 2d.

COLMAN'S PRIZE MEDAL MUSTARD bears their trade mark, the Bull's Head, on each package. It is the only mustard which obtained a Prize Medal at the Great Exhibition, 1862; their "genuine" and "double superfine" are the qualities particularly recommended for family use. Retail in every town throughout the United Kingdom.—**J. and J. COLMAN**, 26, Cannon Street, London.

CAUTION.—**COCKS'S** celebrated **READING SAUCE**, for Fish, Game, Steaks, Soups, Gravies, Hot and Cold Meats, unrivalled for general use, sold by all respectable Dealers in Sauces. Is manufactured only by the Executors of the Sole Proprietor, Charles Cocks, 6, Duke Street, Reading, the Original Sauce Warehouse. All others are spurious imitations.

TWO THOUSAND best **SILVER WATCHES**, 25s. each; 500 gold ditto, 55s. each, all warranted; 1,000 Solid Gold Guard Chains and Albert Chains, 16s. 6d. each; Gold Gem Rings and Signet ditto, 4s. each; 1,500 Solid Gold Scarf Pins, 5s. 6d. each; Gold Brooches, Earrings, Studs, and every kind of Jewellery, at a similar reduction. Country orders, per remittances, carefully attended to.—**George Dyer**, 90, Regent Street, London.

WATCHES and CLOCKS.—**FREDC. HAWLEY** (Successor to Thomas Hawley), many years Watchmaker, by special appointment, to his late Majesty George IV., invites inspection of his carefully-finished Stock, at 148, Regent Street, W. Elegant Gold watches, £2 15s. to £35; Silver Watches, £1 5s. to £12 12s. Eight-day Timepieces, 12s. 6d. Clocks, striking hours and half-hours, £2 15s. and upwards.—**FREDERIC HAWLEY**, Watchmaker, 148, Regent Street, W. (near the Strand and Coventry Street). Established nearly a century. Merchants and Shippers supplied.

BRANDY.—The Best and Cheapest in the World. Cognac, 15s. per gallon; one dozen, 33s. Champagne, 18s. per gallon; one dozen, 39s. This splendid Brandy cannot be equalled. Best London Gin, full strength, 13s. per gallon; one dozen, 29s. The above prices per dozen include railway carriage.—**G. PHILLIPS and CO.**, Distillers, Holborn Hill, London.

KINAHAN'S I.L. WHISKY v. COGNAC BRANDY.—This Celebrated Old Irish Whisky rivals the finest French Brandy. It is pure, mild, mellow, delicious, and very wholesome. Sold in bottles, 3s. 8d., at the retail houses in London; by the agents in the principal towns in England; or wholesale at 8, Great Windmill Street, London, W.—Observe the red seal, pink label, and cork branded "Kinahan's I.L. Whisky."

M. R. HARTY, Surgeon-Dentist, by a new Process REPLACES TEETH in the month without any pain or inconvenience to the patient. He is only to be consulted at his residence, 41, St. Martin's Lane, Trafalgar Square. Painless extraction if required. Moderate charges.

TEETH.—**Osteo Eidon**, Messrs. Gabriel's Specialite. —The numerous advantages, such as comfort, purity of materials, economy, and freedom from pain, obtainable hereby, are explained in Messrs. Gabriel's Pamphlet on the Teeth, just published, free by post, or gratis on application. 27, Harley-street, Cavendish-square, and 34, Ludgate-hill, London; Liverpool, 134, Duke-street; Birmingham, 65, New-street. Complete Sets, 4 to 7 and 12 to 15 guineas.

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While affording all the advantages and facilities usual with other Offices, this institution possesses special and attractive features peculiar to itself; and during the twenty-six years of its operations it has largely contributed to the extension of Life Assurance throughout the whole of Great Britain and Ireland.

The system and regulations have been framed, and from time to time improved, so as to secure to the policyholders not only the utmost value for their payments, but especially the following:

As small present outlay as possible.
No Responsibility, whether of Partnership or Mutual Assurance.

No liability to Forfeiture, or so little that only gross carelessness can affect the policy.

A liberal return to the policy-holder, if he desire to relinquish his policy; or,

The loan of a sum nearly equal to its office value without cancelling the policy.

The eminent usefulness of the institution is apparent from its having paid policies on deceased lives amounting, during last year alone, to

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C. LERICAL, MEDICAL, and GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, 13, St. James's Square, London, S.W.—Established 1824.

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Endowment Assurances may be effected, without profits, by which the sum assured becomes payable on the attainment of a specified age, or at death, whichever event shall first happen.

Invalid Lives may be assured at rates proportioned to the increased risk.

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The Reversionary Bonus at the Quinquennial Division in 1862 averaged 48 per cent., and the Cash Bonus 28 per cent. on the premiums paid in the five years.

The next Division of Profits will take place in January, 1867, and persons who effect new policies before the end of June next will be entitled at that division to one year's additional share of profits over later entrants.

Tables of rates and forms of proposal can be obtained of any of the Society's agents, or of

GEORGE CUTCLIFFE, Actuary and Secretary. 13, St. James's Square, London, S.W.

THE LAND SECURITIES COMPANY (Limited).

The Company **ISSUE MORTGAGE DEBENTURES**, bearing 4½ per cent interest, payable half-yearly, at the Bankers of the Company in London, or at such Country Bankers as may be arranged with the holders, payable at such periods and for such amounts as may suit investors. The aggregate amount of the debentures at any time issued is strictly limited to the total amount of the moneys for the time being, secured to the Company by carefully selected mortgages, of which a register is kept at the Company's Chief Office, open to inspection by debenture-holders. The holders have, moreover, the security of the large uncalled capital of the Company, which amounts at present to £900,000. These debentures, therefore, combining the advantages of a good mortgage with ready convertibility, will be found a perfectly safe and convenient investment.

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ANTOINETTE GRACE.—The colour of the hair is—"Florence," light auburn; "Ester," light brown; "Antoinette," pale flaxen; "Jessie," chestnut brown.

VICTORIA.—Contracts whereby a person engages to negotiate a marriage for another are void in law; and the money paid may be recovered in a court of equity, whether the marriage be an equal or unequal one.

J. S. would be happy to correspond matrimonially with a young lady, who must be well educated and a good elocutionist, and have dark eyes and complexion. Is eighteen years of age, good-looking, and has a good business.

ROBERT AND HENRY.—We cannot forward your views further than we have already done; the means of complying with your request not having been placed at our disposal.

F. C.—No action will lie at common law to recover legacies unless the executor has assented to such legacies; because the estate may prove insufficient to meet the demands upon it. (See also reply to "R. L. O.")

MONA.—The colour of the hair is light auburn, and the texture "beautiful exceedingly." The handwriting does not require much improvement, but careful practice will render it rather more graceful and flowing.

PLEBS.—An earl is entitled right honourable, and takes precedence next after marquises, and before all viscounts and barons; consequently Earl Russell would take precedence of Viscount Palmerston.

A. S. T.—Dry sawdust is said to be an excellent preservative for apples that are desired to be kept in store. They must be well covered with it; and will then keep sound and fresh through the winter.

J. N.—Those who read of everything, are thought to understand everything too; but it is not always so. Reading furnishes the mind only with the materials of knowledge; it is thinking that makes what we read ours.

J. TOWNSEND.—Diamonds have not yet been made, we believe, from charcoal; although a very near approach has been made, in the course of a series of experiments with charcoal prepared from loaf sugar.

J. HAWKSON.—We entirely dissent from the tone of your letter. No man ever spoke contemptuously of women (it has been truly observed) without having a bad heart as well as a bad head.

R. L. O.—In cases of legacies payable at a future day, whether contingent or otherwise, a court of equity will compel the executor to give security, or will order the fund to be paid into the Court of Chancery. You must place the matter in the hands of a solicitor, for further advice.

S. WILLIAMS.—The cost incidental to "getting up" a pantomime at one of the large theatres depends in a great measure upon the new scenery and "properties" required. In a general way, the mounting of a good pantomime will cost £5,000.

L. Y., who is 5 ft. 4 in. in height, a good figure, and considered beautiful, with dark brown hair and light complexion, wishes to correspond matrimonially with a gentleman not under twenty-five nor over twenty-seven years of age; and if a volunteer preferred.

WILLIAM ARTHUR.—It would seem that your malady is nothing more nor less than mental indolence—or, so to say, rusting of the mind. Find occupation, and you will have found a remedy. Most people do not know what is in them till they compel themselves to act.

C. W. S., who is twenty-four years of age, about 5 ft. 8 in. in height, fair complexion, brown hair, and possessing only a moderate income, is desirous of being introduced to an industrious and careful partner for life. Domestic qualities preferred to good looks.

P. S.—Yourself and friends will be gratified by perceiving that we have commenced the publication of another serial tale by the popular author whom you so justly admire. The only return which we look for is, your friendly exertions in extending our circulation among your acquaintances.

R. L.—You have scarcely stated the case explicitly enough; but the rule of law is that when a legacy is given by a father to a child, though the legacy be payable at a future day, the child has an immediate right to the interest of the money. But if the testator were a stranger to the child, it would be otherwise.

A. J. BROWN.—The forms in which galvanic piles have been constructed are various, and the number of plates is adapted either to the quantity or intensity of the electricity which it may be desired to produce. When quantity, with a feeble tension, is required, a single pair of plates, such as zinc and copper, with extensive surfaces, separated by very dilute acid, will answer; but with a system of pairs of plates, where the copper of the first pair conducts its electricity to the zinc of the second, and so on, the quantity and intensity are increased with the number of the plates. In some constructions, the plates are merely placed on each other, those

of each pair being separated by moistened paper; in others, the plates lie parallel in a trough of baked wood; in others, as in the Voltaic battery, the plates are placed circularly, or in a bowl shape; while in Hare's Calorimeter there is merely one zinc plate and one copper, twisted into a great number of coils, which form increased intensity, and is the construction generally employed by Faraday and others.

S. WELDON.—Many of the most eminent chemists of the present day believe, with the much-abused alchemists of former times, that gold is a compound metal, and may be made. We think, however, that working is a surer means of making it than any amount of chemical experiment. (The handwriting is very fair.)

E. C. S.—Gentility is neither in birth, wealth, manner, nor fashion, but in the mind. A high sense of honour, a determination never to take a mean advantage of another, an adherence to truth, and delicacy and politeness towards those with whom we have dealings, are its essential characteristics.

T. T.—Where there are several sureties, and one becomes insolvent, the surety who pays the entire debt can, in equity, compel the solvent sureties to contribute towards payment of the entire debt; but at law, he can recover no more than an aliquot part of the whole, regard being had to the number of co-sureties.

T. A. B., who is twenty-five years of age, tall, fair, with brown hair and blue eyes, and possesses a moderate income, would be pleased to correspond with a young lady possessing the following qualifications:—A fair complexion, rather tall, from eighteen to twenty-three years of age, of a kind disposition, and of highly-respectable family. *Carte de visite* to be exchanged.

HOPE AND PERSEVERANCE.

Strive on, brave souls, and win your way
By energy and care;
Waste not one portion of the day
In languor and despair;
A constant drop will wear the stone,
A constant watch may clear
Your way, however wild and lone:
Hope on, and persevere.

Strive on, and if a shadow fall
To dim your forward view,
The glorious sun is over all,
And will shine out anew;
Leap o'er the barriers that ye meet,
And to one course adhere;
Advance with quick but cautious foot:
Hope on, and persevere.

Rough places may obstruct the path
That ye desire to tread,
And clouds of mingled gloom and wrath
May gather overhead;
Voices of menace and alarm
May startle ye with fear,
But faith has a prevailing charm:
Hope on, and persevere. J. C. F.

F. O. wishes to correspond matrimonially with a gentleman, who need not be absolutely good-looking, but should be a rifle volunteer, about twenty-two years of age, and not under 5 ft. 8 in. in height. "F. O." is twenty-one years of age, 5 ft. 7 in. in height, a good figure, rather ladylike in personal appearance, has dark brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, and is considered beautiful.

LEX.—Candidates for clerkships of the superior class under the Poor Law Board are examined with a view to ascertain that they have received a liberal education, and are personally intelligent. No precise rules are laid down as to the manner of this examination, which will to a certain extent, be made to depend upon the nature of the candidate's previous studies.

J. L. F. wishes to correspond with a lady not over twenty-four years of age, who is highly respectable, good tempered, of domestic habits, and inclined to make a home happy. Is twenty-six years of age, with good complexion, black curly hair, and dark eyes, and has a large business which will enable him to maintain a home comfortably. *Carte de visite* requested, as a preliminary.

Mrs. A.—We do not think that love at first sight is so great an absurdity as you seem to imagine it to be. People generally make up their minds beforehand as to the sort of person they should like—grave or gay, dark or fair, with golden tresses or with raven locks; and when the individual possessing these characteristics appears, the bargain is soon made—and the feeling which is commonly called love at first sight springs into existence.

LA SONNAMBULA.—Dreams may be best described in a few words, as trains of ideas presenting themselves to the mind during sleep; and the word dreaming designates either the state of the mind in dreams, or else the susceptibility of having dreams. We cannot here go into the psychological law of dreams; but the subject has been practically and truly described by Dryden in four lines:—

Dreams are the interludes which fancy makes;
When monarchs reason sleeps, this mimic wakes,
Compounds a medley of disjointed things,
A court of cobbler's or a mob of kings.

E. A.—To clean hair brushes and combs, take of sub-carbonate of soda, two heaped teaspoonfuls, and dissolve in half a pint of boiling water; into this mixture dip the brush, drawing the comb through it. The brush and comb by this means will make up their sort as beforehand dry quickly, and observe that the mahogany or satin-wood back of the brush must be kept out of the solution, as it is apt to discolour wood.

G. L.—Of course poor people may obtain the assistance of the Divorce Court, if they unfortunately require it. You must make an affidavit that you are not worth £25 beyond wearing apparel, after payment of debts; and on presenting this, backed by opinion of counsel that your case seems reasonable, the judge of the court will assign you both attorney and counsel, to whom you will have no fees whatever to pay.

KITTY, ANNA, and EMMA, three sisters, are desirous of communicating with three gentlemen (who are well educated and of cheerful disposition), with a view to matrimony. "Kitty" is a brunette, twenty years of age, 5 ft. 2 in. in height, of a merry and loving disposition, and is considered good-looking; "Anna" is a fair complexion, and is a small

graceful figure, has brown hair and blue eyes, and is very loving and affectionate; "Emma" is seventeen years of age, of medium height, fair complexion, dark hair and eyes, very ladylike, and of a loving disposition. They are the daughters of a retired gentleman, have each received a good education, are highly accomplished, thoroughly domesticated, and competent to make a happy home; each possesses an income of £100 per annum, and will receive a good fortune at the death of an aged relative. *Carte de visite* to be exchanged.

A BACHELOR, without money, who is twenty years of age, 6 ft. in height, of dark complexion, with black hair and eyes, brown, blue eyes, and a gentlemanly birth, &c., being tired of being single, is anxious to enter into a matrimonial correspondence with a lady not more than twenty-two years of age, who must have a fair education, and be good-tempered; a young widow, with not more than one child, not objected to.

J. W., who designates himself as "a solitary being travelling from place to place, and remaining in none sufficiently long to make acquaintances," is desirous of settling down and entering the estate of matrimony. Is thirty-four years of age, tall, dark, of gentlemanly appearance, good-tempered, affectionate, steady, and industrious; has at present a yearly income of £100, and a certain prospect of doubling it ere long; and stipulates that the lady should be fond of home, well versed in domestic duties, and of an affectionate disposition.

HARRY GORDON is so immersed in business that he has no time to go into society, in order to meet with and obtain an introduction to a lady suitable to be his partner for life; and desires the assistance of our columns to that end. Is thirty years of age, nearly six feet in height, dark complexion, has large whiskers, considered to be very good-looking, is in the receipt of £500 a-year from a learned profession, and expects an increase yearly. It is indispensable that the lady who replies should be well educated, accomplished, a good musician, and of a loving and gentle disposition.

S. HARE.—We imagine that the key to your ailments is want of exercise. Those who are able, can scarcely take too much exercise of any kind, provided it be kept within the bounds of fatigue. Horae exercise would be very beneficial, not only from the exhilarating effect of rapid motion on the spirits, but also by the complete oxygenation of the blood which it produces. Healing aloud and singing are also excellent exercises, because they tend to produce deep inspiration, equal expansion of the lungs, and give free access of air to the smaller air passages, thereby decarbonizing the blood more rapidly.

T. R. V.—It is often a question amongst people who are not acquainted with the anatomy and physiology of the body, whether lying with the head raised or level with the body, is the more wholesome. Most consulting their own ease on this point, argue in favour of that which they prefer. Now, although many delight in bolstering up their head at night and sleep soundly, yet it is a very dangerous habit. The vessels through which the blood passes from the heart to the head, are always lessened in their cavities when the head is resting in bed higher than the body; therefore the head should be pretty nearly on a level with the body; and you should accustom yourself to sleep so.

GERALDINE L'ANCI is happy to correspond matrimonially with a gentleman not exceeding twenty-four years of age. Is twenty-one years of age, of slight figure, has dark brown hair and grey eyes, is very domesticated, and has a very affectionate disposition. "Geraldine" has no fortune, but thinks there would be fewer unhappy marriages, did men seek for a fortune in a wife, rather than with a wife; and does not stipulate for a "brave" in her future husband, estimating education, intelligence, and nobleness of mind far more highly than mere personal advantages. So sensible a young lady as "Geraldine," we venture to prophesy, will find many eager candidates for her favour.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:—

WILHELM is anxious to hear further and more definitely from "Emily."

LOUISA B. E. would like to hear further from "G. A." whose *carte de visite* is requested.

C. L. is desirous of corresponding matrimonially with "H." Is nineteen years of age, dark, considered good-looking, and has an income of £200 a year.

EMILY FLORENCE, as an indispensable preliminary to a matrimonial correspondence, requests the *carte de* "Elsie Harcourt."

PAUL DEMONT will be happy to correspond with "Irene," with a view to matrimony. Is twenty-three years of age, tall, and considered good-looking, and has good expectations. *Carte de visite* to be exchanged.

ELIAS has been much attracted by the matrimonial notification of "Charles D.," with whom she will be happy to commence a correspondence. Is nearly seventeen years of age, has golden hair, grey eyes, is generally considered very pretty, lively, and amiable, is highly respectable, well educated and slightly accomplished.

ELLEN and EMMA wish to open a matrimonial correspondence with "G." and "C." Are sensible, aged respectively between nineteen and twenty, are thoroughly domesticated, and considered pretty. "Ellen" is rather dark and rather tall; "Emma" fair, and also rather tall.

Wm. R., who is twenty-one years of age, 5 ft. 8 in. in height, has dark blue eyes, is considered very good-looking, is moreover in a good position, and has a life annuity of £120 per year, is anxious to correspond matrimonially with "Wild Violet," with whom he will be happy to exchange *cartes de visite*.

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LONDON LOOKING-GLASS COMPANY'S FIVE-GUINEA LOOKING-GLASS. Several designs now ready.—**A. JENKINS and CO.**, Fleet Street, and 1, New Road, Brighton. New Book free, post-paid.

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ARROWROOT.—Finest St. Vincent 7lb. Tins, 5s.; 14lb. tins, 9s. 6d.; and 21lb. tins, 13s. 8d. each. Sample sent post free on receipt of two stamps.—**FORSTER and SON**, Tea and Arrowroot Plants, Philpot Lane.

KEY HAIR.—248, High Holborn, London.—**ALEX. ROSS'S** charges for dyeing the hair—men, from 7s. 6d.; gentlemen's, from 5s. The dye is at 3s. 6d., and sent by post for 54 stamps. Any produced.

ANISH FLY is the acting ingredient in **ALEX. ROSS'S CANTHARIDES OIL**, which produces heat and thickens hair. Sold at 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d.; or per post, 54, 84, or 144 stamps.—**ROSS**, 248, High Holborn.

ALEX. ROSS'S DESTROYER OF HAIR removes superfluous hair from the face without the least effect to the skin, 3s. 6d., or per post for 54 stamps. **ROSS'S TOILET MAGAZINE**, 1d., monthly; had of booksellers; or for two stamps.—248, High Holborn, London.

ELIX SULTANA'S GOLDEN CASSOLETTES, which unceasingly emit a delightful fragrance, 1s. Fairy Fountain, six different perfumes, in boxes, Queen Dagmar's Cross, a jewel for a lady's neck, newly perfumed, 5s. 6d. A bottle of Jockey Club, Violet, and Kiss Me Quick, in case, 4s. 6d. One Otto of Roses, in original bottles, 3s. 6d. All free.—**FELIX SULTANA**, Royal Perfumer, 23, Vy City, and 210, Regent Street, London.

WY'S HOMEOPATHIC COCOA, in Packets.—The purity, delicacy of flavour, and nutritious qualities of this Cocoa, as well as the great facility with which it is made, have rendered it a standard of general consumption. It is highly approved and strongly recommended by medical men, and is adapted for invalids and general consumers.—**WY and SONS**, Bristol and London, are the English Manufacturers of Cocoa who obtained the Medal, 1862.

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TEETH.—Osteo Eidon, Messrs. Gabriel's Speciality.—The numerous advantages, such as comfort, purity of materials, economy, and freedom from pain, obtainable hereby, are explained in Messrs. Gabriel's Pamphlet on the Teeth, just published, free by post, or gratis on application. 27, Harley-street, Cavendish-square, and 34, Ludgate-hill, London; Liverpool, 134, Duke-street; Birmingham, 65, New-street. Complete Sets, 4 to 7 and 13 to 15 gu. each.

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